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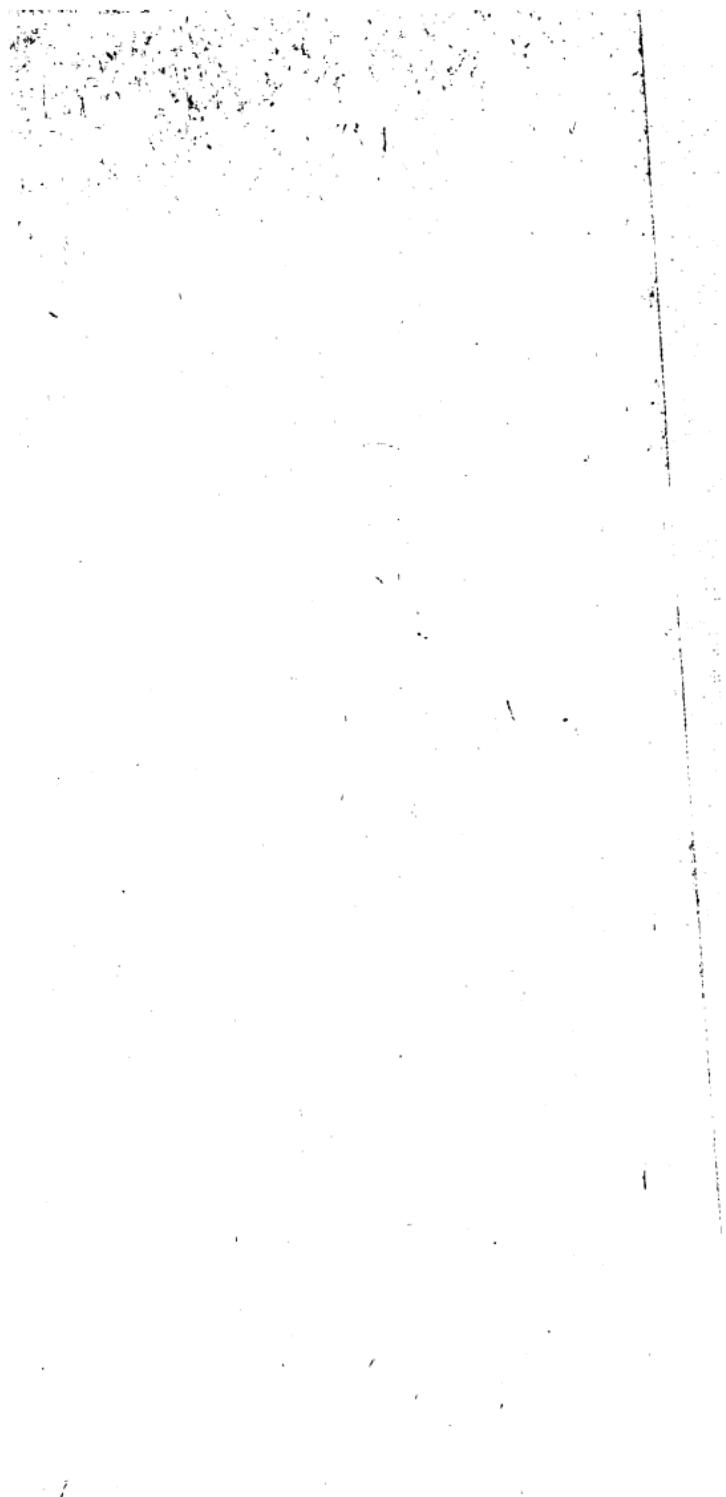
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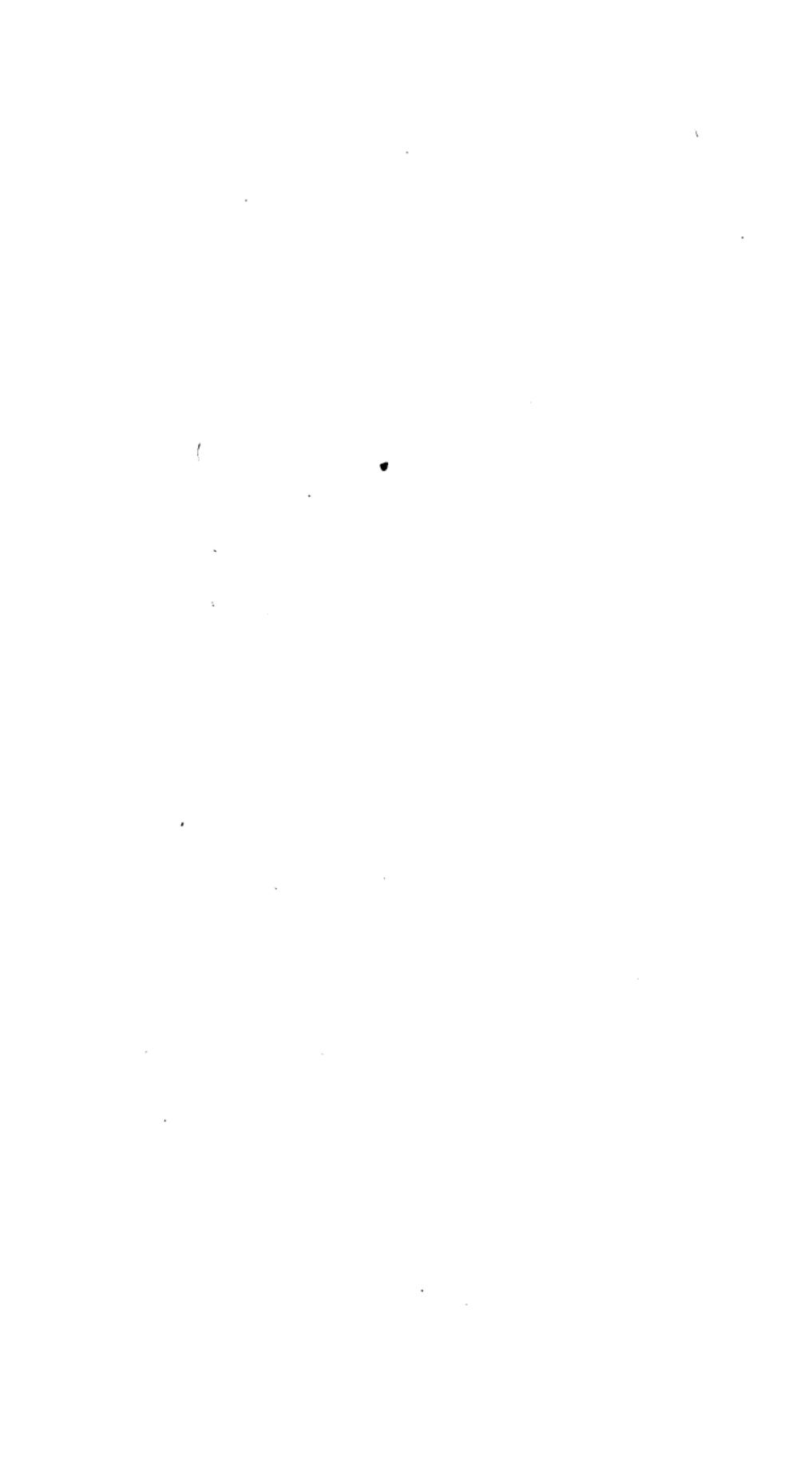
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THE DRAMATIC  
W O R K  
O F  
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

CONTAINING

ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.	PA TRON.
ENGLISHMAN RETURN'D FROM PARIS.	MINISTER.
ORATORS.	MAID-OF-BATH.
	MAYOR OF GARRET.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY C. TALBOT,

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and J. EXSHAW.

M,DCC,LXXVIII.

JNE



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T H E

Englishman in PARIS.

A

C O M E D Y.

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MY bookseller informs me, that the bulk of his readers, regarding in a work of this kind the quantity more than the quality, will not be contented without an additional half sheet; and he apprehends that a short dedication will answer the purpose.

But as I have no obligations to any great man or woman in this country, and as I will take care that no production of mine shall want their patronage, I don't know any person whose good offices I so much stood in need of as my bookseller's: therefore, Mr. VAILLANT, I think myself obliged to you for the correctness of the press, the beauty of the type, and the goodness of the paper, with which you have decorated this work of

*Your humble servant,*

PALL-MALL, April 21,  
1753.

SAM. FOOTE.

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## PROLOGUE,

Between Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE.

SHE. **T**O contradict me!—Blockhead! ideot! fool!—  
hot!

HE. But amidst these hard names, our dispute is  
forgot.

To contradict you I know is high-treason;  
For the will of a wife is always her reason.

SHE. No, sir, for once, I'll give up my pretension,  
And submit to the pit our cause of dissension.

HE. I agree; for the pit is our natural lord.

LADIES,

SHE. — Hey! How come you to claim the  
first word!

GENTLEMEN, my husband and I have had a dis-  
pute,

Where the difference lies 'twixt a man and a brute;  
Which we beg, whilst the folks for the farce are pre-  
paring,

You would please to decide, and give us the hearing.  
— Hem! Hem!

After *Plutarch of Rome!* and *Virgil of Greece!*  
And *Iliads*, and *Eneads*, and authors like these;  
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,  
That in laughter consists the true essence of man.  
Whilst my husband —

HE.—Nay, pray let me state my own case,  
And I'll make it as clear as the nose in your face,  
That hissing in man preserves the first place.  
To begin then with critics;—'Tis their capital bliss:  
Than to laugh—don't you find it more pleasing to hiss?  
In this all agree!—*Jews!* *Infidels!* *Turks!*

SHE. I grant it, sweet sir,—if you meant at your  
works.

Yet

Yet even 'gainst that I've a potent objection ;  
 For every rule still has its exception :  
 'Tho' they hiss'd at your farces, your *Pasquin* and stuff,  
 At your tragedy sure they laugh'd hearty enough.  
 And again, Mr. Wiseman, regard the world round,  
 'Tis in mankind alone that laughter is found ;  
 Whilst your favourite hissing, sage sir, if you please,  
 You enjoy but in common with serpents and geese.

SHE. And arn't you ashame'd—('tis no time to dissemble,)

O critics ! thése créatures in this to resemble ?

HE. Not a jot ; in this place 'tis of singular use,  
 Of bad poets and players to reform the abuse.  
 In the practice, kind sirs ! were I fit to advise,  
 The hissing like geese I would have you despise,  
 And copy the serpent,—be subtle and wise,  
 But free from his venom—Well, sirs ! what d'ye say ?  
 Is your judgment—

SHE. ——Let us wait 'till the end of the play :  
 In the progress of that we shall easily find,  
 Whether laughing or hissing is most to their mind.

HE. I'm sure they will hiss.

SHE. And I hope they'll be kind.

## Dramatis Personæ.

<b>Mr. SUBTLE</b>	<i>Mr. Collins.</i>
<b>CLASSIC</b>	<i>Mr. Anderson.</i>
<b>BUCK</b>	<i>Mr. Macklin.</i>
<b>FATHER</b>	<i>Mr. Branby.</i>
<b>MARQUIS</b>	<i>Mr. Usher.</i>
<b>ROGER</b>	<i>Mr. Dunstall.</i>
<b>DAUPHINE</b>	<i>Mr. Stoppelaer.</i>
<b>Peruke-Maker.</b>	
<b>Gamut, Music-Master.</b>	
<b>Kitteau, Dancing-Master.</b>	

<b>Mrs. SUBTLE</b>	<i>Mrs. Macklin.</i>
<b>LUCINDA</b>	<i>Miss Macklin.</i>

*Servants, &c.*

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T H E  
Englishman in PARIS.

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A C T I. SCENE I.

*Enter Mr. Subtle and Mr. Classic.*

Mr. SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be; but still I say that a Frenchman—

*Class.* Is a fop; it is their national disease; not one of the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible; their taste is trifling, their gaiety, grimace, and their politeness, pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-dey! Why what the deuce brings you to Paris then?

*Class.* A debt to friendship; not but I think a short residence here, a very necessary part in every man of fashion's education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the use?

*Class.* In giving them a true relish for their own domestic happiness; a proper veneration for their national liberties; a contempt for adulation; and an honour for the extended generous commerce of their country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, master Classic; the traders here are a sharp set; cozening people; foreigners are their food; civilities with a—Aye! aye! a congee for a crown, and a shrug for a shilling; devilish dear, master Classic, devilish dear.

*Cliff.* To avoid their exactions, we are, Mr. Subtle, recommended to your protection.

*Mr. Sub.* Aye ! and wisely they did, who recommended you : Buy nothing but on mine or my lady's recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your charge ? Where was Mr. Buck last night ? My lady made a party at cards on purpose for him, and my ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him ; she longs to see him again.

*Cliff.* I am afraid with the same set his father sent him hither to avoid ; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a taste for the gallantries of this court, and his passion for the lower amusements of ours will diminish of course.

*Mr. Sub.* All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpose without ; taylors, peruquiers, hatters, hosiers—Is not that Mr. Buck's English servant ?

*Enter Roger.*

*Cliff.* Oh ! aye, honest Roger. So, the old doings, Roger ; what time did your master come home ?

*Rog.* Between five and six, pummell'd to a jelly : Here been two of his old comrades follow'd un already ; I count we shall ha' the whole gang in a se'nnight.

*Cliff.* Comrades, who ?

*Rog.* Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbasket the bruisers : They all went to the shew together, where they had the devil to pay ; belike they had been sent to Bridewell, hadn't a great gentleman in a blue string come by and releas'd them.—I hear master's bell ; do, master Clasic, step up and talk to 'un ; he's now sober, and may hearken to reason.

*Cliff.* I attend him. Mr. Subtle, you won't be out of the way. [Exit Clasic.]

*Mr. Sub.* I shall talk a little with the tradesmen. A smoaky fellow this Clasic ; but if Lucinda plays her cards well, we have not much to fear from that quarter : Contradiction seems to be the life and soul of young Buck.—A tolerable expedition this, if it succeeds.—Fleece the younker !—Pshaw, that's a thing of course !—but by his means to get rid of Lucinda, and

and securely pocket her patrimony ; aye ! that indeed —

*Enter Mrs. Subtle.*

Oh ! Wife ! Have you open'd the plot ? Does the girl come into it greedily, hey ?

*Mrs. Sub.* A little squeamish at first ; but I have open'd her eyes. Never fear, my dear, sooner or later women will attend to their interest.

*Mr. Sub.* Their interest ! aye, that's true ; but consider, my dear, how deeply our own interest is concern'd, and let that quicken your zeal.

*Mrs. Sub.* D'ye think I am blind ? But the girl has got such whimsical notions of honour, and is withal so decent and modest : I wonder where the deuce she got it ; I am sure it was not in my house.

*Mr. Sub.* How does she like Buck's person ?

*Mrs. Sub.* Well enough ! But prithee, husband, leave her to my management, and consider we have more irons in the fire than one. Here is the Marquis de Soleil to meet madam de Farde to night, — and where to put 'em, unless we can have Buck's apartment ; Oh ! by the bye, has Count Cog sent you your share out of Mr. Puntwell's losings a Thurday ?

*Mr. Sub.* I intend calling on him this morning.

*Mrs. Sub.* Don't fail ! He's a slippery chap you know.

*Mr. Sub.* There's no fear. Well, but our pretty countrywoman lays about her handsomely ; ha ! — Heats by hundreds ! Hum !

*Mrs. Sub.* Aye ! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her ; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown before we have made half our market. I am this morning to give audience on her score, to two Counts and a foreign Minister.

*Mr. Sub.* Then strike while the iron's hot : but they'll be here before I can talk to my people ; send 'em in prithee.

*Enter Tradesmen.*

*Mr. Sub.* So, gentlemen ; oh ! bush ! we are interrupted.

rupted : if they ask for your bills, you have left them at home.

*Enter Buck, Classic, and Roger.*

*Buck.* Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh ! master Subtle, how do'st, old Buck, hey ? Give's thy paw ! And little Lucy, how fares it with she ? Hum !

*Mr. Sub.* What has been the matter, Squire ? Your face seems a little in dishabille.

*Buck.* A touch of the times, old Boy ! a small skirmish ; after I was down tho', a set of cowardly sons of —— ; there's George and I will box any five for their sum.

*Mr. Sub.* But how happen'd it ? The French are generally civil to strangers.

*Buck.* Oh ! damn'd civil ! to fall seven or eight upon three : seven or eight ! Ecod we had the whole house upon us at last.

*Mr. Sub.* But what had you done ?

*Buck.* Done ! why nothing at all ! But wounds how the powder flew about, and the Monsieurs scour'd.

*Mr. Sub.* But what offence had either they or you committed ?

*Puck.* Why I was telling Domine : last night, Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbasket and I were walking through one of their Rues I think they call them here, they are streets in London ; but they have such devilish out-of-the-way names for things, that there is no remembering them ; so we see crowds of people going into a house, and Comedy pasted over the door , in we troop'd with the rest, paid our cash, and sat down on the stage ; presently they had a dance ; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail, just by me : Ecod what does me ! for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail ; so when 'twas her turn to figure out, sous she flapp'd on her back : 'twas devilish comical, but they set up such an uproar : one whey-fac'd son of a bitch, that came

came to loose the woman, turn'd up his nose, and call'd me *Rête*: Ecod, I lent him a lick in his lanthorn jaws, that will make him remember the spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him: another came up to second him, but I let drive at the mark, made the soup maigre rumble in his bread-basket, and laid him sprawling; then in pour'd a million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go see her.

*Cliff.* Oh fy! ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony: Mr. Subtle too has collected these people, who are to equip you for the conversation of the ladies.

*Buck.* Wounds! all these! What, Mr. Subtle, these are Mounteers too, I suppose.

*Mr. Sub.* No! Squire, they are Englishmen: fashion has ordained, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you must take up with your own countrymen here.

*Cliff.* It is not in this instance alone we are particular, Mr. Subtle; I have observ'd many of our pretty gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the side-boxes at home.

*Buck.* Look you, sir, as to you, and your wife, and Miss Lucy. I like you all well enough; but the devil a good thing else have I seen since I lost sight of Dover; the men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning: the women a parcel of painted dolls; their food's fit for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor their frippery neither: so here you may all march to the place from whence you—Harkee! What, are you an Englishman?

*Barker.* Yes, sir.

*Buck.* Domine! Look here, what a monster the monkey has made of himself? Sirrah! if your string was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you dog, to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling — the rascal looks as if he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch these twenty years;

I'll be hang'd if the rogue han't been fed upon ~~fr~~ ever since he came over. Away with your trumper

*Claff.* Mr. Buck, a compliance with the customs the country in which we live, where neither our ~~re~~ gion or morals are concern'd, is a duty we owe ou ~~re~~ selves.

*Mr. Sub.* Besides, 'Squire, I ucinda expects ~~th~~ you should usher her to public places; which it would be impossible to do in that dress.

*Buck.* Why not?

*Mr. Sub.* You'd be mobb'd.

*Buck.* Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that.— No! no! they ha'n't spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these fellows here are English, and it is the fashion, try on your fooleries.

*Mr. Sub.* Mr. Dauphine, come produce;—upon my word, in an elegant taste, sir; this gentleman has had the honour to—

*Dauph.* To work for all the Beaux Esprits of the court. My good fortune commenc'd by a small alteration in a cut of the corner of the sleeve for Count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plait in the skirt of Marshal Tonerre, was applauded by Madam la Duchess Rambouillet, and totally establish'd the reputation of your humble servant.

*Buck.* Hold your jaw and dispatch.

*Mr. Sub.* A word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

*Buck.* An't she a Papist?

*Mr. Sub.* Undoubtedly.

*Buck.* Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

*Mr. Sub.* Oh fie! who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Besides, all this country are of the same.

*Buck.* For that reason I don't care how soon I get out of it: come, let's get rid of you all as soon as we can. And what are you, hey?

*Barb.* Je suis, peruquier, monsieur.

*Buck.* Speak English, you son of a whore.

*Barb.* I am a perriwig-maker, sir.

*Buck.* Then why could not you say so at first?

What

What, are you ashamed of your mother tongue? I knew this fellow was a puppy by his pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy work.

*Barb.* As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, sir, something that will do for the present: but a *peruque* is a different ouvrage, another sort of a thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the colour of the complexion, and the *tour de visage*, the form of the face; for which end it will be necessary to regard your countenance in different lights:—A little to the right, if you please.

*Buck.* Why you dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised by you?

*Barb.* Oh mon Dieu! monsieur, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your wig *comme il faut*.

*Buck.* Sirrah, speak another French word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

*Barb.* Gad's curse! would you resemble some of your countrymen, who at the first importation with nine hairs of a side to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's head! or else their water-gruel jaws sunk in a thicket of curls, appear, for all the world, like a lark in a soup-dish!

*Mr. Sub.* Come, 'Squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

*Buck.* Well, but what must I do?

[Places him in a chair.

*Barb.* To the right, sir;—now to the left;—now your full—and now, sir, I'll do your business.

*Mr. Sub.* Look at yourself a little; see what a revolution this has occasion'd in your whole figure.

*Buck.* Yes! a bloody pretty figure indeed! but 'tis a figure I am damnably ashamed of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty pounds, in this trim, for all that.

*Mr. Sub.* Upon my honour, dress greatly improves you. Your opinion, Mr. Clasic.

*Clasic.* They do mighty well, sir; and in a little time Mr. Buck will be easy in them.

*Buck.* Shall I; I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, Mr. Subtle. What must I do now?

*Mr. Sub.* Now, sir, if you'll call upon my wife, you'll

you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

*Buck.* Come along Domine ! But harkee, Mr. Subtle, I'll out of my trammels, when I hunt with the king.

*Mr. Sub.* Well ! Well !

*Buck.* I'll on with my Jemmy's ; none o' your black bags and jack boots for me.

*Mr. Sub.* No ! no !

*Buck.* I'll shew them the odds on't ! old Silver-tail ! I wil ! Hey !

*Mr. Sub.* Ay ! ay !

*Buck.* Hedge, stake, or stile ! over we go !

*Mr. Sub.* Ay ! But Mr. Clastic waits.

*Buck.* But d'ye think they'll follow ?

*Mr. Sub.* Oh no ! Impossible !

*Buck.* Did I tell you what a chace she carried me last Christmas eve, we unkennell'd at—

*Mr. Sub.* I am busy now ; at any other time.

*Buck.* You'll follow us. I have sent for my hounds and horses.

*Mr. Sub.* Have you ?

*Buck.* They shall make the tour of Europe with me : and then there's Tom Atkins the huntsman, the two whippers-in, and little Joey the groom comes with them. Damme, what a strange place they'll think this ? But no matter for that ; then we shall be company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in ?

*Mr. Sub.* In ten minutes ! An impertinent jackanapes ! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, gentlemen ; well, you see we have a good subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than 20 per cent out of that suit.

*Dauph.* Upon my soul, Mr. Subtle, I can't.

*Mr. Sub.* Why I have always that upon new.

*Dauph.* New ! Sir ! Why as I hope to be—

*Mr. Sub.* Come, don't lie ; don't damn yourself, Dauphine ; don't be a rogue ; did not I see at Madam Fripon's that waistcoat and sleeves upon Col. Crambo ?

*Dauph.* As to the waistcoat and sleeves, I own ; but for the body and lining—may I never see—

Mr.

*Mr. Sub.* Come, don't be a scoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

*Dauph.* Well if I must, I must.

*Mr. Sub.* Oh! Solitaire; I can't pay that draft of Mr.—these six weeks; I want Money.

*Soli.* Je suis dans le même cas—Je—

*Mr. Sub.* What d'ye mutiny, rascal? About your business, or—

I must keep these fellows under, or I shall have a fine time on't; they know they can't do without me.

*Enter Mrs. Subtle.*

*Mrs. Sub.* The Calais letters! my dear.

*Mr. Sub.* (reads) Ah! ah! Calais—the Dover packet arrived last night, loading as follows: Six tailors, ditto barbers, five milliners, bound to Paris to study fashions; four citizens come to settle here for a month, by way of seeing the country; ditto their wives: ten French Valets, with nine cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been sent for robbing their masters; nine Figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good case; twelve dogs, ditto bitches, with two monkies, and a litter of puppies from mother Midnight's in the Hay-market: A precious cargo! *Postscript.* One of the coasters is just put in with his grace the duke of—, my lord, and an old gentleman, whose name I can't learn. Gadso! Well, my dear, I must run, and try to secure these Customers; there's no time to be lost. Mean while—

*Enter Claffic.*

So, Master Claffic, what have you left the young couple together?

*Claff.* They want your ladyship's presence, madam, for a short tour to the Tuilleries. I have received some letters which I must answer immediately.

*Mr. Sub.* Oh! Well! Well! no ceremony; we are all of a family, you know. Servant. [Exit.

*Claff.* Roger!

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* Anon!

Claff.

*Cliff.* I have just received a letter from your old master ; he was landed at Calais, and will be this evening at Paris. It is absolutely necessary that this circumstance should be conceal'd from his son ; for which purpose you must wait at the Picardy gate, and deliver a letter I shall give you, into his own hand.

*Reg.* I'll warrant you.

*Cliff.* But, Roger, be secret.

*Reg.* Oh ! lud ! never you fear !

*Cliff.* So, Mr. Subtle, I see your aim. A pretty lodging we have hit upon ; the mistress a commode, and the master a -- But who can this ward be ? Possibly the neglected punk of some riotous man of quality. 'Tis lucky Mr. Buck's father is arriv'd, or my authority would prove but an insufficient match for my pupil's obstinacy. This mad boy ! How difficult, how disagreeable a task have I undertaken ? And how general, yet how dangerous an experiment is it to expose our youth, in the very fire and fury of their blood, to all the follies and extravagance of this fantastic court ? Far different was the prudent practice of our fore-fathers.

They scorn'd to truck, for base unmanly arts,  
Their native plainness, and their honest hearts ;  
Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty *France*,  
"Twas arm'd with bearded dart, and pointed launcé.  
No pompous pageants lur'd their curious eye,  
No charms for them had fops or flattery ;  
*Paris* they knew, their streamers wav'd around,  
There *Britons* saw a *British Harry* crown'd.  
Far other views attract our Modern race,  
Trulls, toupees, trinkets, bags, brocades, and lace ; }  
A flaunting form, and a fictitious face.  
Rouse ! re-assume ! refuse a *Gallic* reign,  
Nor let their arts win that, their arms could never  
gain.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

## A C T II.

*Enter Mr. Classic and Roger.*

ROGER.

OLD maister's at a coffee-house next street, and will tarry 'till you send for 'un.

*Clas.* Bye and bye, in the dusk, bring him up the back stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

*Rog.* I warrant you.

*Clas.* Let Sir John know, that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the house an instant.

*Rog.* Ay, ay.

[*Exit Roger.*]

*Clas.* I suppose, by this time, matters are pretty well settled within, and my absence only wanted to accomplish the scene ; but I shall take care to —— Oh ! Mr. Subtle, and his lady.

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.*

*Mrs. Sub.* Oh ! delightfully ! Now, my dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my abilites for forming a female.

*Mr. Sub.* Never, never : How the baggage leerd !

*Mrs. Sub.* And the booby gap'd !

*Mr. Sub.* So kind, and yet so coy ; so free, but then so reserv'd ; Oh ! she has him !

*Mrs. Sub.* Aye ! aye ! the fish is hook'd ; but then safely to land him. —— Is Classic suspicioius ?

*Mr. Sub.* Not that I observe ; but the secret must soon be blaz'd.

*Mrs. Sub.* Therefore dispatch : I have laid a trap to enflame his affection.

*Mr. Sub.* How ?

*Mrs. Sub.* He shall be treated with a display of Lucy's talents ; her singing, dancing.

*Mr. Sub.* Pshaw ! her singing and dancing !

*Mrs. Sub.* Ah ! you don't know, husband, half the force of these accomplishments in a fashionable figure.

Mr.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no reason ; she does both well enough to flatter a fool ; especially with love for her second : Besides, I have a coup de maître, a sure card.

Mr. Sub. What's that ?

Mrs. Sub. A rival.

Mr. Sub. Who ?

Mrs. Sub. The language-master : He may be easily equipt for the expedition ; a second-hand tawdry suit of cloaths will pass on our countryman for a marquis ; and then to excuse his speaking our language so well, he may have been educated early in England. But hush ! the squire approaches, don't seem to observe him.

*Enter Buck.*

For my part, I never saw any thing so alter'd since I was born : In my conscience, I believe she's in love with him.

Buck. Hush ! [Aside.]

Mr. Sub. D'ye think so ?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the wonder ? He's a pretty, good-humour'd, sprightly fellow ; and, for the time, such an Improvement ! Why he wears his cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris these twenty years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed ! How does he dance ?

Mrs. Sub. Why he has had but three lessons from Marcel, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh ! three months stay here, will render him a perfect model for the English court.

Mr. Sub. Gadso ! No wonder then, with these qualities, that he has caught the heart of my ward ; but we must take care that the girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh ! dismiss your fears ; her family, good sense, and more than all, her being educated un'er my eye, render them unnecessary ; besides, Mr. Buck is too much a man of honour to —

[He interrupts them.]

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bleis me ! sir ! you here ! I did not expect —

Buck

*Buck.* I beg pardon ; but all that I heard was, that Mr. Buck was a man of honour. I wanted to have some chat with you, madam, in private.

*Mr. Sub.* Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare trust you alone with my wife.

*Buck.* So you may safely ; I have other game in view. *Servant, Mr. Subtle.*

*Mrs. Sub.* Now for a puzzling scene: I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. Buck, your commands with me, sir.

*Buck.* Why madam,—I ah—I ah—— but let's shut the door: I was, madam, ——ah ! ah ! can't you guess what I want to talk about ?

*Mr. Sub.* Not I, indeed, sir.

*Buck.* Well, but try ; upon my soul I'll tell you, if you're right.

*Mrs. Sub.* It will be impossible for me to divine : But come, open a little !

*Buck.* Why, have you observ'd nothing ?

*Mrs. Sub.* About who ?

*Buck.* Why, about me !

*Mrs. Sub.* Yes : you are new-dress'd, and your cloaths become you.

*Buck.* Pretty well ; but it an't that.

*Mrs. Sub.* What is it ?

*Buck.* Why, ah ! ah !—Upon my soul, I can't bring it out.

*Mrs. Sub.* Nay, then it's to no purpose to wait : Write your mind.

*Buck.* No ! No ! Stop a moment, and I will tell.

*Mrs. Sub.* Be expeditious, then.

*Buck.* Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lncinda.

*Mrs. Sub.* What of her ?

*Buck.* She's a bloody fine girl ; and I should be glad to——

*Mrs. Sub.* To——Bless me ! What ! Mr. Buck ! And in my house ! Oh ! Mr. Buck, you have deceiv'd me ! Little did I think, that, under the appearance of so much honesty, you could go to——

*Buck.* Upon my soul, you're mistaken.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Sub.* A poor Orphan too ! Depriv'd in her earliest infancy of a father's prudence, and a mother's care.

*Buck.* why I tell you —

*Mrs. Sub.* So sweet, so lovely an Innocence ; her mind as spotless as her person.

*Buck.* Hey-day !

*Mrs. Sub.* And me sir ! Where had you your thoughts of me ? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a —

*Buck.* The woman is bewitch'd !

*Mrs. Sub.* I ! whose untainted reputation the blistering tongue of slander never blasted ! Full fifteen years, in wedlock's sacred bands, have I liv'd unreproach'd ; and now to —

*Buck.* Od's Fury ! She's in heroics !

*Mrs. Sub.* And this from you too, whose fair outside and bewitching tongue had so far lull'd my fears, I dar'd have trusted all my daughters, nay, myself t'do, singly, with you.

*Buck.* Upon my soul ! and so you might safely.

*Mrs. Sub.* Well, sir, and what have you to urge in your defence ?

*Buck.* Oh ! oh ! What are you got pretty well to the End of your Line, are you ? And now, if you'll be quiet a bit, we may make a shift to understand one another a little.

*Mrs. Sub.* Be quick, and ease me of my fears.

*Buck.* Ease you of your fears ! I don't know how the devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss Lucy was a fine wench ; and if she was as willing as me, —

*Mrs. Sub.* Willing ! sir ! What demon —

*Buck.* If you are in your airs again, I may as well decamp.

*Mrs. Sub.* I am calm ; go on.

*Buck.* Why that if she lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

*Mrs. Sub.* Oh ! sir ! if that was indeed your drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your wish too much ; there are numerous obstacles ; your father's consent, the law of the land. —

*Buck.* What laws?

*Mrs. Sub.* All clandestine marriages are void in this country.

*Buck.* Damn the country: in London now, a footman may drive to May-Fair, and in five minutes be tack'd to a countess; but there's no liberty here.

*Mrs. Sub.* Some inconsiderate couples have indeed gone off post to protestant states; but I hope my ward will have more prudence.

*Buck.* Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think she likes me?

*Mrs. Sub.* Why to deal candidly with you, she does.

*Buck.* Does she, by—

*Mrs. Sub.* Calm your transports.

*Buck.* Well! but how? She did not, did she! hey! Come now, tell—

*Mrs. Sub.* I hear her coming; this is her hour for music and dancing.

*Buck.* Could not I have a peep?

*Mrs. Sub.* Withdraw to this corner.

*Enter Lucinda, with singing and dancing masters.*

*Luc.* The news; the news, Monsieur Gamut; I die, if I have not the first intelligence! What's doing at Versailles? When goes the court to Marly? Does Rameau write the next opera? What say the critics of Voltaire's Duke de Foix? Answer me all in a breath!

*Buck.* A brave spirited girl! She'll take a five-barr'd gate in a fortnight.

*Gam.* The conversation of the court your ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it with your appearance.

*Luc.* Oh! you flatterer! have I! Well! and what fresh victims? But 'tis impossible; the sunshine of a northern beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy heart of a French courtier.

*Gam.* What injustice to your own charms and our discernment!

*Luc.* Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have fire enough

to warm one British bosom, rule ! rule ! ye Paris Belles ! I envy not your conquests.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed !

Mrs. Sub. Certain !

Buck. Hush !

Luc. But come, a truce to gallantry, Gamut, and to the business of the day : Oh ! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument ; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly : But come, for your last lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the words ?

Luc. Oh ! charmingly ! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *Coup d'Essai*.

Gam. Take care of your expression ; let your eyes and address accompany the sound and sentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me ; correct me afterwards.

Gam. Alons, commençez.

## S O N G.

### I.

**P**AR un matin Lifette se leva,  
Et dans un bois feulette s'en alla.

*Ta, la, la, &c.*

### II.

Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de là,  
Dans un buisson le Rossignol chanta.

*Ta, la, la.*

### III.

Toute doucement elle s'en approcha,  
Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.

*Ta, la, la.*

### IV.

C' étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit là,  
Le bel Oiseau dit elie que voila.

*Ta, la, la.*

## V.

La pauvre enfant le prit, le caressa,  
Sous son mouchoir en riant le plaça.

*Ta, la, la, &c.*

## VI.

Son petit cœur aussitot s'enflama,  
Elle gemit, et ne sçait ce quelle a.

*Ta, la, la.*

## VII.

Elle s'en va se plaindre à son papa,  
En lui parlant la belle soupira.

*Ta, la, la.*

## VIII.

Le bon Papa qui s'en doutoit déjà.  
Lui dit je sçais un remede à cela.

*Ta, la, la.*

## IX.

Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa,  
D'un double noeud fortement le lia.

*Ta, la, la.*

## X.

Dans la voliere aussitot l'enferma,  
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.

*Ta, la, la.*

## XI.

Heureusement la belle s'en tira,  
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce secret là.

*Ta, la, la.*

## XII.

Jeune beauté que l'Amour guetra,  
Craignez le tour qu'à Liffette il joua.

*Ta, la, la.*

*Gam* Bravo ! Bravo !

*Buck.* Bravo ! Bravissimo ! My lady, what was the  
song about ? [Aside to my lady.]

*Mrs. Sub* Love : 'Tis her own composing.

*Buck.* What, does she make verses then ?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Sub.* Finely. I take you to be the subject of these.

*Buck.* Ah ! D'ye think so ! Gad ! I thought by her ogling, 'twas the music-man himself.

*Luc.* Well, Mr. Gamut ; tolerably well, for so young a scholar.

*Gam.* Inimitably, madam ! Your ladyship's progress will undoubtedly fix my fortune.

*Enter Servant.*

*Luc.* Your servant, sir.

*Serv.* Madam, your dancing-master, Monsieur Kitteau.

*Luc.* Admit him.

*Enter Kitteau.*

Monsieur Kitteau, I can't possibly take a lesson this morning, I am so busy ; but if you please, I'll just hobble over a minuet by way of exercise.

*Enter a servant.*

[*After the dance.*]

*Serv.* Monsieur le Marquis de —————

*Luc.* Admit him this instant.

*Mrs. Sub.* A lover of Lucinda ! a Frenchman of fashion, and vast fortune.

*Buck.* Never heed ; I'll soon do his business, I'll warrant you.

*Enter Marquis.*

*Luc.* My dear Marquis !

*Mar.* Ma cbere adorable ! 'Tis an age since I saw you.

*Luc.* Oh ! An eternity ! But 'tis your fault, though.

*Marq.* My misfortune, ma princesse ! But now I'll redeem my error, and root for ever here.

*Buck.* I shall make a shift to transplant you, I believe.

*Luc.* You can't conceive how your absence has distress'd me. Demand of these gentlemen the melancholy mood of my mind.

*Marq.* But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and sing,

sing, and drive care to the—Ha ! Monsieur Kitteau ! have you practised this morning ?

*Luc.* I had just given my hand to Kitteau before you came.

*Marq.* I was in hopes that honour would have been reserv'd for me. May I flatter myself that your ladyship will do me the honour of venturing upon the fatigue of another minuet this morning with me ?

*Enter Buck briskly. Takes her hand.*

*Buck.* Not that you know of, Monsieur.

*Marq.* Hey ! Diable ! Quelle Bête !

*Buck.* Harkee, Monsieur Ragout, if you repeat that word *Bête*, I shall make you swallow it again, as I did last night one of your countrymen.

*Mar.* Quel Savage !

*Buck.* And another word ; as I know you can speak very good English, if you will ; when you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

*Marq.* Cavalier enough ! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious gentleman ? How comes he interested ? Some relation, I suppose !

*Buck.* No ; I'm a lover.

*Marq.* Oh ! oh ! a rival ! Eh Morbleu ! a dangerous one too. Ha ! ha ! Well, Monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give laws to this lady ; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular affection, to knock down every mortal she likes, *A-la-mode d'Angleterre* ; Hey ! Monsieur Roast-beef !

*Buck.* No ; but I intend that lady for my wife ; consider her as such ; and don't chuse to have her soil'd by the impertinent addresses of every French fop, *A-la-mode de Paris*, Monsieur Fricassy !

*Marq.* Fricassy !

*Buck.* We.

*Luc.* A truce ; a truce, I beseech you, gentlemen : It seems I am the golden prize for which you plead ; produce your pretensions ; you are the representatives of your respective countries ; begin, Marquis, for the

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C

honour

honour of France ; Let me hear what advantages I am to derive from a conjugal union with you.

*Marq.* Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible ; a perpetual residence in this paradise of pleasures ; to be the object of universal adoration ; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form fashions, hate your husband, and let him see it ; indulge your gallant, and let t'other know it ; run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it. He ! Ma chere ! There are pleasures for you.

*Luc.* Bravo ! Marquis ! These are allurements for a woman of spirit ; but don't let us conclude too hastily ; hear the other side : What have you to offer, Mr. Buck, in favour of England ?

*Buck.* Why, madam, for a woman of spirit, they give you the same advantages in London as at Paris, with a privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indisputable right to cheat at cards, in spight of detection.

*Marq.* Pardon me, sir, we have the same ; but I thought this privilege so known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

*Buck.* You'll give up nothing, I find ; but to tell you my blunt thoughts, in a word, if any woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the comforts of matrimony, the privilege of hating her husband, and the liberty of committing every folly and every vice contained in your catalogue, she may stay single for me ; for damn me, if I'm a husband fit for her humour ; that's all.

*Marq.* I told you, mademoiselle !

*Luc.* But stay, what have you to offer as a counter-balance, for these pleasures ?

*Buck.* Why, I have, madam, courage to protect you, good-nature to indulge your love, and health enough to make gallants useless, and too good a fortune to render running in debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

*Marq.* Bagatelle !

*Luc.* Spoke with the sincerity of a Briton ; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any use for the fashionable

onable liberties you propose, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national prejudice ; here's my hand, Mr. Buck.

*Buck.* Servant, monsieur !

*Marq.* Serviteur !

*Buck.* No offence !

*Marq.* Not in the least ; I am only afraid the reputation of that lady's taste will suffer a little ; and to shew her at once the difference of her choice, the preference, which if bestow'd on me, would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring ; so, that favour which would probably have provok'd my fate, is now your protection. *Voila la politesse Françoise*, madam ; I have the honour to be — *Bon jour monsieur.* *Toi de rol.* [Exit. *Marq.*]

*Buck.* The fellow bears it well. Now if you'll give me your hand, we'll in, and settle matters with Mr. Subtle.

*Luc.* 'Tis now my duty to obey.

{*Exeunt.*

*Enter Roger, peeping about.*

*Rog.* The coast is clear ; sir, sir, you may come in now, Master Classic.

*Enter Mr. Classic and the Father.*

*Claff.* Roger, watch at the door. I wish, Sir John, I could give you a more cheerful welcome, but we have no time to lose in ceremony ; you are arrived in the critical minute ; two hours more would have plac'd the inconsiderate couple out of the reach of pursuit.

*Father.* How can I acknowledge your kindness ? You have preserv'd my son ; you have sav'd —

*Claff.* I have done my duty ; but of that —

*Rog.* Maister, and the young woman's coming.

*Claff.* Sir John, place yourself here, and be a witness at how near a crisis is the fate of your family.

*Enter Buck and Lucinda.*

*Buck.* Pshaw ! what signifies her ? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the fear of my father. Besides, she told me, we could never be married here ;

and so pack up a few things, and we'll off in a post chaise directly.

*Luc.* Stay, Mr. Buck, let me have a moment's reflection.—What am I about ! Contriving in concert with the most profligate couple that ever disgrac'd human nature, to impose an indigent orphan on the sole representative of a wealthy and honourable family ! Is this a character becoming my birth and education ? What must be the consequence ? Sure detection and contempt, contempt even from him, when his passions cool.—I have resolv'd, sir.

*Buck.* Madam.

*Luc.* As the expedition we are upon the point of taking, is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over-hasty in our resolution.

*Buck.* Pshaw ! stuff ! When a thing's resolv'd, the sooner 'tis over the better.

*Luc.* But before it is absolutely resolv'd, give me leave to beg an answer to two questions.

*Buck.* Make haste then.

*Luc.* What are your thoughts of me ?

*Buck.* Thoughts ! Nay, I don't know ; why that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy girl, and will make a devilish good wife. That's all I think.

*Luc.* But of my rank and fortune ?

*Buck.* Mr. Subtle says they are both great ; but that's no busines of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for love.

*Luc.* Generously said ! My birth I believe, won't disgrace you ; but for my fortune, your friend, Mr. Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

*Buck.* Much good may it do him ; I have enough for both ; but we lose time, and may be prevented.

*Luc.* By whom ?

*Buck.* By Domine ; or perhaps father may come !

*Luc.* Your father ! — You think he would prevent you then ?

*Buck.* Perhaps he would.

*Luc.* And why ?

*Buck.* Nay, I don't know ; but pshaw ! 'Zooks ! this is like saying one's catechise.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* But don't you think your father's consent necessary?

*Buck.* No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old fellows love to be obstinate; but 'Ecod I am as muleish as he; and to tell you the truth, if he had propos'd me a wife, that would have been reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old fellow damnably. So, my pretty partner, come along; let's have no more —

*Enter Father and Classic.*

*Father.* Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this declaration, as to it I owe the entire subjection of that paternal weakness, which has hitherto suspended the correction your abandoned libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the duty you owe a father, disclaim'd my protection, cancell'd the natural covenant between us; 'tis time I now should give you up to the guidance of your own guilty passions, and treat you as a stranger to my blood for ever.

*Buck.* I told you what would happen if he should come; but you may thank yourself.

*Fath.* Equally weak as wicked, the dupe of a raw giddy girl. But proceed, sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; complete your project, and add her ruin to your own.

*Buck.* Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a penny of portion into the bargain.

*Fath.* A stale, obvious artifice! She knew the discovery of the fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate marriage, and would then plead the merits of her prior candid discovery: the lady, doubtless, sir, has other secrets to disclose; but as her cunning reveal'd the first, her policy will preserve the rest.

*Luc.* What secrets?

*Buck.* Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by and by.

*Luc.* Sir, I am yet the protectress of my own honour ; in justice to that, I must demand an explanation. What secrets, sir !

*Fath.* Oh ! perhaps a thousand ! But I am to blame to call them secrets ; the customs of this gay country give sanction, and stamp merit upon vice ; and vanity will here proclaim what modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

*Luc.* Modesty !—You suspect my virtue then !

*Fath.* You are a lady ; but the fears of a father may be permitted to neglect a little your plan of politeness : therefore, to be plain, from your residence in this house, from your connection with these people, and from the scheme which my presence has interrupted, I have suspicions—of what nature, ask yourself.

*Luc.* Sir, you have reason ; appearances are against me, I confess ; but when you have heard my melancholy story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom you now hate.

*Fath.* Madam, you misemploy your time ; there tell your story, there it will be believ'd ; I am too knowing in the wiles of women, to be softened by a Syren tear or impos'd on by an artful tale.

*Luc.* But hear me, sir ; on my knee, I beg it, nay I demand it ; you have wrong'd me, and must do me justice.

*Claff.* I am sure, madam, Sir John will be glad to find his fears are false, but you can't blame him.

*Luc.* I don't, sir, and I shall but little trespass on his patience : when you know, sir, that I am the orphan of an honourable and once wealthy family, whom her father, misguided by pernicious politics, brought with him, in her earliest infancy, to France ; that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our shatter'd fortune, to the direction of this rapacious pair ; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

*Fath.* Go on !

*Luc.* But when you know that plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this plot ; forc'd to comply under the penalty of deepest want ; without one hospitable roof to shelter me,

me, without one friend to comfort or relieve me ; you must, you can't but pity me.

*Fath.* Proceed !

*Luc.* To this when you are told, that, previous to your coming, I had determined never to wed your son, at least without your knowledge and consent, I hope your justice then will credit and acquit me.

*Fath.* Madam, your tale is plausible and moving, I hope 'tis true ; here come the explainers of this riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

*Mr. Sub.* Buck's father !

*Fath.* I'll take some other time, sir, to thank you for the last proofs of your friendship to my family ; in the mean time, be so candid as to instruct us in the knowledge of this lady, whom, it seems, you have chosen for the partner of my son.

*Mr. Sub.* Mr. Buck's partner——I chose——I——I——

*Fath.* No equivocation, or reserve, your plot's reveal'd, known to the bottom ; who is the lady ?

*Mr. Sub.* Lady, Sir,——the lady's a gentlewoman, sir.

*Fath.* By what means ?

*Mr. Sub.* By her father and mother.

*Fath.* Who were they, sir ?

*Mr. Sub.* Her mother was of——I forgot her maiden name.

*Fath.* You ha'nt forgot her father's ?

*Mr. Sub.* No ! No ! No !

*Fath.* Tell it then.

*Mr. Sub.* She has told it you, I suppose.

*Fath.* No matter, I must have it, sir, from you ; here's some mystery.

*Mr. Sub.* 'Twas Worthy.

*Fath.* Not the daughter of Sir Gilbert ?

*Mr. Sub.* You have it.

*Fath.* My poor girl ! I, indeed, have wrong'd, but will redress you ; and pray, sir, after the many pressing letters you received from me, how came this truth conceal'd ? but I guess your motive ; dry up your

tears, Lucinda, at last you have found a father. Hence, ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abusing the confidence of your country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect.

*Luc.* Am I then justified?

*Fatb.* You are: your father was my first and firmest friend, I mourn'd his loss; and long have sought for thee in vain, Lucinda.

*Buck.* Pray han't I some merit in finding her? she's mine by the custom of the manor.

*Fatb.* Yours—First study to deserve her; she's mine, sir; I have just redeem'd this valuable treasure, and shall not trust it in a spendthrift's hands.

*Buck.* What would you have me do, sir?

*Fatb.* Disclaim the partners of your riot, polish your manners, reform your pleasures, and before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous ward, we'll for the land where first you saw the light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long bondage you have suffer'd here. I suppose, sir, we shall have no difficulty in persuading you to accompany us; it is not in France I am to hope for your reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate son to Paris, by way of mending his manners, only adds the vices and follies of that country to those of his own.

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## E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Miss MACKLIN.

**E**Scaped from my guardian's tyrannical sway,  
By a fortunate voyage on a prosperous day,  
I am landed in *England*, and now must endeavour,  
By some means or other to curry your favour.  
Of what use to be freed from a *Gallic* subjection,  
Unless I'm secure of a *British* protection.  
Without cash,—but one friend—and he too just made,  
Egad, I've a mind to set up some trade ;  
Of what sort ! in the papers I'll publish a puff  
Which won't fail to procure me custom enough ;  
“ That a lady from *Paris* is lately arriv'd  
“ Who with exquisite art has nicely contriv'd  
“ The best paint for the face,—the best paste for the  
“ hands,  
“ A water for freckles, for flushings, and tans.  
“ She can teach you the meilleur coiffeure for the head,  
“ To lisp—amble—and simper—and put on the red ;  
“ To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,  
“ Um—no ; that they already knew pretty well here.  
“ The Beaux she instructs to bow with a grace,  
“ The happiest shrug,—the newest grimace.  
“ To *parler François*—fib, flatter, and dance,  
“ Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.  
“ Not a buck, nor a blood, through the whole *Eng-*  
*lib* nation,  
“ But his roughness she'll soften, his figure she'll  
“ fashion.  
“ The meereft John Trot in a week you shall zee  
“ *Bien poli bien frizé tout à fait un Marquis.*”

## E P I L O G U E.

What d'ye think of my plan, is it form'd to your  
Gout?

May I hope for disciples in any of you?  
Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without  
art?

Though abroad I've been bred, I have *Britain* at heart.  
Then take this advice, which I give for her sake,  
You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make?  
In a country of commerce, too great the expence  
For their baubles and bows, to give your good sense.

T H E

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T H E

ENGLISHMAN

RETURNED FROM PARIS.

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# P R O L O G U E,

S P O K E N by Mr. F O O T E.

**O**F all the passions that possess mankind,  
The love of novelty rules most the mind ;  
In search of this from realm to realm we roam,  
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.  
From Lybia's Desarts hostile brutes advance,  
And dancing dogs in droves skip here from France,  
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,  
Striking our British breasts with awe and fear, }  
As once the Lilliputians —— Gulliver.  
Not only objects that affect the sight,  
In foreign arts and artists we delight,  
Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,  
In humble prose the place is Charing Cross ;  
Close by the margin of a kennel's side,  
A dirty dismal Entry opens wide,  
There, with hoarse voice, check'd shirt and callous  
Hand,  
*Duff's* Indian English trader takes his stand,  
Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,  
And rustic *Roger* falls an easy prize,  
Here's China Porcelaine that Chelsea yields,  
And India Handkerchiefs from Spittalfields,  
With Turkey Carpets that from *Wilton* came,  
And Spanish Tucks and Blades from *Bermingham*,  
Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit,  
And English Goods are smuggled through the street.  
The rude to polish and the fair to please,  
The Hero of to night has cross'd the seas,  
Tho' to be born a *Briton* be his crime,  
He's manufactur'd in another clime.  
'Tis *Buck* begs leave once more to come before ye,  
The little subject of a former story,  
How chang'd, how fashioned, whether brute or beau,  
We trust the following scenes will fully shew.  
For them and him we your indulgence crave,  
'Tis ours still to sin and yours to save.

D R A -

## Dramatis Personæ.

BUCK	Mr. <i>Foote.</i>
CRAB	Mr. <i>Sparks.</i>
LORD JOHN	Mr. <i>White.</i>
MACRUTHEN	Mr. <i>Shuter.</i>
RACKET	Mr. <i>Cushin.</i>
TALLYHOE	Mr. <i>Costello.</i>
LATITAT	Mr. <i>Dunstall.</i>
SURGEON	Mr. <i>Wignel.</i>
LUCINDA	Mrs. <i>Bellamy.</i>

*La Jonquil, Le Loire, Bearnais and Servants.*

THE

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THE  
ENGLISHMAN  
RETURNED FROM PARIS.

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A C T I.

CRAB *discovered reading.*

AND I do constitute my very good friend, Giles  
Crab, Esq; of St. Martin's in the Fields, ex-  
ecutor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to  
my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his direction, the  
management of all my affairs, till the return of my son  
from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor,  
in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to  
counsel, &c. &c.

JOHN BUCK.

A good, pretty legacy! let's see; I find myself heir,  
by this generous devise of my very good friend, to  
ten actions at common law, nine suits in Chancery,  
the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and  
finished a fop abroad; together with the direction of  
a marriageable, and, therefore, an unmanageable  
wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty six,  
who heartily hates bus'ness, is tired of the world, and  
despises every thing in it. Why how the devil came  
I to merit —————

Enter

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Latitat of Staple's Inn.

*Crab.* So, here begin my plagues. Shew the hound in.

*Enter Latitat, with a bag, &c.*

*Lat.* I wou'd, Mr. Crab, have attended your summons imminently, but I was obliged to sign judgment in error at the Common P'eas; sue out of the Exchequer a writ of *Quo minus*, and surrender in *Banco Regis* the defendant, before the return of the *Sci fa*, to discharge the bail.

*Crab.* Pry'thee, man, none of thy unintelligible law jargon to me; but tell me, in the language of common sense, and thy country, what I am to do.

*Lat.* Why, Mr. Crab, as you are already possess'd of a *Probat* and letters of administration *de Bonis*, are granted, you may sue, or be sued; I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts, without a receipt upon record: this can be obtain'd by no means, but by an action. Now actions, sir, are of various kinds: there are special actions, actions on the case, or *Affumpfit's*; actions of *Trover*, actions of *Clausum fregit*, actions of battery, actions of—

*Crab.* Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now?—But hark'ee, Latitat, why I thought all our law proceedings were directed to be in English.

*Lat.* True, Mr. Crab.

*Crab.* And what do you call all this stuff, ha!

*Lat.* English.

*Crab.* The devil you do!

*Lat.* Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr. Crab. For, as Lord Coke describes the common law, to be the perfection—

*Crab.* So here's a fresh deluge of Impertinence. A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr. Brief's chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

*Lat.*

*Lat.* Mr. Brief, sir, and translate, sir!—Sir, I would have you to know that no practitioner in Westminster Hall, gives clearer—

*Crab.* Sir, I believe it; for which reason I have referred you to a man who never goes into Westminster Hall.

*Lat.* A bad proof of his practice, Mr. Crab.

*Crab.* A good one of his principles, Mr. Latitat.

*Lat.* Why, sir, do you think that a lawyer—

*Crab.* Zounds, sir, I never thought about a lawyer. The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory ministers; nor shou'd any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beastly Baal. I had rather lose a cause, than contest it. And had not this old, doating dunce, Sir John Buck, plagu'd me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, bedlam should sooner have had me, than the bar.

*Lat.* Bedlam, the bar! Since, sir, I am provok'd, I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may choose for you; I wish I was your *prochain Ami*: but I am under some doubts as to the sanity of the testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his executor, under the sanction of the law, a person who despises the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr. Crab, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *fine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*—

*Crab.* Mercy, good six and eight-pence.

*Lat.* The defence, and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the statute common and customary, or as Plowden classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

*Mos commune vetus mores, Consulta Senatus,*

*Heæ tria Jus statuunt Terra Britanna tibi.*

*Crab.* Zounds, sir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own house?

*Lat.* Sir, a man's house is his *Castellum*, his castle; and so tender is the law of any infringement of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandestinely, or *Vi & Armis*, is

*not*

not only deem'd felonius but burglarious. Now, sir, a burglary may be committed, either upon the dwelling, or the out-house.

*Crab.* O laud! O laud!

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Your clerk, sir. — The parties, he says, are all in waiting at your chambers.

*Lat.* I come. I will but just explain to Mr. Crab, the nature of a burglary, as it has been describ'd by a late statute.

*Crab.* Zounds, sir, I have not the least curiosity.

*Lat.* Sir, but every gentleman shou'd know —

*Crab.* I won't know. Besides, your clients —

*Lat.* O, they may stay. I sha'n't take up five minutes, Sir, — A burglary —

*Crab.* Not an instant.

*Lat.* By the common law —

*Crab.* I'll not hear a word.

*Lat.* It was but a *Claustrum fregit*.

*Crab.* Dear sir, be gone.

*Lat.* But by the late acts of par —

*Crab.* Help, you dog. Zounds, sir, get out of my house.

*Serv.* Your Clients, Sir —

*Crab.* Push him out [*the Lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very minute. [*Exit. Serv.*] This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad, every instant, I'd fly for it myself, and quit the kingdom at once.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My young master's travelling tutor, sir, just arrived.

*Crab.* Oh, then I suppose, the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Show him in. This bear leader, I reckon now, is either the clumsy curate of the knight's parish church, or some needy highlander, the outcast of his country, who, with the

the pride of a German baron, the poverty of a French Marquis, the address of a Swiss soldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give our heir apparent politeness, taste, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himself.

*Enter Macruthen.*

*Mac.* Maister Crab, I am your devoted servant.

*Crab.* Oh, a British child, by the mess.—Well, where's your charge?

*Mac.* O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was meeghty afraid he had o'rt'a'en me; for between Canterbury and Rochester, I was stopt, and robb'd by a high-way-man.

*Crab.* Robb'd! What the devil cou'd he rob you of?

*Mac.* In gude troth, not a mighty booty. Buchanan's history, Lauder against Melton, and two pound of high-dry'd Glascow.

*Crab.* A good travelling equipage. Well and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

*Mac.* Main you Sir Charles? I left him at Calais, with another young nobleman, returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, maister Crab? In gude troth there's a meeghty alteration.

*Crab.* Yes, yes, I have a shrewd guess at his improvements,

*Mac.* He's quite a phænomenon.

*Crab.* Oh, a comet, I dare swear, but not an unusual one, at Paris. The Faux-bourg of St Germain's swarms with such, to the no small amusement of our very good friends the French.

*Mac.* Oh, the French were meeghty fond of him.

*Crab.* But as to the language, I suppose, he's a perfect master of that.

*Mac.* He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite maister of the accent.

*Crab.* A molt astonishing progress!

*Mac.* Suspend your judgment a wile, and you'll find him all ye wilh, allowing for the lallies of Juvenility,

nility; and must tak the vanity to mysel of being, in a great measure, the author.

*Crab.* Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he must be a finish'd piece.

*Mac.* You are pleased to compliment.

*Crab.* Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you, and your—what's your name—?

*Mac.* Macruthen, at your service.

*Crab.* Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

*Mac.* Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable disposition.

*Crab.* Oh, ay: And it wou'd be wrong to sour his temper. You knew your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

*Mac.* It was na for me, maister Crab.

*Crab.* Oh, by no means master Macruthen; all your bus'nes was to keep him out of frays; to take care for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they should be. You pimp'd for him, I suppose?

*Mac.* Pimp for him! d'ye mean to affront——

*Crab.* To suppose the contrary would be the affront, Mr. Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand pounds a year?

*Mac.* Why, to be sure, great allowances must be made.

*Crab.* No doubt, no doubt.

*Mac.* I see maister Crab, you know mankind. You are Sir John Buck's executor.

*Crab.* True.

*Mac.* I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

*Crab.* As how?

*Mac.* Cou'd na we contrive to make a hond o'the young baronet?

*Crab.* Explain.

*Mac.*

*Mac.* Why you, by the will, have the care o'the cash ; and I caw make a shift to manage the lad.

*Crab.* Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ ; and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

*Mac.* Ye ha hit it.

*Crab.* Why what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain ! Under the roof, and in the presence, of thy benefactor's representative, with almost his ill-bestowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child ! And, from what part of my life, didst thou derive a hope of my compliance with such a hellish scheme ?

*Mac.* Maister Crab, I am of a nation—

*Crab.* Of known honour and integrity ; I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predecessors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

*Mac.* Why, to be sure——

*Crab.* And one happiness it is, that tho' national glory can beam a brightness on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a disgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

*Mac.* Why, maister Crab, I——

*Crab.* Guilt and confusion choak thy utterance. Avoid my sight. Vanish. [Exit. *Mac.*] A fine fellow this, to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires, of an unbridled boy ! But can it be strange, whilst the parent negligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so important a trust, that the person, whose wants, perhaps, more than his abilities, make desirous of it, shou'd consider the youth as a kind of property, and not study what to make him but what to make of him ; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's present prevailing passions ? But vice and folly

folly rule the world. —Without, there. [enter Serv.] Rascal, where d'ye run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Fresh instances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my detestation of mankind. This turn may be term'd misanthropy; and imputed to chagrin and disappointment. But it can only be by those Fools, who, thro' softness or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, thro' the wrong end of the perspective.

*Enter Lucinda.*

So, what, I suppose your spirits are all a-float. You have heard your fellow's coming!

*Luc.* If you had your usual discernment, sir, you wou'd distinguish, in my countenance, an expression very different from that of joy.

*Crab.* Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot dy'd in moulting.

*Luc.* A person less censorious than Mr. Crab, might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

*Crab.* Distress! A pretty, poetical phrase! What motive canst thou have for distress? Has not Sir John Buck's death assured thy fortune? and art not thou —

*Luc.* By that very means, a helpless, unprotected orphan.

*Crab.* Pho', pr'ythee wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the sex: the objects of every woman's wish, are property and power. The first you have, and the second you won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding post to put on your chains.

*Luc.* It wou'd appear affectation not to understand you. And to deal freely, it was upon that subject I wish'd to engage you.

*Crab.* Your information was needless; I knew it.

*Luc.* Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend, wou'd have abated a little of that rigour.

*Crab.*

*Crab.* No wheedling, Lucy. Age and contempt have long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation. You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your purpose.

*Luc.* What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying Sir Charles Buck?

*Crab.* And do you seriously want my advice?

*Luc.* Most sincerely.

*Crab.* Then you are a blockhead. Why, where cou'd you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love?—Look'ee, girl. [Enter Servant.] Who sent for you, sir?

*Serv.* Sir, my young master's post-chaise is broke down, at the corner of the street, by a coal-cart. His cloaths are all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

*Crab.* Ay! Why then carry his chaise to the coach-maker's, his coat to a scowerer's, and him before a justice.—Pr'ythee why dost trouble me? I suppose you wou'd not meet your gallant!

*Luc.* Do you think I shou'd?

*Crab.* No, retire. And if this application for my advice, is not a copy of your countenance, a mask; if you are obedient, I may set you right.

*Luc.* I shall, with pleasure, follow your directions.

[Exit.]

*Crab.* Yes, so long as they correspond with your own inclination. Now we shall see what Paris has done for this puppy. But here he comes; light as the cork in his heels; or the feather in his hat.

*Enter Buck, Lord John, La Loire, Bearnais and Macruthen.*

*Buck.* Not a Word, *mi Lor*; *jernie*, it is not to be supported!—after being *rompu tout wif*, disjointed by that execrable *Paué*, to be tumbled into a kennel, by a filthy *Charbonnier*; a dirty retailer of sea-coal, *morbien!*

*Ld. J.* An accident that might have happened anywhere, Sir Charles.

*Buck.*

*Buck.* And then the hideous hootings of that detestable *Canaille*, that murtherous mob, with the barbarous-monsieur in the mud, huzza ! Ah, *Pais sauvage, barbare, inhospitable ! ab, ah, qu'est ce que nous avons ? Who ?*

*Mac.* That is maister Crab, your father's executor.

*Buck.* Ha, ha. *Serviteur très bumble, Monsieur. Eb bien !* What ! is he duimb ? *Mac,* my *Lor, mort de ma Vie,* the veritable Jack-roast-beef of the French comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, Monsieur Jack-Roast-beef, ha, ha ?

*Crab.* Pr'ythee take a turn or two about the room.

*Buck.* A turn or two ! Volontiers. *Eb bien !* Well, have you, in your life, seen any thing so, ha, ha, hey !

*Crab.* Never. I hope you had not many spectators of your tumble.

*Buck Pourquoi ? Why so ?*

*Crab.* Because I wou'd not have the public curiosity forestalled. I cant but think, in a country so fond of strange fights, if you were kept up a little, you wou'd bring a great deal of money.

*Buck.* I dont know, my dear, what my person wou'd produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'eſt-ce pas vrai, mi Lor ? Ha, ha.*

*Ld. J.* The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps, I may seem singular ; but the particular customs of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper objects of ridicule.

*Buck.* Why so ?

*Ld. J.* Because, in this case, it is impossible to have a rule for your Judgment. The forms and customs which climate, constitution and government have given to one kingdom, can never be transplanted with advantage to another, founded on different principles. And thus, tho' the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because *naturally, right.*

*Crab.*

*Crab.* Why there are some glimmerings of common-sense about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you stumble upon this block-head? [to Buck.] I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of your companion's reasoning.

*Buck.* My dear [gapes.]!

*Crab.* I say, you can draw no conclusion from the above premises.

*Buck.* Who I? damn your premises, and conclusions too. But this I conclude, from what I have seen, my dear, that the French are the first people in the universe; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world, and that who-soever wou'd either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec Elegance*, must go to Paris, to learn it. This is my creed.

*Crab.* And these precious principles you are come here to propagate?

*Buck.* *C'est vrai*, Monsieur Crab: and with the aid of these brother missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proselytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avances.* This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

*Crab.* And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

*Buck.* This is my Swiss porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure, to guard the gate of an Hôtel.

*Crab.* What do you suppose that we have no porters?

*Buck.* Yes, you have dunces that open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visitor; for politeness in introducing a mistress, acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the Cantons.

*Crab.* Astonishing qualities!

*Buck.* *Retirez, Bearnois.* But here's a *Bijou*, here's a jewel

a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

*La L.* Très bien.

*Buck.* Very well. Civil creature! This, Monsieur Crab, is my cook *La Loire*, and for *Hors d'Oeuvres, Entre Rotis, Ragouts, Entremets*, and the disposition of a dessert, Paris never saw his parallel.

*Crab.* His wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his merit?

*Buck.* A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance, in coming hither into exile with me, I have, indeed, doubled his stipend.

*Crab.* You could do no less.

*Buck.* And now, sir, to compleat my equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil*, my first *Valet de Chambre*, excellent in every thing: but *pour l'Accommodage*, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, *La Jonquil* shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tye, frieze, cut, curl, or comb with any *Garçon Perruquier*, from the Land's End, to the Orkneys.

*Crab.* Why, what an infinite fund of public spirit must you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the meer improvement of your country-men?

*Buck.* Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at present, I had another reason for returning.

*Crab.* Ay, what can that be?

*Buck.* Why, I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas, between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable creatures, for a trifle.

*Crab.* They have your affections then?

*Buck.* *De sout mon cœur.* From the infinite civility shewn to us, in France, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

*Crab.* Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their civility at Paris, has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor wou'd

wou'd their friendship to your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

*Buck.* Lord John, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you English are constitutionally sullen.—November-fogs, with salt boil'd beef, are most cursed recipes for good-humour, or a quick apprehension. Paris is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love and live? *Vive l'Amour!* *Sans Amour, & sans ses Desirs, un Cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.*

*Crab.* Now wou'd not any soul suppose that this yelping hound had a real relish for the country he has quitted?

*Buck.* A mighty unnatural supposition, truly!

*Crab.* Foppery and affectation all!

*Buck.* And you really think Paris a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

*Crab.* To thee the most solitary spot upon earth, my dear.—Familiar puppy!

*Buck.* Whimsical enough. But come, *pour passer le Tems*, let us, old Diogenes, enter into a little debate. Mi Lor, and you, Macruthen, determine the dispute between that source of delights, *ce paradis de Plaisir*, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

*Mac.* Let us heed them weel, my lord. Maister Crab has met with his match.

*Buck.* And first for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure of the table; ah, *quelle Difference!* The ease, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *perciflage*, the *double entendre*, the *chansons à boire*. Oh, what delicious moments have I pass'd *chez Madame la Dutchiefe de Barbouliac!*

*Crab.* Your mistress, I suppose.

*Buck.* Who I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible for a woman of her rank, to have a penchant for me? Hey, Mac!

*Mac.* Sir Charles is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of Paris thought as much.

*Crab.* A precious fellow this!

*Buck.* *Taïsez vous, Mac.* But we lose the point in view. Now, Monsieur Crab, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And first, the melancholy mistress is fixed in her chair, where, by the by, she is condemn'd to do more drudgery than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master, to marshal the guests, in which as much caution is necessary, as at a coronation, with, "My lady, sit here," and, "Sir Thomas, sit there," till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have destroy'd all apprehensions of the meat's burning your Mouths.

*Mac.* Bravo, bravo ! Did I na' say Sir Charles was a phænomenon ?

*Crab.* Peace, puppy !

*Buck.* Then in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with, perhaps, an occasional interruption, of, "Here's to you, Friends." "Hob or nob." "Your love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings : the cloth is remov'd : madam, drench'd with a bumper, drops a courtsey, and departs ; leaving the jovial host, with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. *Volà un Repas à la Mode d'Angleterre, Monsieur Crab.*

*Crab.* It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

*Buck.* *C'est vrai.* But à propos, he is dead, as you say, and you are —

*Crab.* Against my inclination, his executor.

*Buck.* *Peut être ;* Well, and —

*Crab.* Oh, my trust will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoin'd to see perform'd ; your marriage with your old acquaintance Lucinda.

*Buck.* Ha, ha, *la petite Lucinde !* & comment —

*Crab.* Pr'ythee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeath'd conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand pounds ; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

*Buck.* Reject me ! Very probable, hey, Mac ! But cou'd not we have an entrevue ?

*Crab.*

*Crab.* Who's there? Let Lucinda know we expect her.

*Mac.* Had na'ye better, Sir Charles, equip yourself in a more suitable garb, upon a first visit to your mistress?

*Crab.* Oh, such a figure and address can derive no advantage from dress.

*Buck. Serviteur.* But, however, Mac's hint may not be so mal a propos. *Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais, m'babiller.* Mi Lor, shall I trespass upon your patience? My toilette is but a work of ten minutes. Mac, dispose of my domestics à leur aise, and then attend me with my port-feuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in my last voyage from Fontainebleau to Compeigne. *Serviteur, Messieurs.*

*Car le bon Vin*

*Du Matin,*

*Sortant du Tonneau.*

*Vaut bien mieux que*

*Le Latin*

*De toute la Sorbonne.*

[Exit.]

*Crab.* This is the most consummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father, what a puppy Paris wou'd produce him; but travel is the word, and the consequence, an importation of every foreign folly; And thus the plain persons and principles of old England, are so confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost all our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions; a piece of patch-work; a mere harlequin's coat.

*Ld. J.* Do you suppose then, sir, that no good may be obtain'd—

*Crab.* Why, pr'ythee, what have you gain'd?

*Ld. J.* I shou'd be sorry my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, sir, the shaking-off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison of certain, national, and constitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

*Crab.* You shew the favourable side, young man : but how frequently are substituted for national pre-  
possessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices !—unnatural !—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his country, sins against the most laudable law of nature ; he is a traitor to the community, where Providence has placed him ; and shou'd be deny'd those social benefits he has render'd himself unworthy to partake. But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

*Ld. J.* I differ from you here, Mr. Crab. Principles that call for perpetual practice, cannot be too soon receiv'd. I sincerely thank you, sir, for this communication, and shou'd be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

*Crab.* You are indent'd to France for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employ'd.

*Enter Lucinda.*

*Crab.* This young man waits here, till your puppy is powder'd. You may ask him after your French acquaintance. I know nothing of him ; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as your fellow.

*[Exit.]*

*Luc.* I'm afraid, sir, you have had but a disagreeable tête à tête.

*Ld. J.* Just the contrary, Madam. By good sense, ting'd with singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady indeed, Mr. Crab's manners are rather too rough.

*Luc.* Not a jot ; I am familiarized to 'em. I know his integrity, and can never be disoblig'd by his sincerity.

*Ld. J.* This declaration is a little particular, from a lady who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair sex. But good-sense can conquer even early habits.

*Luc.* This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indul-

indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess, was taught me by a very severe mistress, adversity. But you, sir, are too well acquainted with Sir Charles Buck, not to have known my situation.

Ld. J. I have heard your story, madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting: you'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes interesting. However, it is impossible I shou'd not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may interrupt.

Ld. J. Cou'd I hope, Madam, your present critical condition wou'd acquit me of temerity, I shou'd take the liberty to presume, if the suit of Sir Charles be rejected—

*Enter* Crab.

Crab. So, youngster! What, I suppose, you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are meer peccadilloes, in modern morality. But, at present, you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller. *[Exit Ld. J.]* I wou'd speak with you in the library.

*[Exit.]*

Luc. I shall attend you, Sir. Never was so unhappy an interruption. What cou'd my lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl; obedience is thy province.

*Tho' hard the task, be it my part to prove*

*That sometimes duty can give laws to love.*

## A C T , II.

*Buck at his toilet, attended by three valets de chambres and Macruthen.*

MAC.

**N**Otwithstanding aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether maister Crab is so honest a man.

*Buck.* Pr'ythee, Mac, name not the monster. If I may be permitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets,

“ Who is knight of the shire represents 'em all.”  
Did ever mortal see such *mirroirs*, such looking-glaſſ as they have here too? One might as well address onſelf, for information, to a bucket of water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, offez, He bian, Mac, miſerable! Hey!*

*Mac.* It's very becoming.

*Buck.* Ay, it will do for this place; I really could have forgiven my father's living a year or two longer, rather than be compell'd to return to this.

*Enter Lord John.*

*My dear Lord, je demande mille pardons,* but the terrible fracas in my chaise had so gateed and disordered my hair, that it required an age to adjust it.

*Ld. J.* No apology, Sir Charles, I have been'entertain'd very agreeably.

*Buck.* Who have you had, my dear lord, to entertain you?

*Ld. J.* The very individual lady that's soon to make you a happy husband.

*Buck.* A happy who? Husband! What two very opposite ideas have you confounded *ensemble*? In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what accident have you discovered, that I was upon the point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un mari! diable!*

*Ld. J.*

Ld. J. The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be posses'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratify'd, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

Ld. J. It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon Manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Young Squire Racket, and Sir Toby Tallyhoe, who call themselves your honour's old acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the brutes! By what accident could they discover my arrival? My dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this embarrass.

Racket and Tallyhoe without.

Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the Hottentots have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But they say, forms keep fools at a distance. I'll receive 'em *en cérémonie.*

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey boy, hoics my little Buck.

Buck. Monsieur le Chevalier, votre très bumble serviteur.

Tally. Hey.

Buck. Monsieur Racket, je suis charmé de vous voir.

Rack. Anon what!

Buck. Ne m'entendez-vous: Don't you know French?

Rack. Know French! No, nor you neither, I think. Sir Toby, foregad I believe the papishes ha bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd, and transform'd him too. Let me perish, Racket, if I don't think he's like one of the folks we used to read of at school, in Ovid's Metamorphosis; that they haye turned him into a beast.

*Rack.* A beast ! No, a bird, you fool. Looke, Sir Toby, by the Lord Harry, here are his wings.

*Tally.* Hey ! ecod and so they are, ha, ha. I reckon, Racket, he came over with the woodcocks.

*Buck.* Voilà des véritables Anglois. The rustic rude russians !

*Rack.* Let us see what the devil he has put upon his poll, Sir Toby.

*Tally.* Ay.

*Buck.* Do, dear savage, keep your distance.

*Tally.* Nay, 'fore George, we will have a scrutiny.

*Rack.* Ay, ay, a scrutiny.

*Buck.* En grâce, la Jonquil, my Lor, protect me from these pyrates.

*Ld. J.* A little compassion, I beg, gentlemen. Consider, Sir Charles is upon a visit to his bride.

*Tally.* Bride ! Zounds, he's fitter for a band-box ; Racket, hocks the heels.

*Rack.* I have 'em, knight. Foregad he is the very reverse of a Bantam cock : His comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here ! What are these three fellows ; pastry cooks ?

*Enter Crab.*

*Crab.* And is this one of your newly acquired accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for a— but you have company, I see.

*Buck.* O, yes, I have been inexpressibly happy. These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my arrival, with what, I believe, they call in this country, a Rout.—My dear Lor, if you don't favour my flight. But see if the toads a'n't tumbling my toilet !

*Ld. J.* Now's your time, steal off ; I'll cover your retreat.

*Buck.* Mac, let La Jonquil follow to resettle my Cheveux.—*Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher* my Lor.

*Rack.* Holà, Sir Toby, stole away !

*Buck.* O, mon Dieu !

*Tally.* Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do

do for our purpose. You must know we intended to kick up a riot to-night, at the play-house, and we wanted him of the party, but that fop would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

Ld. J. Pray, sir, what is your cause of contention?

Tally. Cause of contention, hey? faith, I know nothing of the matter. Racket, what is it we are angry about?

Racket. Angry about? Why, you know we are to demolish the dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. J. I beg to be excused.

Racket. May hap you are a friend to the French?

Ld. J. Not I, indeed, sir. But, if the occasion will permit me a pun, tho' I am far from being a well-wisher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Ay! Why then if you'll come to-night, you'll split your sides with laughing; for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the battle of Blenheim. Come along, Racket. [Exit.

Ld. J. Was there ever such a contrast?

Crab. Not so remote as you imagine; they are scions from the same stock, set in different soils. The first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally, but matures nothing; the last slip, tho' stunted, bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the growth of the climate. Come, you'll follow your friend. [Exit.

Enter Lucinda, with a Servant.

Luc. When Mr. Crab, or Sir Charles, enquire for me, you will conduct them hither. [Exit. Serv. How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the issue; but still, in my circumstances, a state of suspense is, of all situations, the most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter

Enter Sir Charles, Macruthen, Ld. John, and Crab.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir Charles Buck, graces the honour of kissing your hand.

Buck. *Tres humble serviteur.* Et comment sa porte Mademoiselle. I am ravish'd to see thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde*.—*Et bien, ma reine!* Why, you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dress'd you most diabolically. Why, what a Coiffeuse must you have, and, *eh, mon Dieu*, a total absence of rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a cargo from Deffreny the day of my departure; shall I have the honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, sir, but I confess myself a convert to the chaste customs of this country, and, with a commercial people, you know, Sir Charles, all artifice—

Buck. Artifice! You mistake the point, *ma chere*. A proper proportion of red, is an indispensible part of your dress; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear, in public, without powder, or a petticoat.

Crab. And, in my private opinion, a woman who puts on the first, would make very little difficulty in pulling off the last.

Buck. Oh, Monsieur Crab's judgment must be decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer Father Time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one must *envisier* considerably in your London here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no distress for diversions. We have an opera.

Buck. *Italien*, I suppose, *pitoiable*, shocking, *affommant*! Oh, there is no supporting their *bi, bi, bi, bi*. *Ab, mon Dieu!* *Ab, Chassé brillant Soleil,*

*Brillant Soleil,*

*... A-t-on jamais vu un pareil?*

There's music and melody.

Luc. What a fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma princesse*.

Luc.

*Luc.* Oh, then we have plays.

*Buck.* That I deny, child.

*Luc.* No plays!

*Buck.* No.

*Luc.* The assertion is a little whimsical.

*Buck.* Ay, that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous in their representation.

*Luc.* Sir, I own myself unequal to the controversy; but, surely, Shakespear—My lord, this subject calls upon you for its defence.

*Crab.* I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the Chinese Orphan, in the preface to which Mr. Voltaire calls the principal works of Shakespear monstrous farces.

*Ld. J.* Mr. Crab is right, madam. Mr. Voltaire has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great master of the passions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcusable.

*Luc.* What could it be, my lord?

*Ld. J.* The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author; that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater security.

*Luc.* Ungenerous, indeed!

*Buck.* Palpable defamation.

*Luc.* And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural, pathetic, and a spirited expression, no people upon earth—

*Buck.* You are impos'd upon, child; the Lequesne, the Lanoue, the Grandval, the Dumenil, the Gaussen, what dignity, what action! But *à propos*, I have myself wrote a tragedy in French.

*Luc.* Indeed!

*Buck.* *En verité*, upon Voltaire's plan.

*Crab.* That must be a precious piece of work!

*Buck.* It is now in repetition at the French comedy, Grandval and La Gaussen perform the principal parts. Oh, what an *Éclat*! What a burst will it make in the *parterre*,

parterre, when the king of Anamaboe refuses the person of the princess of Cochineal !

*Luc.* Do you remember the passage ?

*Buck.* Entire ; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

*Luc.* That will be delightful.

*Buck.* And first the king.

*Ma chere princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai ;*

*De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.*

*Mais ce n'est pas honnête pour un homme, tel que moi,*

*De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.*

*Luc.* Inimitable !

*Buck.* Now the princess ; she is, as you may suppose, in extreme distress.

*Luc.* No doubt.

*Buck.* *Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,*

*Ayez pitié de moi ; je suis inconsolable.*

[Then he turns his back upon her, at which, she in a fury,]

*Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,*

*Ob, que je vous aime, ab que je vous deteste !*

[Then he,]

*Pensez vous, madame, à me donner la loi,*

*Vôtre baine, vôtre amour, sont les mêmes choses à moi.*

*Luc.* Bravo !

*Ld. J.* Bravo, bravo !

*Buck.* Ay, there's passion and poetry, and reason and rhyme. Oh, how I detest blood, and blank verse ! There is something so soft, so musical, and so natural in the rich rhimes of the théâtre François !

*Ld. J.* I did not know Sir Charles was so totally devoted to the Belles Lettres.

*Buck.* Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taste, I am every night at the *Caffè Procope*, and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this curst country, I make no doubt but you would have seen my name among the foremost of the French academy.

\* A coffee-house, opposite the French Comedy, where the wits assemble every evening.

Crab.

*Crab.* I should think you might easily get over that difficulty, if you will be but so obliging, as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen shall contradict, or claim you.

*Buck.* No!—impossible. From the barbarity of my education, I must ever be taken for *un Anglais*.

*Crab.* Never.

*Buck.* *En Verité?*

*Crab.* *En Verité.*

*Buck.* You flatter me.

*Crab.* But common justice.

*Mac.* Nay, maister Crab is in the reeght, for I have often heard the French themselves say, Is it possible that gentleman can be British?

*Buck.* Obliging creatures! And you all concur with them.

*Crab.* Entirely.

*Luc.* Entirely.

*Ld. J.* Entirely.

*Buck.* How happy you make me!

*Crab.* Egregious puppy! But we lose time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will?

*Buck.* No; I read no English. When Mac has turn'd it into French, I may run over the items.

*Crab.* I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an Eclaircissement. Come, my lord.

*Buck.* Nay, but monsieur Crab, my Lor, Mac.

*Crab.* Along with us. [Exit].

*Buck.* A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuce am I to do, in the language of the place? I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment!

*Luc.* I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But, now for it.

*Buck.* A queer creature, that Crab, *ma petite*. But, à propos, How d'ye like my lord?

*Luc.* He seems to have good sense and good breeding.

*Buck.* *Pas trop.* But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him? Luc.

*Luc.* Foreign !

*Buck.* Ay, something so English in his manner.

*Luc.* Foreign and English ! I don't comprehend you.

*Buck.* Why that is, he has not the ease, the *je ne sais quoi*, the *bon ton*—In a word, he does not resemble me now.

*Luc.* Not in the least.

*Buck.* Ah, I thought so. He is to be pitied, poor devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous*, *ma chere*, the fellow has a fortune.

*Luc.* How does that concern me, Sir Charles ?

*Buck.* Why, *je pense*, *ma Reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

*Luc.* My eyes execution !

*Buck.* Ay, child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that ? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summon'd the garrison to surrender.

*Luc.* To carry on the allusion, I believe my lord is too good a commander, to commence a fruitless siege. He could not but know the condition of the town.

*Buck.* Condition ! Explain, *ma chere*.

*Luc.* I was in hopes your interview with Mr. Crab had made that unnecessary.

*Buck.* Oh, ay, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage, in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people ! Well, the malice of some men is amazing ! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for intailing their malevolence like their estates to latest posterity.

*Luc.* Your contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man, who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist, that in my presence, at least, no indignity be offered to his memory.

*Buck.* Hey day ! What, in heroics, *ma Reine* ?

*Luc.* Ungrateful, unfilial wretch ! so soon to trample on his ashes, whose fond heart, the greatest load of his last hour were his fears for thy future welfare.

*Buck.* *Ma foi*, *elle est folle*, she is mad, *sans doute*.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* But I am to blame. Can he who breaks thro' one sacred relation regard another? Can the monster who is corrupt enough to condemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being?—Impossible.

*Buck.* Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy this, child.

*Luc.* Contemptible! But I am cool.

*Buck.* I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

*Luc.* We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

*Buck.* *Vous allez trop vite*, you are too quick, *ma Chere*. If I recollect, the consequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thousand pounds.

*Luc.* True.

*Buck.* Now that have not I (the least inclination to do.

*Luc.* No, sir? Why you own that marriage—

*Buck.* Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious love for the Louis.

*Luc.* Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute; the law—

*Buck.* But, hold, *ma Reine*. I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, shd' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

*Luc.* Sir!

*Buck.* I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid, than my living a bachelor.

*Luc.* O, sir, I shall find a remedy.

*Buck.* But now suppose, *ma belle*, I have found one to your hand?

*Luc.* As 'how?' Name one.

*Buck.* I'll name two. And first, *mon Enfant*; tho' I have an irresistible antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal charms; in the possession of which, if you please to place me,

not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *Terre* of your devoted shall fall at your—

*Luc.* Grant me patience!

*Buck.* Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

*Luc.* Quick, Sir, your other. For this is—

*Buck.* I grant, not quite so fashionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *Cisſſei*. And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle*.

*Luc.* Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing! Thy mistress! Gracious heaven! Universal empire shou'd not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse cou'd a woman of the least sense or spirit make, for so unnatural a connection!

*Buck.* *Fort-bien!*

*Luc.* Where have thy attractions? Canst thou be weak enough to suppose thy frippery dress, thy affection, thy grimace, could influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

*Buck.* *Très bien!*

*Luc.* And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber: For thy dress, thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

*Buck.* *Extrêmement bien!*

*Luc.* Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name, to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

*Buck.* I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific partner I shou'd have had. Why, look'ee, child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: tho' by the by, you have forgot, in your catalogue, one of my foreign acquisitions; *c'eſt-à-aire*, that I can, with a most intrepid *Sang froid*, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, adieu, *ma Belle*. And when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible

sible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card.

*Luc.* Be gone for ever!

*Crab.* Pour jamais! Foregad, she would make an admirable actress. If I once get her to Paris, she shall play a part in my piece. [Exit.

*Luc.* I am ashame'd, this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Desire Mr. Crab—

*Enter* Lord John, and Crab.

*Ld. J.* We have been unwillingly, madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush, that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, shou'd be in his morals so much below—

*Crab.* Pr'ythee why didn't thou not call thy maids, and toss the booby in a blanket?

*Ld. J.* If I might be permitted, madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr. Crab—

*Luc.* My Lord, don't think me guilty of affectation. I believe, I guess at your generous design; but my temper is really so ruffled, besides I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

*Ld. J.* Dear madam, can I assist?

*Luc.* Only by desiring my maid to bring hither the tea.—My lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

*Ld. J.* No apology. You honour me, madam.

[Exit.]

*Crab.* And pr'ythee, wench, what is thy scheme?

*Luc.* Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

*Crab.* Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the puppy severely punish'd, methinks.

*Luc.* Sir Charles, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither?

*Crab.* I'll bring him.

*Luc.* No, I wish to have him alone.

*Crab.* Why then I'll send him.

[Exit.]

*Enter*

Enter Lettice.

*Luc.* Place these things on the table, a chair on each side: Very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, Lettice.

[*Exit Lettice.*]

Enter Buck.

*Buck.* So, so, I thought she wou'd come to; but, I confess, not altogether so soon. *Et bien, ma Belle,* see me ready to receive your commands.

*Luc.* Pray be seated, Sir Charles. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurry'd me into some expressions, not altogether so suitable.

*Buck.* Ah, *Bagatelle.* Name it not.

*Luc.* *Voulez-vous du Thé, Monsieur?*

*Buck.* Volontiers. This tea is a pretty, innocent kind of beverage; I wonder the French don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

*Luc.* That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies this side the water, you know.

*Buck.* True, it pronounces parties, and infuses a kind of spirit into conversation, that—

*Luc.* *En voulez-vous encore?*

*Buck.* *Je vous rends mille Grâces.*—But what has occasioned me, *ma Reine*, the honour of your message by Mr. Crab?

*Luc.* The favours I have received from your family, Sir Charles, I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your house, a more decent, and ceremonious adieu, than our last interview wou'd admit of.

*Buck.* Is that all, *ma Chère?* I thought your flinty heart had, at last, relented. Well, *ma Reine*, adieu.

*Luc.* Can you then leave me?

*Buck.* The fates will have it so.

*Luc.* Go then; perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

*Buck.* Hey, how, what?

*Luc.*

*Luc.* And tho' the pleasure of living with you is deny'd me, in our deaths, at least, we shall soon be united.

*Buck.* Soon be united in death? When, child?

*Luc.* Within this hour.

*Buck.* Which way?

*Luc.* The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs, unutterable! The tea we drank, urg'd by despair and love—Oh!

*Buck.* Well!

*Luc.* I poison'd.

*Buck.* The devil!

*Luc.* And as my generous heart wou'd have shar'd all with you, I gave you half.

*Buck.* Oh, curse your generosity!

*Luc.* Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

*Buck.* Embrace! O confound you! But it mayn't be too late. Mactuthen, Jonquil, physicians, apothecaries, oil and antidotes. Oh! *Je meurs, Je meurs.* Ah, la Diablesse!

[Exit.]

*Enter Lord John and Crab.*

*Crab.* A brave wench. I cou'd kiss thee for this contrivance.

*Ld. J.* He really deserves it all.

*Crab.* Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible resentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see—Can't we make a farther use of the puppy's punishment? I suppose we may very safely depend on your contempt of him?

*Luc.* Most securely.

*Crab.* And this young thing here, has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care, my girl sha'n't go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound, Lucy.

*Ld. J.* I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be—

*Crab.*

*Crab.* Psha, don't scorch me with thy flanies. Reserve your raptures; or, if they must have vent, retire into that room while I go plague the puppy.

*Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnols, La Loire, Physician, Surgeon. Buck in a Cap and Night Gown.*

*Srg.* This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation, and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

*Buck.* Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—  
Ah, there's a shoot. And now again, I freeze.

*Mac.* Aye, they are aw symptoms of a strong poison.

*Buck.* Oh, I am on the rack.

*Mac.* Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

*Enter Crab.*

*Crab.* Where is the miserable devil? What's he alive still?

*Mac.* In gude troth, and that's aw.

*Buck.* Oh!

*Crab.* So, you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

*Buck.* O what cou'd provoke me to return from Paris?

*Crab.* Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

*Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.*

*Rack.* Where is he?—He's a dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

*Buck.* Oh!

*Tally.* Who poison'd him, Racket?

*Rack.* Gad I don't know. His French cook, I reckon.

*Crab.* Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

*Buck.* Oh give it, give it.

*Crab.*

*Crab.* Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

*Buck.* Name 'em Take my estate, my — save but my life, take all.

*Crab.* First, then renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee; and, in which she is an unhappy partaker.

*Buck.* I renounce her from my soul.

*Crab.* To this declaration you are witnesses Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery; your washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

*Buck.* What, all?

*Crab.* All; not a rag shall be reserv'd. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assign'd to your old friends here.

*Buck.* Well, take 'em.

*Tally.* Huzza, come Racket, let's rummage.

*Crab.* And lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments to your luxury, these pandars to your pride, pack'd in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

*Buck.* Spare me but *La Jonquil*.

*Crab.* Not an instant. The importation of these puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends, the French; unable to resist you, whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to these minions, who would first, by unmanly means, sap and soften all your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

*Buck.* Since then it must be so, adieu, *La Jonquil*.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Crab.* And now to the remedy. Come forth, *Lucinda*.

*Enter* *Lucinda*, *and Lord John*.

*Buck.* Hey, why did not she swallow the poison?

*Crab.* No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

*Buck.* Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Ay, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir Charles. But you allow me to be an excellent actress.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

*Buck.* Oh, curse your talents!

*Crab.* This fellow's public renunciation, has put your person and fortune in your own power: and if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

*Luc.* As a proof of my sincerity, my lord, receive it.

*Ld. F.* With more transport, than Sir Charles the news of his safety.

*Luc. to Buck.* You are not, at present, in a condition to take possession of your post.

*Buck.* What?

*Luc.* Oh, you recollect; my lord's private friend; his assistant, you know.

*Buck.* Oh, oh!

*Mac.* But, Sir Charles, as I find the affair of the poison was but a joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your blisters?

*Crab.* No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happiness to be born a Briton, let it be your boast; know that the blessings of liberty are your birth-right, which while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that French fashions are as ill suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find  
That poison for your punishment design'd  
Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.

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## E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. BELLAMY.

A MONG the arts to make a piece go down,  
And fix the fickle favour of the town,  
An *Epilogue* is deem'd the surest way  
To atone for all the errors of the play :  
Thus, when pathetic strains have made you cry,  
In trips the comic muse, and wipes your eye.  
With equal reason, when she has made you laugh,  
*Melpomene* should send you sniveling off ;  
But our bard, unequal to the task,  
Rejects the dagger, and retains the masque :  
Fain would he send you cheerful home to-night,  
And harmless mirth by honest means excite ;  
Scorning with luscious phrase or double sense,  
To raise a laughter at the fair's expence.  
What method shall we choose your taste to hit ?  
Will no one lend our bard a little wit ? }  
Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.  
The piece concluded, and the curtain down,  
Up starts that fatal *Pbalanx*, call'd *the Town* :  
In full assembly weigh our author's fate,  
And *Surly* thus commences the debate :  
Pray, among friends, does not this poisoning scene  
The sacred rights of tragedy profane ?  
If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl :  
Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my soul !

## E P I L O G U E.

Then *Buck* cries, *Billy*, can it be in Nature ?  
Not the least likeness in a single feature.  
My lord, lord love him, 'tis a precious piece ;  
Let's come on *Friday* night and have a hiss,  
To this a *peruquier* affents with joy,  
*Parcequ'il affronte les Fran<sup>ç</sup>ois, oui, ma foi.*  
In such distress what can the poet do ?  
Where seek for shelter when these foes pursue ?  
He dares demand protection, sirs, from you. }  
He dares demand protection, sirs, from you.

T H E

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T H E

O R A T O R S.

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1762.

1767.

LECTURER,	Mr. Foote,	Mr. Foote.
	Mr. Weston,	Mr Weston.
	Mr. M <sup>o</sup> George,	Mr. Pynn.
	Mr. Quin,	Mr. Quick.
	Mr. Bannister,	Mr. Bannister.
	Mr. Williams,	Mr. Davis.
	Mr. Young,	Mr. Loveman.
	Mr. Booth,	Mr. Castle.
PUPILS.	Mr. Palmer,	Mr. Palmer.
	Mr. Kickill,	Mr. Strange.
	Mr. Somers,	Mr. Smith.
	Mr. Pearce,	Mr. Pearce.
		Mr. Keen.
		Mr. Gardiner.
		Mr. Newton.
		Mr. Souter.

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T H E  
O R A T O R S.

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A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Will Tirehack and Harry Scamper, booted, with whips in their bands, into a side-box.*

SCAMPER.

P'SHAW ! zounds ! prithee, Will, let us go ; what signifies our staying here ?

*Tire.* Nay, but tarry a little ; besides, you know we promis'd to give Poll Bayliss and Bett Skinner the meeting.

*Scamp.* No matter, we shall be sure to find them at three at the Shakespear.

*Tire.* But as we are here, Harry, let us know a little what it's about ?

*Scamp.* About ! Why lectures, you fool ? Haven't you read the bills, and we have plenty of them at Oxford, you know ?

*Tire.* Well, but for all that, there may be fun.

*Scamp.* Why then, stay and enjoy it yourself ; and I'll step to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin, and my horse. We shall see you at three. *[Rising.]*

*Tire.* Nay, but, prithee stay.

*Scamp.* Rot me if I do. *[Going out of the box.]*

*Tire.* Halloo, Harry ; Harry—

*Scamp.* Well, what's the matter now ? [Returning.

*Tire.* Here's Poll Bayliss just come into the gallery.

*Scamp.* No—

*Tire.* She is, by—

*Scamp* [Locking.] Yes, faith ! it is she, sure enough —How goes it, Poll ?

*Tire.* Well, now, we shall have you, I hope ?

*Scamp.* Ay, if I thought we should get any fun.

*Tire.* I'll make an enquiry. Halloo ! snuffers, snuffers.

*Candle Snuf.* Your pleasure, sir ?

*Tire.* What is all this busines about here ?

*Snuf.* Can't say, sir.

*Scamp.* Well, but you could if you would, let us into the secret.

*Snuf.* Not I, upon my honour !

*Tire.* Your honour, you son of a whore ! D'ye hear, bid your master come hither, we want to ask him a question.

*Snuf.* I will.

[Exit.

*Tire.* Scamper, will you ask him, or shall I ?

*Scamp.* Let me alone to him—

Enter Foote.

*Tire.* O ! here he is—

*Foote.* Your commands with me, gentlemen ?

*Scamp.* Why, you must know Will and I here, are upon a scheine from Oxford ; and because cash begins to run low—How much have you, Will ?

*Tire.* Three and twenty shillings, besides the crown I paid at the door.

*Scamp.* And I eighteen ; now, as this will last us but to night, we are willing to husband our time ; let us see, Will, how are we engag'd ?

*Tire.* Why at three, with Bett and Poll, there, at the Shakespear ; after that to the coronation ; for you know we have seen it but nine times—

*Scamp.* And then back to the Shakespear again ; where we sup, and take horse at the door.

*Tire.* So there's no time to be lost, you see ; we desire,

desire, therefore, to know what sort of a thing this affair here of yours is? What, is it damn'd funny and comical?

*Foote.* Have you not seen the bills?

*Scamp.* What, about the lectures? ay, but that's all slang, I suppose; no, no. No tricks upon travellers; no, we know better—What, are there any more of you; or do you do it all yourself?

*Foote.* If I was in want of comedians, you, gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a lift; but, upon my word, my intentions, as the bill will inform you, are serious—

*Tire.* Are they? then I'll have my money again. What, do you think we come to London to learn any thing?—Come, Will. [Going.

*Foote.* Hold, gentlemen, I would detain you, if possible. What is it you expect?

*Scamp.* To be jolly, and laugh, to be sure—

*Foote.* At what?

*Tire.* At what—damme, I don't know—at you, and your frolics and fancies—

*Foote.* If that is all you desire; why, perhaps we shan't disappoint you—

*Scamp.* Shan't you—why, that is an honest fellow—come, begin—

*Foote.* But you'll be so kind as not to interrupt me?

*Scamp.* Never fear—

*Foote.* Ladies and gentlemen—

[*Suds from the opposite box calls to Foote, and stops him short.*]

*Suds.* Stop a minute; may I be permitted to speak?

*Foote.* Doubtless, sir—

*Suds.* Why, the affair is this. My wife Alice—for you must know my name is Ephraim Suds. I am a soap-boiler in the city.—took it into her head, and nothing would serve her turn, but that I must be a common council man this year; for says Alice, *says she*, It is the *onliest* way to rise in the world.

*Foote.* A just observation—you succeeded?

*Suds.* Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got it all hollow; but now to come to the marrow—

of the business. Well, Alice, says I, now I am chosen, what's next to be done? "Why now, says Alice, says she, thee must learn to make speeches; why dost not see what purfement neighbour Grogram has got; why man, 'tis all brought about by his speechifying. I tell thee what, Ephraim, if thee can't but once learn to lay down the law, there's no knowing to what thee mayst rise—"

*Foote.* Your lady had reason.

*Suds.* Why, I thought so too; and, as good luck would have it, who shou'd come into the city, in the very nick of time, but master professor along with his lectures—Adod away, in a hurry, Alice and I danc'd to Pewterer's Hall.

*Foote.* You improv'd, I hope?

*Suds.* O Lud! It is unknown what knowledge we got; we can read—oh! we never stop to spell a word now—and then he told us such things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphasis, and accent; heav'n blefs us, I did not think there had been such things in the world.

*Foote.* And have you *speechify'd* yet?

*Suds.* Soft; soft and fair; we must walk before we can run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The Mansion-house was not built in a day, Master Foote. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; Now, Ephraim, says she, thy business is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town, that will make thee a *speecher* at once, and out she pull'd your proposals. Ah, Alice, says I, thee be'st but a fool, why I know that man, he is all upon his fun; he lecture—why, 'tis all but a bam—Well, 'tis but seeing, says she, so *wolens nolens*, she would have me come hither; now, if so be you be serious, I shall think my money wisely bestow'd; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you shall see me no more.

*Foote.* Sir, I shall be extremely sorry to lose you; if I knew but what would content you?

*Suds.* Why, I want to be made an orator *on*; and to speak speeches, as I tell you, at our meetings, about

about politicks, and peace, and addresses, and the new bridge, and all *them* kind of things.

*Foote* Why, with your happy talents I should think much might be done.

*Suds*. I am proud to hear you say so. Indeed I am. I did *speechify* once at a vestry concerning new lettering the church buckets, and came off cutely enough ; and, to say the truth, that was the thing that provok'd me to go to Pewterers-Hall. [Sits down again.

*Foote*. Well, sir, I flatter myself, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two instructors, you will here make a tolerable progress. But now, sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of our design, and I hope, in the process, you, gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, sir, information.

*Mr. Foote then proceeds in his lecture.*

My plan, gentlemen, is to be consider'd as a super-structure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern professor of English, both our labours tending to the same general end ; the perfecting of our countrymen in a most essential article, the right use of their native language.

But what he has happily begun, I have the vanity to think I have as happily finish'd ; he has, it is true, introduc'd you into the body of the church, but I conduct you into the choir of the cathedral : Or, to explain myself by a more familiar allusion, though he is the Poitier who teaches you the step and the grounds ; yet I am the Gallini who gives you the air, and the grace of the minuet.

His aim is propriety alone ; mine propriety with elegance.

For though reading, so shamefully neglected, not only by those of tender years, but the adult ; not only by children, but even by grown men and women ; not only in our private seminaries, but in our public universities, is allowed to be a necessary ingredient towards the formation of an orator ; yet, a great many other rules, a great many other precepts, are requisite to obtain his perfection.

Nay, perhaps we might, to support an argument without the danger of a defeat, at least if we may trust observation, that of all the professions that require a verbal intercourse with the public, there is no one to whom reading is of so little utility as that of oratory.

I need not insist upon this head, as I believe every gentleman's experience will furnish him with instances of men eminent in oratory, who, from an early vivacity have neglected, or the indulgence of their parents have been emancipated from the attention and application necessary, it is true, to acquire this rugged art, but at the same time so ill-suited to their tender years, and so opposite to those innocent amusements in which children are known universally to delight. *Thwart not a child, for you spoil his temper,* —is, or at least ought to be, an English proverb, as it is an universal practice.

I would not here be understood to depreciate the usefulness of reading, or to detract from the exceeding merit of the professor's plan; no, my meaning is only just to drop a hint that I may occasionally use him as a walking stick; a kind of an *elegantly clouded Mocca*, or an *airy Anamaboo*: yet, that it is by no means my intention to depend upon him as a *support*, or lean upon him as a *crutch*; in a word, he will be rather ornamental than necessary to me.

But useless as his plan is to me, I sincerely wish it success for the sake of the public; and if my influence was equal to my inclination, I would have a law enacted, upon the plan of the militia bill, that annually, or biennially, draughts should be made from every parish of two, three, or more, as in that act of able-bodied, so in this of intelligent persons, who, at the expence of the several counties, should be sent to the capital, and there compelled to go through as many courses of the professor's lectures as he shall deem sufficient: thus, by those periodical rural detachments, the whole nation will, in a few years, be completely served, and a stock of learning laid in, *that will last till time shall be no more.*

Would

Would our rulers but adopt this scheme ! how superior would England be even to the most illustrious periods of Greece and Rome ! what an unrival'd happiness for us, what an eternal fund of fame for them ! ye Solons, ye Lycucus's, ye Numa's, hide your diminish'd heads ; see what a revolution two laws in a few years have produc'd ; see a whole people, sunk in more than Gothic ignorance accustom'd to no other iron implements than the pacific plough-share, or the harmless spade start out at once profound scholars and veteran soldiers : If at this happy period, a Frenchman, thinking any thing out of his own country worthy his attention, should descend to pay this kingdom a visit ; methinks, I anticipate the account he will give of us at his return, (like his countryman of old, who, at the taking of Rome, bursting into the capitol, and there finding the senate fix'd and immoveable in their seats, declar'd them an assembly of kings,) so will he at once pronounce the whole British nation to be an army of generals, and one congregation of doctors. Happy country ! where the *Arma & Toga* are so fortunately blended, as to prevent all contention for the pre-eminence.

I know but one objection that can be made to this plan, and that merely a temporary one ; that the culture of our lands will sustain an infinite injury if such a number of peasants were to deparochiate, there being already scarce hands sufficient, from the recruits constantly made for Germany, &c. &c. &c. to carry on the common business of husbandry.

But what are riches, perishable commodities, glittering, transitory, fallacious goods, when compared to the substantial, incorruptible endowments of the mind : this truth is, indeed, happily inculcated by an old English adage ;

“ When lands and goods are gone and spent,  
“ Then learning is most excellent.”

This sensible and poetical distich, I would recommend to Mr. Professor, as a motto for his intended treatise ;

treatise ; but I suppose he is already well provided with an apt Latin ; if not a Greek one, to either of which I must yield the preference.

But to wave this ethical argument ; I think I can easily foil the force of this objection, by a natural and obvious Succedaneum. Suppose a clause was to be added to the bill for the importation of tallow, raw hides, and live cattle from Ireland, that, during this literary emigration, a sufficient number of inhabitants of that country may be transported hither to supply the vacancy : but here it must be observ'd, that for this purpose an act of parliament is indispensably necessary ; for tho' it would be difficult, if not impossible for us, in our present condition, to get in even our harvests, without the aid of hands annually exported for that purpose from Ireland ; yet this is at best but an illicit trade, and the men themselves are to be considered under the article of smuggled goods : a very heavy penalty being laid by statute on all masters of vessels, who shall venture to import any of the above cited commodity into this realm, without special licence ; to this purpose I recollect a case in point, the fifth of William and Mary, Ban. Reg. The King contra Oflaarty. Vide V. Rep. vol. iii. chap. 9. page 4.

But if this should be thought by the people in power too great an indulgence to the Irish, as we have never been remarkably profuse in our favours to our loyal and affectionate sister ; I see no other method of redressing the imaginary evil, than by exempting from this service all the males till a general peace, and accepting, in their room, a suitable number of discreet middle aged females ; and these, when they have been properly perfected in the mysteries of our language, may be return'd to their several parishes, and there form little infantine communities of literati, which will be a stock for the succeeding generation ; and, indeed upon consideration, I don't know whether this won't prove the best method for the introduction and universal propagation of the plan.

For

For the English common people, naturally sullen and obstinate, and religiously attach'd to their old customs, might be shock'd and scandaliz'd to see, at one bold stroke, the fescues and fasces, which have been, from time immemorial, consign'd to one, or more matron in every village, ravish'd at once from their hands, and deliver'd over to the administration of the opposite sex.

But to return to my own subject, from which my zeal for Mr. professor's success has tempted me to make rather too long a digression.

When I ventur'd to affirm that the profession of an Orator might exist independently of an accurate knowledge of the arrangement, and different combinations of the four and twenty letters, so far as (in the words of the Professor) they relate to their being the arbitrary marks of meaning upon paper; yet, I would not be understood to assert this generally, as to every species of oratory, but to confine myself to those particular branches only, where the orator's own mind suggests the matter that his own mouth discharges: for instance, now, as when affairs of state are weigh'd at a common-council, religious points militated at the Robin Hood, the arts and sciences handled in the Strand, or politicks debated near Westminster-abbey; here the arguments the words given are suppos'd to arise from the immediate impulse of the giver; but where they are concurrent agents, as in the oratory peculiar to the pulpit and the stage, where one individual furnishes the matter, and another administers the manner, the case is widely different.

In the first instance, a tolerable proficiency in reading is indispensably requisite, as scarce any memory but the late Mr. Heydegger's could retain, to any degree of certainty, the various parts of the Liturgy, Old, and New Testament, briefs, faculties, excommunications. &c. &c. &c. and a lapse on those solemn occasions might be attended with very awkward circumstances: nor would I here be suppos'd to insinuate, that the pieces of oratory delivered from

from the pulpit are not the composition of the deliverer ; no——This is so far from being generally the case, that I have often heard complaints made against particular agents, that they have forc'd upon their congregations their own crude, and insipid productions, when at the same time, their native language would furnish them with so extensive, and noble a collection of admirable materials. But here the auditor, unless he be well read in theology may be led into a mistake ; for there are some men, who, by a particular happiness in their manner, have the address to make the works of other men so absolutely their own, that there is no distinguishing the difference ; at this the poet hints in his *male dum recitas, &c.* For these various reasons, I think a warm application to the art of reading cannot be too strongly recommended to the professors of this kind of oratory.

With regard to the professors of the stage, tho' reading is undoubtedly useful, yet, as the performer is to repeat, and not to read, the deficiency may be supply'd by the introduction of a third agent, viz. a person to read to him till the words are rooted in his memory. This expedient, tho' tedious, I have known frequently practis'd with good success : little blunders will now and then unavoidably arise, either from the misapprehension of the second agent, or the ignorance, or wagery of the third ; but these slips are generally unobserved, or, thro' inattention or indulgence, overlook'd by an audience. But to return to the consideration of my own plan, from which no temptation shall, for the future, seduce me to digress.

We will first, then, consider the utility of Oratory.

Secondly, the distinct and various kinds, or species of that science, as they are practis'd at this day in this kingdom.

Thirdly, we will demonstrate, that every branch of English oratory is peculiarly our own, owes its rise, progress and perfection to this country, and was not only unknown to the ancients, but is entirely repugnant to all those principles they have endeavour'd to establish.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, that any rhetorical system now existing, instead of a cross in the hands, with letters to direct you on your road, will prove only but a Will in the Wisp, to confound, perplex, and bewilder you.

Fifthly, from hence will result a necessity, for the immediate establishment of an academy, for the promulgation and inculcation of modern oratory.

To which academy, the author of these proposals does hope, sixthly, that he shall be appointed perpetual professor.

Perhaps it may not be impertinent here to observe, that the author has industriously avoided, and will, in the course of this treatise, avoid all poetical allusion, all grandeur of expression, all splendor of diction, in short, renounce every rhetorical prop, as knowing that, on didactic subjects, order, simplicity, and perspicuity are the means to gain his end, which is not to gratify the imagination, but to improve and polish the understanding of my countrymen.

First, then, we are to demonstrate the utility of oratory: and, this, we flatter ourselves will, in a great measure, be evident from the consideration of its universality, and the distinctions it procures, both lucrative and honourable, to any man eminent in the art.

There is, by the constitution of this kingdom, an assembly of many individuals, who, as the seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and sentiments on all subjects, where the interest of their country is concern'd: To this we are to add another assembly, consisting of 558 individuals, where, tho' the same privilege is enjoy'd as in the first instance, yet this advantage is not possess'd in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtain'd in consequence of an annual, triennial, or septennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this list the number of all those candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot estimate those

those funds of national orators in *esse, posse, and velle*, to a smaller quantity than 20,000; and this I believe, by the disciples of Demoivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

The two orders of the long robe next demand our attention; and as the pre-eminence is unquestionably due to the priesthood, let us consider what number of persons is necessary to supply that service? England is divided into nine thousand nine hundred and thirteen parishes: now, if we suppose two pastors for every parish, this learned body will be found to consist of nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty six individuals; but as the most sacred characters are no more exempted from that fatal stroke that puts a temporary period to our existence, than the profane, it is necessary that a provision should be made of fit and able persons; so that at all events there be no lack of labourers in this plentiful vineyard: nor has the policy of this nation been so blinded as not to guard against this possible contingency, by erecting schools, seminaries, and universities, in which a convenient quantity of our youth are properly trained, in order to fill up chasms which may be occasionally made by the insatiable scythe of Death. If then we estimate this corps de reserve at the half only of the standing force, we shall find the army entire amount to 29,739.

I foresee that an objection will be made to this calculation, viz. That two pastors to every parish is a most exorbitant and improbable charge; for that many parishes, from impropriations, appropriations, and other accidents, instead of two are scarce able to support one pastor; and that this complaint is almost general throughout the whole principality of Wales, where many individuals of this respectable order, to the great damage of their dignity, are oblig'd to have recourse to very unclerical professions for the support of themselves and families.

This objection we will allow its full force; but then if it be consider'd that in our original estimate we omitted all deans, canons, prebendaries, heads and fellows of colleges, chaplains to ships, regiments, and private

private families, together with the whole body of dissenting ministers of all denominations, field preachers, and parish-clerks. I believe we shall be thought rather to have diminished than exaggerated the real quantity.

As I have not been able to get admittance to the archives of the several inns of court in this metropolis, I am afraid we shall not be able to determine, with the same degree of certainty, the exact number of those who have devoted their lives and labours to the explanation and due execution of our municipal laws: I am, therefore, oblig'd to depend on circumstantial evidence, which in some cases, is admitted, even in our courts, to have equal force with proof positive.

And here the reason of the law (as the law is the perfection of reason) is extremely clear. To illustrate this by an instance:

*A* swears a robbery against *B*; *A* may lye, or at least be mistaken; but if the goods stolen from *A*, and previously described by him, are found, with their mark, in the possession of *B*, *B* not being able to account for such possession, that circumstance shall be deem'd of at least equal weight against *B*, as if *A* was to swear positively to the personal identity of *B*. This being the practice of the courts, we shall proceed, with all possible expedition (which, indeed, is not the practice of the courts) to produce our proofs circumstantial. As in the former instance we have grounded our calculation on the number of parishes, we shall in this derive our computation from the number of houses in the kingdom.

To any man tolerably acquainted with the country of England, it is unnecessary to observe, that not only, in every town, but almost in every hamlet through which he travels, his eyes are constantly caught by the appearance of a smart house, prefac'd with white rails, and prologu'd by a red door, with a brass knocker; when you desire to be acquainted with the name and quality of the owner of this mansion, you are always told that it belongs to lawyer such a one: now, if a hamlet containing thirty houses, with

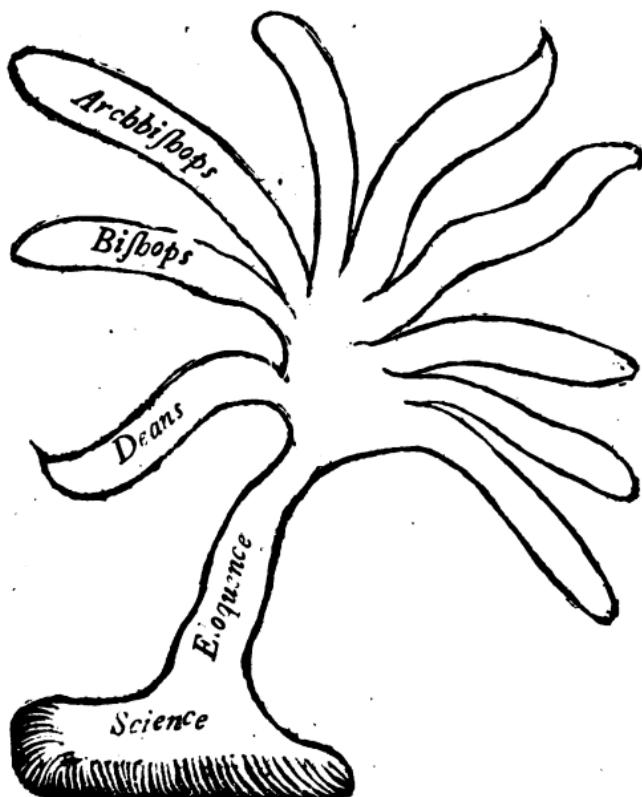
with perhaps an environ of an equal number, where labour and the fruits of the earth are the only sources of wealth, can support one attorney in this rural magnificence; what an infinite number of lawyers can a commercial capital sustain? But because I would rather retrench than exceed, I will only quarter one attorney upon fifty houses. The number of houses in the reign of George the First (since which time the quantity is considerably encreas'd,) was computed at 1,175,951. The number of attorneys then will be 23,518, and if we reckon one barrister to twenty attorneys, the sum total is 24,693.

I know it will be here objected, that but one small part of this numerous body can be benefited by my plan, the privilege of speaking publickly being permitted to the superior order, the barristers alone; but this criticism is confin'd to the observation of what passes merely in Westminster-hall, without considering that, at every quarter and petty session at all county-courts, courts leet, courts-baron, &c, &c. &c. full power of pleading is permitted to every practitioner of the law.

As the number of those who incorporate themselves to promote, not only with their cash but their counsel, the progress of the arts and sciences, is unlimited, it will be impossible for any fix'd period to ascertain their quantity: nor can we, with any certainty, as the Court-Register has been silent to the members of common-council, determine the amount of the city orators; besides, as what has been already offered is more than sufficient to prove the utility of our scheme from its univerality, we shall not trouble our readers nor ourselves with any further calculations; for tho' they are the result of intense application, and the vehicles of mathematical truths, yet to the million the disquisition is but dry and tedious, and our purpose always was and is, to mix with our instruction a proper portion of delectation.

We will, therefore, for these reasons, hasten to the consideration of the second point propos'd, viz. An enquiry into the various kinds of oratory now existing in

this country. And we shall not, on this occasion, trouble ourselves with the investigation of all the aller branches of this art ; but, like the professors anatomy, contenting ourselves with the dissection of the noble parts, remit the examination of the ignoble es to the care of subalterna artists. Leaving then, the minute philosophers of the age all the orators vestries, clubs, and coffee-houses, *Paulo majora canus*, and for the better illustration of this head, remit me, reader, to be a little fanciful. We will suppose oratory to be one large tree, of which tree ence is the *radix* ; eloquence the trunk ; from which ink sprout four distinct ramifications ; from which ramifications depends a fruit peculiar to each. But to make this clearer, we will present thee with the tree self, not enigmatically hieroglyphied, but plainly and palpably pourtray'd.



But here, reader, let me not arrogate to myself the merit of this happy explication ; I own the hint was first given me with my Grammar. The ingenious, profound Lilly, after he has led his pupils through the various, and almost impervious provinces of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, and adverbs, conducts them to the foot of that arduous and stupendous mountain *Qui mibi* : here, dreading lest his youthful ardour might be damp'd with the steep ascent, he reanimates his slacken'd nerves with the mystic picture of an apple-tree, the access to whose boughs, tho' tedious and difficult, will yet be amply rewarded by leave to revel uncontroll'd through the whole region of pepins. May the luscious fruit sprouting from the apex of each of my ramifications prove an equal spur to every beardless orator !

I don't know whether the mentioning another order of orators, as they are not at present existing in this kingdom, may not be deemed an impropriety. But as I am a sincere lover of my country, I can't help recommending an immediate importation of some of those useful and able artists. Sir William Temple, in his *Essay on Poetry*, has recorded their virtues ; and as the race was not extinguished in his time, it is to be hoped that it still remains.

In Ireland, says Sir William, the great men of their scepts, amongst many officers of their family, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and taleteller.

The first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company at feasts ; the latter amused them with tales, when they were melancholy and could not sleep : and a very gallant gentleman has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-hunting there, when he us'd to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lay very ill at nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring one of those tale-tellers, that when he lay down would begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and continue all night long in such an even tone that you heard him going on whenever you awakened ;

awakened ; and he believ'd nothing any physicians could give had so good and so innocent an effect to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind. These are Sir William Temple's words, which contain an amazing instance of the power of those orators over the passions, it requiring full as much art and address to assuage and quell, as to blow up, and excite a tumult in the mind.

In a bill not long since depending in parliament, for the better regulating the city-watch, a clause was recommended by a late respectable magistrate, that, to prevent the watchmen from sleeping at nights on bulks (the source of many disorders) the said watchmen should be compelled to sleep six hours in the day ; an arch member seconded the motion, and begg'd to be included in this clause ; for that being grievously afflicted with the gout, he could not for many days sleep a single wink ; now if he could be compelled to take six hours sleep every day, he apprehended that his fits would be of a much shorter duration. Upon this dry comment, the motion was rashly rejected ; but if the house had received the least intimation of the astonishing abilities of the Rockers, (for by that appellation I choose to distinguish this order of orators,) I am convinced that the above clause would not only have been receiv'd, but that the proper encouragement would have been given, by parliament, for the introduction and establishment of this useful oratorical sect.

Nor, indeed, considering the vast addition to our customary cares, from the unaccountable fluctuation of our funds, the cause of concern to many thousand individuals, do I think a visit from a convenient quantity of those artists would be now out of season ; but how this honour is to be obtain'd, whether any of these great men are now residing amongst us, under the disguise of chairmen and hackney coachmen ; or, whether it would not be more adviseable to employ those gentlemen who have so lately and successfully rummaged the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland for the remains of Runic poetry in search of the ablest professors, is submitted to the Society for the encouragement of Arts ?

I am

I am aware that, on this occasion, some arch wag, possessed of the same spirit with the above senator, will object to my scheme of importation, by alledging, that we have of our own growth, an ample provision of rockers, and refer us for proof to several churches and chapels, during the hours of eleven and two on a Sunday, where the sleep compelling power will be experimentally demonstrated to exist in its full force amongst us ; but not to derogate from the abilities of my countrymen, surely the shortness of the time, the cause of the nap rarely continuing above fifteen or sixteen minutes, will not admit of a proper experiment : besides, how can one orator supply a whole parish, unless, indeed, our churches were to be converted into dormitories, which I can't think will happen, as this would be attended with inconveniences too obvious to need a recital.

Abstracted from this last order, the English orators are to be divided into four distinct classes, the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the stage ; with the first of these branches, the pulpit, I shan't interfere, and, indeed, so few people now of consequence and consideration frequent the churches, that the art is scarce worth cultivation. The bar—

*Scamp.* Pshaw ! there's enough of this dull prosing ; come, give us a little of something that's funny ; you talk'd about pupils. Could not we see them ?

*Foot.* Rather too precipitate, sir ; but however, in some measure to satisfy you, and demonstrate the success of our scheme ; give me leave to introduce to you a most extraordinary instance, in the person of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year since this astonishing subject spoke nothing but Erse. Encourag'd by the prodigies of my brother professor's skill, whose fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remotest regions, his relations were tempted to send this young genius to Edinburgh ; where he went through a regular course of the professor's lectures, to finish his studies ; he has been about six weeks under my care, and, considering the time, I think you will be amaz'd at his progres. Donald—

Endes

*Enter Donald.*

What's your wull, sir ?

*Foote.* Will y u give these ladies and gentlemen a proof of your skill ?

*Don.* Ah, ye wad ha' a specimen of my oratorical art.

*Foote.* If you please.

*Don.* In gude troth on ye sal ; wol ye gi' me a topick ?

*Foote.* Oh ! chuse for yourself.

*Don.* It's aw one to Donald.

*Foote.* What think you of a short panegyrick on the science we are treating of ?

*Don.* On oratory ; wi' aw my heart.

*Foote.* Mind your action ; let that accompany your words—

*Don.* Dunna heed, man—The topic I presum to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha, by the bare power of his words, he leads men, women, and bairns as he lists—

*Scamp.* And who ?

*Don.* [Tartly.] Men, women, and bairns.

*Scamp.* Bairns ; who are they ?

*Foote.* Oh ! children—his meaning is obvious enough.

*Don.* Ay, ay, men, women, and bairns wherever he lifts ; and first for the antiquity of the art—Ken ye, my lads, wha was the first orator ?—Mayhap, ye think it was Tully the Latinist ; ye are wide o'the mark ; or Demosthenes the Greek ? In gude troth, ye're as far off as before—Wha was it, then ? It was e'en that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel —

*Scamp.* [Hastily.] The devil it was ; how do you prove that ?

*Don.* Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrid of my harang ; an ye'll but ha'd yer tongue, I'se prove it as plain as a pike-staff.

*Tire.* Be quiet, WiH, and let him go on.

*Don.* I say it was that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden, wi plenty o' bannocks and caill, and

aw that they wished, but were prohibited the eating of pepins—

*Scamp.* Apples—

*Don.* Weel, weel, and are na pepins and apples aw the same thing?

*Foote.* Nay, pray, gentlemen, hear him out. Go on with your pepins—

*Don.* Prohibited the eating of pepins; upon which what does me the orator Satan, but he whispers a fast speech in her lug; egad our grannum fell to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it—  
(*Addresses himself to the Oxonians.*) Ken ye, lads, wha was the first orator, now?

*Tire.* [To *Scamp.*] What say you to that?

*Scamp.* By my soul, the fellow's right—

*Don.* Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patince—ye wan'na ha' patience, lads—

*Tire.* Hold your jaw, and go on—

*Don.* Now, we come to the definition of an orator; and it is from the Latin words *oro*, *orare*, to intreat, or persuad; and how, by the means o' elocution, or argument, which argument consists o' letters, which letters join'd mak syllables, which syllables compounded mak words, which words combin'd mak sentences, or periods, or which aw together mak an orator, so the first gift of an orator is words—

*Scamp.* Here, Donald, you are out.

*Don.* How so?

*Scamp.* Words, the first gift of an orator! No, Donald, no, at school I learn'd better than that: Do't not remember, Will, what is the first perfection of an orator? action. The second, action. The third, action.

*Tire.* Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a dose—

*Don.* An ye stay me, i' the midst o' my argument—

*Scamp.* Why don't you stick to truth?

*Don.* I tell ye, I can *logically*.—

*Tire.* Damn your logick—

*Don.* Mighty weel—Maister Foote, how ca' ye this usage?

*Foote.*

*Foote.* Oh, never mind them—proceed.

*Don.* In gude troth, I'se nat say ane ward mare.

*Foote.* Finish, finish, Donald.—

*Don.* Ah! they have jumbled aw my ideas together; but an they wall enter into a fair argumentation, I'se convince 'em that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match.

*Scamp.* You be—

*Don.* Very weel—

*Foote.* Nay, but my near Donald—

*Don.* Hands aff, Maister Foote—I ha' finish'd my tale, the De'el a word mare fal ye get out o' Donald—yer servant, sir. [Exit.

*Foote.* You see, gentlemen, what your impatience has lost us.

*Scamp.* Rot him, let him go; but is this fellow one of your *pupils*? why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women, and bairns?

*Foote.* His pronunciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then consider he is but merely a novice; why, even in his present condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the *Robin-Hood*; and in a month or two, we shan't be ashame'd to start him in a more respectable place.

But now, gentlemen, we are to descend to the peculiar essential qualities of each distinct species of oratory; and first for the bar—but as no didactic rules can so well convey, or words make a proper impression, we will have recourse to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonstrate the extent of our art. We must, for this end, employ the aid of our pupils; but as some preparation is necessary, we hope you will indulge us in a short interruption.

## ACT II.

SCENE, *A Hall of Justice.**Enter* Foote.

THE first species of oratory we are to demonstrate our skill in, is that of the bar ; and, in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to suppose this a court of justice, furnish'd with proper ministers to discharge the necessary functions. But, to supply these gentlemen with busines, we must likewise institute an imaginary cause ; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the prosecution of an imaginary being ; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phænomenon that has much puzzled the brains, and terrify'd the minds of many of our fellow-subjects.

You are to consider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar is a species of oratory distinct from every other. It has been observ'd, that the ornaments of this profession have not shone with equal lustre in an assembly near their own hall ; the reason assign'd, though a pleasant, is not the true one. It has been hinted, that these gentlemen were in want of their briefs ; but was that the disease, the remedy would be easy enough : they need only have recourse to the *artifice* successfully practis'd by some of their colleagues ; instead of having their briefs in their hands ; to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

[*Calls to his pupils, who enter dress'd as a justice, a clerk, a serjeant at law, and a counsellor.*]

You will remember, gentlemen, your proper pauses, repetitions, hums, ha's, and interjections : now seat yourselves, and you the counsel remember to be mighty dull, and you the justice to fall asleep. I must prepare to appear in this cause as a witness. [Exit.

*J. Clerk, read the indictment.*

*Clerk reads.*

*Middlesex, to wit.*

*Fanny Phantom, you are indicted, That on, or before*

fore the first day of January, 1762, you, the said Fanny, did, in a certain house, in a certain street, call'd Cock-lane, in the county of Middlesex, maliciously, treacherously, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, scratchings, and flutterings against doors, walls, wainscots, bedsteads, and bedposts, disturb, annoy, assault, and terrify divers innocent, inoffensive, harmless, quiet, simple people, residing in, at, near, or about the said Cock-lane, and elsewhere, in the said county of Middlesex, to the great prejudice of said people in said county. How say you, guilty, or—

*Couns.* [Stops the Clerk short.] May it please your worship—hem—I am council in this cause for the ghost—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make, that is—hem—I shall object to her pleading at all.—Hem—It is the standing law of this country—hem—and has—hem—always been so allow'd, deem'd, and practis'd, that—hem—all criminals should be try'd *per pares*, by their equals—hem—that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themselves. Now, if this be the case, as the case it is; I—hem—I should be glad to know, how my client can be try'd in this here manner. And first, who is my client? She is in the indictment call'd a phantom, a ghost; What is a ghost? a spirit. What is a spirit? a spirit is a thing that exists independently of, and is superior to flesh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can advise my client to submit to be try'd by people of an inferior rank to herself? certainly no. I therefore humbly move to quash this indictment, unless a jury of ghosts be first had, and obtain'd.

[Sits down.]

*Serjeant.* I am, in this cause, council against Fanny Phantom the ghost; —eh,—and notwithstanding the rule laid down by Mr. Prosequi, be—eh—right in the main, yet here it can't avail his client a whit. We allow—eh—we do allow, please your worship, that Fanny *quoad* Phantom,—eh—had originally a right to a jury of ghosts? but—eh—if she did, by any act of her own, *forfeit* this right, her plea cannot be admitted.

mitted. Now, we can prove, please your worship, prove by a cloud of witnesses, that said Fanny did, as specified in the indictment, scratch, knock, and flutter; —eh—which said scratchings, knockings, and flutterings—eh—being operations, merely peculiar to flesh, blood, and body—eh—we do humbly apprehend —eh—that by condescending to execute the aforesaid operations, she has wav'd her privilege as a ghost, and may be try'd in the ordinary form, according to the statute so made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.

Your worship's opinion.

*Tire.* Smoke the justice, he is as fast as a church.

*Scamp.* I fancy he has touch'd the tankard too much this morning; he'll know a good deal of what they have been saying.

*Just.* [*I's wak'd by the Clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.*] Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr. Prosequi, is (*whispers the clerk*) doubtless provisionally a valid objection; but then, if the culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privilege, as asserted in Mr. Serjeant's replication; we conceive she may be legally try'd—oh,—besides—oh,—besides, I, I, I can't well see how we could impannel a jury of ghosts; or —oh—how twelve spirits, who have no body at all, can be said to take a corporal oath, as requir'd by law—unless, indeed, as in case of the peerage, the prisoner may be try'd on their honour.

*Coun.* Your worship's distinction is just; knockings, scratchings, &c. as asserted by Mr. Serjeant.—

*Serj.* Asserted—Sir, do you doubt my instructions?

*Coun.* No interruptions, if you please, Mr. Serjeant; I say as asserted, but can assertions be admitted as proofs? certainly no—

*Serj.* Our evidence is ready—

*Coun.* To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits—your worship—

*Serj.* Your worship—

*Just.* Why, as you impeach the ghost's privilege, you must produce proofs of her scratchings.

*Serj.* Call Shadrach Bodkin.

*Clerk.*

*Clerk.* Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

*Enter Bodkin.*

*Serj.* Pray, Mr. Bodkin, where do you live ?  
*Bodkin.* I sojourn in Lukener's-lane.

*Serj.* What is your profession ?

*Bodk.* I am a *teacher* of the *word*, and a *taylor*.

*Scamp.* Zounds, Will, it is a methodist.

*Tire.* No, sure !

*Scamp.* By the lord Harry, it is.

*Clerk.* Silence.

*Serj.* Do you know any thing of Fanny the Phantom ?

*Bodk.* Yea—I do.

*Serj.* Can you give any account of her thumpings, scratchings, and flutterings ?

*Bodk.* Yea—manifold have been the scratchings, and knockings that I have heard.

*Serj.* Name the times.

*Bodk.* I have attended the spirit *Fanny* from the first day of her flutterings, even to the last scratch that she gave.

*Serj.* How long may that be ?

*Bodk.* Five weeks did she flutter, and six weeks did she scratch.

*Scamp.* Six weeks—Damn it, I wonder she did not wear out her nails.

*Clerk.* Silence.

*Serj.* I hope the court is convinced.

*Counf.* Hold, Master Bodkin, you and I must have a little discourse. A taylor, you say. Do you work at your business ?

*Bodk.* No—

*Counf.* Look upon me, look upon the court—Then your present trade is your teaching ?

*Bodk.* It is no trade.

*Counf.* What is it, then ? a calling.

*Bodk.* No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may say—a forcing—a compelling—

*Counf.* By whom ?

*Bodk.* By the spirit that is within me—

*Scamp.* It is an evil spirit, I believe ; and needs must when the devil drives, you know, Will.

*Tire.* Right, Harry—

*Counf.* When did you first feel these spiritual motions ?

*Bodk.* In the town of Norwich, where I was born ; —One day as I was sitting cross-legged on my shop-board, new seaming a cloth pair of breeches of Mr. Alderman Crape's—I felt the spirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling—at first I thought it was the cholic—

*Counf.* And how are you certain it was not ?

*Bodk.* I at last heard a voice whispering within me, crying, Shadrach, Shadrach, Shadrach, cast away the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and sheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

*Counf.* And you did ?

*Bodk.* Yea, verily.

*Counf.* I think I have heard a little of you, Master Bodkin ; and so you quitted your business, your wife, and your children ?

*Bodk.* I did.

*Counf.* You did—But then you commun'd with other men's wives ?

*Bodk.* Yea, and with widows, and with maidens.

*Counf.* How came that about, Shadrach ?

*Bodk.* I was moved thereunto by the spirit.

*Counf.* I should rather think by the flesh—I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant—

*Bodk.* Thou art deceived—They were barely but nine.

*Counf.* Why, this was an active spirit.

*Serj.* But to the point, Mr. Prosequi.

*Counf.* Well, then—you say you have heard those scratchings and knockings ?

*Bodk.* Yea—

*Counf.* But why did you think they came from a spirit ?

*Bodk.* Because the very same thumps, scratches, and knocks,

knocks, I have felt on my breast-bone from the spirit within me—

*Counf.* And these noises you are sure you heard on the first day of January?

*Bodk.* Certain—

*Serj.* But to what do all those interrogatories tend?

*Counf.* To a most material purpose; your worship observes, that Bodkin is positive as to the noises made on the first day of January by Fanny the phantom: now if we can prove an *Alibi*, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the said Fanny was scratching and fluttering any where else, we apprehend that we destroy the credit of this witness—Call Peter Paragraph.

*Clerk.* Peter Paragraph, come into court.

*Counf.* This gentleman is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable story; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your worship will indulge him in the use of a chair.

*Clerk.* Peter Paragraph, come into court.

*Enter Paragraph.*

*Counf.* Pray, Mr. Paragraph, where was you born?

*Par.* Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

*Counf.* When did you arrive in the city of London?

*Par.* About the last autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my *Journal* makes mention of my departure for England, in the Besborough Packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or New Stile.

*Counf.* Oh! then the *Journal* is yours?

*Par.* Please your worship, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleasant conceit—Last week I went to visit a *peer*, for I know *peers*, and *peers* know me. Quoth his lordship to me, Mr. Paragraph, with respect to your *Journal*, I would wish that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the *peer*, by way of *reply*, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his lordship was pleased to laugh. It was such a pretty repartee, he, he, he, he—

*Just.* Pray, Mr. Paragraph, what might be your business in England?

*Par.* Hem — a little love affair, please your worship.

*Coun.* A wife, I suppose —

*Par.* Something tending that way; even so long ago as January 1739-40, there past some amorous glances between us: she is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnstile; but at that time I stifled my passion. Mrs. Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

*Coun.* She is now dead?

*Par.* Three years and three quarters, please your worship: we were exceeding happy together; she was, indeed, a little apt to be jealous.

*Coun.* No wonder —

*Par.* Yes: they can't help it, poor souls; but notwithstanding, at her death, I gave her a purdigious good character in my Journal.

*Coun.* And how proceeds the present affair?

*Par.* Just now, we are quite at a stand —

*Coun.* How so?

*Par.* The old scoundrel her father has play'd me a slippery trick.

*Coun.* Indeed!

*Par.* As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to take her *fortune* in *copies*; I was to have the Wits *Vade Mecum* entire; four hundred of News from the Invisible World, in sheets; all that remained of Glanvil upon Witches; Hill's Bees, Bardana, Brewing, and Balsam of Honey; and three eighths of Robinson Crusoe.

*Coun.* A pretty fortune!

*Par.* Yes; they are things that stir in the trade; but you must know that we agreed to go halves in Fanny the Phantom. But whilst I and two authors, whom I had hir'd to ask questions, at nine shillings a night, were taking notes of the knockings at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, that old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eighteen-penny scratch-

scratchings, purchased of two methodist preachers at the public house over the way—

*Coun.* Now we come to the point—look upon this evidence; was he present at Mr. Parsons's knockings?

*Par.* Never; this is one of the rascally methodists—Harkee, fellow, how could you be such a scoundrel to sell for genuine your counterfeit scratchings to Vamp?

*Bodk.* My scratchings were the true scratchings—

*Par.* Why, you lying son of a whore, did not I buy all my materials from the girl's father himself?

*Bodk.* What the spirit commanded, that did I.

*Par.* What spirit?

*Bodk.* The spirit within me—

*Par.* If I could but get at you, I would soon try what sort of a spirit it is—stop, you villain.

[*Exit* Bodkin.

The rogue has made his escape—but I will dog him, to find out his haunts, and then return for a warrant—His scratchings! a scoundrel; I will have justice, or I'll turn his tabernacle into a pigsty.

[*Exit* Paragraph.

*Coun.* I hope, please your worship, we have sufficiently established our *Alibi*.

*Just.* You are unquestionably entitled to a jury of ghosts.

*Coun.* Mr. Sejeant, you will provide us a list?

*Serj.* Let us see—you have no objection to Sir George Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghost of Banquo; Mrs. Veal.

*Coun.* We object to a woman—your worship—

*Just.* Why, it is not the practice; this, it must be own'd, is an extraordinary case. But, however, if, on conviction, the phantom should plead pregnancy, Mrs. Veal will be admitted on the jury of matrons.

*Serj.* I thank your worship: then the court is adjourned.

[*Terence and Dermot in an upper box.*

*Ter.* By my shoul, but I will spake.

*Der.* Arrah, be quiet, Terence.

*Ter.* Dibble burn me but I will ; hut, hut, not spake, what should ail me ; harkee you, Mr Justice—  
*Scamp.* Hollo, what's the matter, now Will ?

*Der.* Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

*Ter.* Dermot, be easy—

*Scamp.* Hear him—

*Tire.* Hear him—

*Ter.* Ay, hear him, hear him ; why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin Journal man is as great a liar as ever was born—

*Tire.* How so ?

*Ter.* Ay, prithee don't boddere me ; what, d'ye learn no more manners at Oxford college, than to flop a gentleman in the midst of his speech before he begins ? oh, for shame of yourself—Why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that there what the debble d'ye call him, Pia-Praagraf, but, by my shoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little bastard as well as myself ; as to Fanny the phantom, long life to the poor gentlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother that bore her—

*Suds.* Indeed ! good lord, you surprize me ?

*Ter.* Arrah, now, honey Suds, spake when you are spoke to ; you arn't upon the jury, my jewel, now ; by my shoul you are a little too fat for a ghost.

*Tire.* Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go on ? let's hear a little what he would be at —

*Ter.* I say, he knows nothing about the case that is litigated here, d'ye see, at all, at all ; because why, I hant ha been from Dublin above four weeks, or a month ; and I saw him in his shop every day ; so that how could he be here and there too ? unless, indeed, he used to fly backwards and forwards, and that you see is impossible, because why, he has got a wooden leg.

*Scamp.* What the devil is the fellow about ?

*Tire.* I smoke him — harkee, Terence, who do you take that lame man to be ?

*Ter.*

*Ter.* Oh, my jewel. I know him well enough sure by his parson, for all he thought to conceal himself by changing his name——

*Scamp.* Why, it is Foote, you fool.

*Ter.* Arrah, who?

*Tire.* Foote.

*Ter.* Fot, what the lecture-man? Pa——

*Tire.* Yes.

*Ter.* Arrah, be easy, honey——

*Scamp.* Nay, enquire of Suds.

*Suds.* Truly I am minded 'twas he.

*Ter.* Your humble servant yourself, Mr. Suds; by my shoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no such matter at all. at all.

*Scamp.* Done and be judg'd by the company.

*Ter.* Done — I'll ask the orator himself — here he comes; [Enter Foote.] Harkee, honey Fot, was it yourself that was happing about here but now?

*Foote.* I have heard your debate, and must give judgment against you——

*Ter.* What, yourself, yourself!

*Foote.* It was——

*Ter.* Then, faith, I have lost my thirteens — Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing such pranks to bring an honest gontelman into company where he is nat — But what, is this selling of lectures a thriving profession?

*Foote.* I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long open'd.

*Ter.* By my shoul, if it answers, will you be my pupil, and learn me the trade?

*Foote.* Willingly——

*Ter.* That's an honest fellow, long life to you, lad.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter* M'George.

*M'Geo.* Here is doctor Friscano without.

*Foote.* Friscano — who is he?

*M'Geo.* The German physician from James-street.

*Foote.* Well; what is his busines with me?

*M'Geo.* He is in danger of losing his trade.

*Foote.* How so?

*M'Geo.*

*M'Geo.* He says, last summer, things went on glibly enough, for then he had the market all to himself; but this year there is an Italian fellow started up in the garden, that with his face and grimace has taken all his patients away.

*Foot.* That's hard.

*M'Geo.* Dreadful—if you was to hear the poor man's terrible tale you would really be moved to compassion: he says that his bleeding won't find him in bread; and as to the tooth trade, excepting two stumps, for six-pence a piece, 'tis a month since he looked in a mouth—

*Foot.* How can I help him?

*M'Geo.* Why he thinks oratory will do all with the English; and if you would but teach him to talk, he should soon get his custom again—

*Foot.* Can he read?

*M'Geo.* Oh Lord! poor man, no.

*Foot.* Well let him attend here on—

*M'Geo.* He hopes you will quickly dispatch him, for if he finds he can't do as a doctor, he intends to return to the curing of horses again.

*Foot.* Well, tell him that he may rest assured, he shall either bleed or shoe in a fortnight.

[*Exit M'George.*]

*Foot.* Having thus compleated our lecture on the eloquence peculiar to the bar, we shall produce one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited specimens of every branch of the art. You will have, at one view, the choleric, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous; and as a proof of our exquisite skill, our subjects are not such as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this sublime science, but a set of illiterate mechanics, whom you are to suppose assembled at the Robin-hood in the Butcher-row, in order to discuss and adjust the various systems of Europe; but particularly to determine the separate interest of their own mother country.

## A C T III.

S C E N E, *The Robin Hood.*

## The P R E S I D E N T.

Dermot O'Droheda, *a Chairman*; Tim Twift, *a Taylor*; Strap, *a Shoemaker*; Anvil, *a Smith*; Sam Slaughter, *a Butcher*; Catchpole, *a Bailiff*. All with Pewter Pots before them.

## P R E S I D E N T.

**S**ILENCE, gentlemen; are your pots replenished with porter?

*All. Full, Mr. President.*

*Pres.* We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, preserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations and the dignity of this illustrious assembly—

[Gets up, pulls off his bat, and reads the motion.  
Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day,  
“ That, for the future, instead of that vulgar po-  
“ tation called porter, the honourable members may  
“ be supplied with a proper quantity of Irish us-  
“ quebagh.

“ Dermot O'Droheda + his mark.”

*O'dro.* [Gets up.] That's I myself.

*Pres.* Mr. O'Droheda.

*O'dro.* Mr. President, the case is this; it is not because I am any great lover of that same usquebagh that I have set my mark to the motion; but because I did not think it was decent for a number of gentlemen that were, d'ye see, met to settle the affairs of the nation, to be guzzling a pot of porter; to be sure the liquor is a pretty sort of a liquor enough when a man is hot with trotting between a couple of poles; but this is anotherguesl matter, because why, the head

is concerned ; and if it was not for the malt and haps, dibble burn me but I would as soon take a drink from the Thames as your porter. But as to usquebagh ; ah long life to the liquor—it is an exhilarator of the bowels, and a stomatic to the head : I say, Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates, it—in short it is the onliest liquor of life, and no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

*[Sits down. Twist gets up, having a piece of paper, containing the beads of what he says, in his bat.]*

*Pref.* Mr. Timothy Twist.

*Tim.* Mr. President, I second Mr. O'Droheda's motion ; and, sir, give me leave—I say, Mr. President—*[looks in his bat]* give me leave to observe, that, sir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the straps ; yet, sir, *[looks in his bat again.]* it may, sir, I say, be necessary to obviate some objections that may be made to the motion ; and first, it may be thought—I say, sir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—*[looks in his bat.]* and the duty doubtless it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that ; but Mr. President—sir—*[looks in his bat, is confused, and sits down.]*

*Pref.* Mr. Twist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist.

*Twist.* *[Gets up.]* I say, Mr. President, that, sir, if, sir, it be considered that—as—I say—*[looks in his bat.]* I have nothing farther to say. *[Sits down, and Strap gets up.]*

*Pref.* Mr. Strap.

*Strap.* Mr. President, it was not my intention to trouble the assembly upon this occasion, but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concerned, I own I cannot sit silent ; and give me leave to say, sir, there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this ; it strikes, sir, at the very root, sir, of your constitution ; for, sir, what does this motion imply ? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic

mestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, sir ? for a foreign, pernicious commodity. I had, sir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit ; and can it be thought, sir, that I will sit silent to this ? No, sir, I will put my shoulders strongly against it ; I will oppose it *manibus totibus*. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here : fatal, give me leave to say, will, I foresee, be the issue ; and I shan't be surprized, in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whisky.

*[A burst of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members. He sits down, and Anvil and another member get up together ; same cry Anvil, others Jacobs.]*

*Pref.* Mr. Anvil.

*Anvil.* Mr. President, sir —

*[The members all blow their noses, and cough ; Anvil talks all the while, but is not heard.]*

*Pref.* Silence, gentlemen ; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

*Anvil.* I say, Mr. President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent — *[all the members cough, and blow their noses again.]* I say, sir, I will — Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

*[Members all laugh, and Anvil sits down in a passion, and Slaughter gets up.]*

*Pref.* Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

*Slaugb.* Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat ; for my part I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner ; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind ; I does mine ; it has been ever my way ; and when a member opposes me I like him the better for it ; it's right ; I am pleas'd ; he can't please me more ; it is as it should be ; and tho' I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel

flannel night-cap, over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks ; for, sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—  
 [a loud laugh.] Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter pot at his mouth. Now, sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question ; Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman, than porter ? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare ; I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration of the learned, and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time.

*[He sits down, Catchpole gets up.]*

*Pref.* Mr. Catchpole.

*Catchb.* I get up to the point of law. And though, sir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebaugh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be consider'd, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dry'd goods—But I move that another day this point be debated.

*Slaugb.* I second the motion.

*[Catchpole gives a paper to the President, who reads it.]*  
*Pref.* Hear your motion.

“ That it be debated next Thursday, whether the  
 “ dram usquebaugh is subject to a particular duty ;  
 “ or as the case of horses, to be considered under the  
 “ article of dry'd goods”

*All.* Agreed, agreed.

*Foote.* And now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every species of oratory, having manifested, in the persons

of

persons of our pupils, our infinite address in conveying our knowledge to others, we shall close our morning's lecture, instituted for the public good, with a proposal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private instructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary sermon for a lectureship; to young barristers who have causes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates for the sock or buskin; or to the new members of any of those oratorical societies with which this metropolis is at present so plentifully stock'd.

THE



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THE  
PATRON,  
A  
COMEDY.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Granville Leveson Gower,  
Earl Gower, Lord Chamberlain of his Ma-  
jesty's Household.

My Lord;

THE following little Comedy, founded on a story of M. Marmontelle's, and calculated to expose the frivolity and ignorance of the pretenders to learning, with the insolence and vanity of their superficial, illiberal protectors, can be addressed to no Nobleman with more propriety than to Lord Gower ; whose judgment, though elegant, is void of affectation ; and whose patronage, though powerful, is destitute of all fastidious parade. It is with pleasure, my Lord, that the public sees your Lordship placed at the head of that department which is to decide, without appeal, on the most popular domain in the whole republic of letters ; a spot that has always been distinguished with affection, and cultivated with care, by every ruler the least attentive to either chastising the morals, polishing the manners, or, what is of equal importance, rationally amusing the leisure of the people.

The Patron, my Lord, who now begs your protection, has had the good fortune to be well received by the public ; and indeed, of all the pieces that I have had the honour to offer them, this seems to me to have the fairest claim to their favour.

But the play, stripped of those theatrical ornaments for which it is indebted to your Lordship's indulgence, must now plead its own cause ; nor will I, my Lord, with an affected humility, echo the trite, coarse, tho' classical compliment, of *Optimus patronus pessimus poeta* : For if this be really true of the last, the first can have but small pretension to praise ; patronizing bad poets being, in my poor opinion, full as pernicious to the progress of letters, as neglecting the good.

## DEDICATION.

In humble hopes, then, my Lord, of not being thought the meanest in the muses train, I have taken the liberty to prefix your name to this Dedication, and publickly to acknowledge my obligations to your Lordship; which, let me boast too, I have had the happiness to receive, untainted by the insolence of domestics, the delays of office, or the chilling superiority of rank; mortifications which have been too often experienced by much greater writers than myself, from much less men than your lordship.

My Lord, I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect and gratitude,

Your Lordship's most obliged,  
and most devoted,  
humble servant,

West-End,  
June 20, 1764.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

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## Dramatis Personæ.

Sir THOMAS LOFTY,	Mr. Foote.
Sir PETER PEPPERPOT,	
DICK BEVER,	Mr. Death.
FRANK YOUNGER,	Mr. Davis.
Sir ROGER DOWLAS,	Mr. Palmer.
Mr. RUST,	Mr. Weston.
Mr. DACTYL,	Mr. Granger.
Mr. PUFF,	Mr. Hayes.
Mr. STAYTAPE,	Mr. Brown.
ROBIN,	Mr. Parsons.
JOHN,	Mr. Lewis.
Two Blacks.	
Miss JULIET,	Mrs. Granger.

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# THE P A T R O N.

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## A C T I.

*Scene the Street.*

*Enter Bever and Younger.*

YOUNGER.

**N**O, Dick, you must pardon me.

*Bev.* Nay, but to satisfy your curiosity.

*Young.* I tell you, I have not a jot.

*Bev.* Why then to gratify me.

*Young.* At rather too great an expence.

*Bev.* To a fellow of your observation and turn, I should think, now, such a scene a most delicate treat.

*Young.* Delicate ! Palling, nauseous, to a dreadful degree. To a lover, indeed, the charms of the niece may palliate the uncle's fulsome formality.

*Bev.* The uncle ! aye, but then you know he is only one of the group.

*Young.* That's true ; but the figures are all finish'd alike. A maniere, a tiresome sameness throughout.

*Bev.* There you will excuse me ; I am sure there is no want of variety.

*Young.* No ! then let us have a detail. Come, Dick, give us a bill of the play.

*Bev.* First, you know, there's Juliet's uncle.

*Young.*

*Young.* What, Sir Thomas Lofty ! the modern Midas, or rather (as fifty dedications will tell you) the Pollio, the Atticus, the patron of genius, the protector of arts, the paragon of poets, decider on merit, chief justice of taste, and sworn appraiser to Apollo and the tuneful nine. Ha, ha ! Oh, the tedious, insipid, insufferable coxcomb !

*Bew.* Nay, now, Frank, you are too extravagant. He is universally allow'd to have taste ; sharp-judging Adriel, the muse's friend, himself a muse.

*Young.* Taste ! by who ? underling bards, that he feeds ; and broken booksellers, that he bribes. Look ye, Dick, what raptures you please when Miss Lofty is your theme, but expect no quarter for the rest of the family. I tell thee once for all, Lofty is a rank impostor, the *Bufo* of an illiberal mercenary tribe ; he has neither genius to create judgment to distinguish, nor generosity to reward ; his wealth has gain'd him flattery from the indigent, and the haughty insolence of his pretence, admiration from the ignorant. *Voilà le portrait de votre oncle.* Now on to the next.

*Bew.* The ingenious and erudite Mr. Rust.

*Young.* What, old Martin, the medal-monger ?

*Bewer.* The same, and my rival in Juliet.

*Young.* Rival ! what, Rust ? why, she's too modern for him by a couple of centuries. Martin ! why he likes no heads but upon coins. Marry'd ! the mummy ! Why 'tis not above a fortnight ago, that I saw him making love to the figure without a nose, in Sonieret-Gardens : I caught him stroaking the marble plaits of her gown, and asked him if he was not ashamed to take such liberties with Ladies in public ?

*Bew.* What an inconstant old scoundrel it is.

*Young.* Oh, a Dorimant. But how came this about ? what could occasion the change ? was it in the power of flesh and blood to seduce this adorer of virtù from his marble and porphyry ?

*Bew.* Juliet has done it ; and, what will surprize you, his taste was a bawd to the business.

*Young.* Pr'ythee explain.

*Bew.* Juliet met him last week at her uncle's : he was a little

a little pleased with the Greek of her profile ; but on a closer enquiry, he found the turn-up of her nose too exactly resemble the bust of the Princess Popæa.

*Young.* The chaste moiety of the amiable Nero.

*Bew.* The same.

*Young.* Oh, the deuce ! then your business was done in an instant.

*Bew.* Immediately. In favour of the tip, he offered *cart blanche* for the rest of the figure, which, (as you may suppose,) was instantly caught at.

*Young.* Doubtless. But who have we here ?

*Bew.* This is one of Lofty's companions, a West-Indian of an overgrown fortune. He saves me the trouble of a portrait. This is Sir Peter Pepperpot.

*Enter Sir Peter Pepperpot, and two Blacks.*

*Sir Pet.* Careless scoundrels ! harkee, rasca's ! I'll banish you home, you dogs ! you shall back, and broil in the sun. Mr. Bever, your humble ; Sir, I am your entirely devoted.

*Bew.* You seem mov'd ; what has been the matter, Sir Peter ?

*Sir Pet.* Matter ! why, I am invited to dinner on a barbicu, and the villains have forgot my bottle of chian.

*Young.* Unpardonable.

*Sir Pet.* Aye, this country has spoil'd them ; this same christening will ruin the colonies. — Well, dear Bever, rare news, boy ; our fleet is arriv'd from the West.

*Bew.* It is ?

*Sir Pet.* Ay, lad, and a glorious cargo of turtle. It was lucky I went to Brightelmstone ; I nick'd the time to a hair ; thin as a lath, and a stomach as sharp as a shark's : Never was in finer condition for feeding.

*Bew.* Have you a large importation, Sir Peter ?

*Sir Pet.* Nine ; but seven in excellent order : The captain assures me they greatly gain'd ground on the voyage.

*Bew.* How do you dispose of them ?

*Sir Pet.* Four to Cornhill, three to Almack's, and the

the two sickly ones I shall send to my borough in Yorkshire.

*Young.* Aye, what, have the Provincials a relish for turtle?

*Sir Pet.* Sir, it is amazing how this country improves in turtle and turnpikes; to which (give me leave to say,) we, from our part of the world, have not a little contributed. Why formerly, sir, a brace of bucks, on the Mayor's annual day, was thought a pretty moderate blessing. But we, sir, have polish'd their palates: Why, sir, not the meanest member of my corporation but can distinguish the pash from the pee.

*Young.* Indeed!

*Sir Pet.* Aye, and sever the green from the shell, with the skill of the ablest anatomist.

*Young.* And are they fond of it?

*Sir Pet.* Oh, that the consumption will tell you. The stated allowance is six pounds to an alderman, and five to each of their wives.

*Bew.* A plentiful provision.

*Sir Pet.* But there was never known any waste: The Mayor, Recorder, and Rector, are permitted to eat as much as they please.

*Young.* The entertainment is pretty expensive.

*Sir Pet.* Land-carriage, and all. But I contriv'd to smuggle the last that I sent them.

*Bew.* Smuggle! I don't understand you.

*Sir Pet.* Why, sir, the rascally coachman had always charged me five pounds for the carriage. Damn'd dear! Now my cook going at the same time into the country, I made him clap a capuchin upon the turtle, and for thirty shillings put him an inside passenger in the Doncaster Fly.

*Young.* A happy expedient.

*Bew.* Oh, Sir Peter has infinite humour.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, but the frolick had like to have prov'd fatal.

*Young.* How so?

*Sir Pet.* The maid at the Rummer, at Hatfield, popp'd her head into the coach, to know if the company

pany would have any brekfast : Ecod, the turtle, sir, laid hold of her nose, and flapp'd her face with his fins, till the poor devil fell into a fit. Ha, ha, ha, !

*Young.* Oh, an absolute Rabelais.

*Bew.* What, I reckon, Sir Peter, you are going to the Square ?

*Sir Pet.* Yes ; I extremely admire Sir Thomas : you know this is his day of assembly ; I suppose you will be there : I can tell you, you are a wonderful favourite.

*Bew.* Am I ?

*Sir Pet.* He says, your natural genius is fine ; and when polish'd by his cultivation, will surprise and astonish the world.

*Bew.* I hope, sir, I shall have your voice with the public.

*Sir Pet.* Mine ! O fyee, Mr. Bever.

*Bew.* Come, come, you are no inconsiderable Patron.

*Sir Pet.* He, he, he ! Can't say but I love to encourage the arts.

*Bew.* And have contributed largely yourself.

*Young.* What, is Sir Peter an author ?

*Sir Pet.* O fyee ! what me ? a mere dabbler ; have blotted my fingers, 'tis true. Some sonnets, that have not been thought wanting in falt.

*Bew.* And your epigrams.

*Sir Pet.* Not entirely without point.

*Bew.* But come, Sir Peter, the love of the arts is not the sole cause of your visits to the house you are going to.

*Sir Pet.* I don't understand you.

*Bew.* Miss Juliet, the niece.

*Sir Pet.* O fyee ! what chance have I there ? Indeed if Lady Pepperpot should happen to pop off —

*Bew.* I don't know that. You are, Sir Peter, a dangerous man ; and were I a father, or uncle, I should not be a little shy of your visits.

*Sir Pet.* Pshaw ! dear Bever, you banter.

*Bew.* And (unless I am extremely out in my guess,) that Lady —

*Sir Pet.* Hey ! what, what, dear Bever ?

*Bev.* But if you should betray me—

*Sir Pet.* May I never eat a bit of green fat, if I do.

*Bev.* Hints have been dropp'd.

*Sir Pet.* 'The devil ! come a little this way.

*Bev.* Well made ; not robust and gigantic, 'tis true, but extremely genteel.

*Sir Pet.* Indeed !

*Bev.* Features, not entirely regular ; but marking, with an air now, superior ; greatly above the——you understand me ?

*Sir Pet.* Perfectly. Something noble ; expressive of —fashion.

*Bev.* Right.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, I have been frequently told so.

*Bev.* Not an absolute wit ; but something infinitely better : An *enjouement*, a spirit, a——

*Sir Pet.* Gaiety. I was ever so from a child.

*Bev.* In short, your dress, address, with a thousand other particulars that at present I can't recollect.

*Sir Pet.* Why, dear Bever, to tell thee the truth, I have always admir'd Miss Juliet, and a delicate creature she is : Sweet as a sugar-cane, strait as a bamboo, and her teeth as white as a negro's.

*Bev.* Poetic, but true. Now only conceive, Sir Peter, such a plantation of perfections to be devoured by that caterpillar, Rust.

*Sir Pet.* A liquorish grub ! Are pine-apples for such muckworms as he ? I'll send him a jar of citrons and ginger, and poison the pipkin.

*Bev.* No, no.

*Sir Pet.* Or invite him to dinner, and mix rat's-bane along with his curry.

*Bev.* Not so precipitate ; I think we may defeat him without any danger.

*Sir Pet.* How how ?

*Bev.* I have a thought—but we must settle the plan with the lady. Could not you give her the hint, that I should be glad to see her a moment ?

*Sir Pet.* I'll do it directly.

*Bev.* But don't let Sir Thomas perceive you.

*Sir Pet.* Never fear. You'll follow.

*Bev.*

*Bew.* The instant I have settled matters with her ; but fix the old fellow so that she may not be miss'd.

*Sir Pet.* I'll nail him, I warrant ; I have his opinion to beg on this manuscript.

*Bew.* Your own ?

*Sir Pet.* No.

*Bew.* Oh ho ! what something new from the Doctor, your Chaplain ?

*Sir Pet.* He ! no, no. O Lord, he's elop'd.

*Bew.* How !

*Sir Pet.* Gone. You know he was to dedicate his volume of fables to me : So I gave him thirty pounds to get my arms engrav'd, to prefix (by way of print) to the frontispiece ; and, O grief of griefs ! the Doctor has mov'd off with the money. I'll send you Miss Juliet. [Exit.

*Bew.* There, now, is a special protector ; the arts, I think, can't but flourish under such a Mecænas.

*Young.* Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool.

*Bew.* True ; but then to justify the dispensation,

From hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed,  
Fortunes to Booksellers, to Authors bread.

*Young.* The distribution is, I own, a little unequal : And here comes a most melancholy instance ; poor Dick Dactyl, and his Publisher. Puff.

Enter Dactyl and Puff.

*Puff.* Why, then, Mr. Dactyl, carry them to somebody else ; there are people enough in the trade : but I wonder you would meddle with poetry ; you know it rarely pays for the paper.

*Dact.* And how can one help it, Mr. Puff ? Genius impels ; and when a man is once listed in the service of the muses—

*Puff.* Why, let him give them warning as soon as he can. A pretty sort of Service, indeed ! where there are neither wages nor vails. The muses ! And what, I suppose this is the livery they give. Gadzooks, I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

*Bev.* The Poet and Publisher at variance ! What is the matter, Mr. Dactyl ?

*Dact.* As Gad shall judge me, Mr. Bever, as pretty a poem, and so polite ; not a mortal can take any offence ; all full of panegyric and praise.

*Puff.* A fine character he gives of his works. No offence ! the greatest in the world, Mr. Dactyl. Panegyric and praise ! and what will that do with the publick ? why who the devil will give money to be told, that Mr. Such-a-one is a wiser or better man than himself ? No, no ; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good fousing satire now, well powdered with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party ; that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level ; there, there, we are pleased ; there we chuckle, and grin, and toss the half crowns on the counter.

*Dac.* Yes, and so get cropp'd for a libel.

*Puff.* Cropp'd ! aye, and the luckiest thing that can happen to you. Why, I would not give two-pence for an Author that is afraid of his ears. Writing, writing is, (as I may say,) Mr. Dactyl, a sort of a warfare, where none can be victor that is the least afraid of a scar. Why zoinks, sir, I never got salt to my porridge till I mounted at the Royal Exchange.

*Bev.* Indeed !

*Puff.* No, no ; that was the making of me. Then my name made a noise in the world. Talk of forked hills, and of Helicon ! romantic, and fabulous stuff. The true Castalian stream is a shower of eggs, and a pillory the Poet's Parnassus.

*Dact.* Aye, to you, indeed, it may answer ; but what do we get for our pains ?

*Puff.* Why, what the deuce would you get ? food, fire, and fame. Why, you would not grow fat ! a corpulent Poet is a monster, a prodigy ! No, no ; spare diet is a spur to the fancy ; high feeding would but founder your Pegasus.

*Dact.* Why you impudent, illiterate rascal ! who is it you dare treat in this manner ?

*Puff.*

*Puff.* Heyday ! what is the matter now ?

*Dact.* And is this the return for all the obligations you owe me ? But no matter ; the world, the world shall know what you are, and how you have us'd me.

*Puff.* Do your worst ; I despise you.

*Dact.* They shall be told from what a dunghill you sprang. Gentlemen, if there be faith in a sinner, that fellow owes every shilling to me,

*Puff.* To thee !

*Dact.* Ay, Sirrah, to me. In what kind of way did I find you ? then where and what was your state ? Gentlemen, his shop was a shed in Moorfields ; his kitchen, a broken pipkin of charcoal ; and his bed-chamber, under the counter.

*Puff.* I never was fond of expence ; I ever minded my trade.

*Dact.* Your trade ! and pray with what stock did you trade ? I can give you the catalogue ; I believe it won't overburthen my memory. Two odd volumes of Swift ; the Life of Moll Flanders, with cuts ; the Five Senses, printed and coloured by Overton ; a few classics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the Charter-house ; with the trial of Dr. Sacheverel.

*Puff.* Malice.

*Dact.* Then, Sirrah, I gave you my Canning ; it was the first set you afloat.

*Puff.* A grub.

*Dact.* And it is not only my writings : You know, Sirrah, what you owe to my physick.

*Bev.* How ! a physician ?

*Dact.* Yes, Mr. Bever ; physick and poetry. Apollo is the patron of both : *Opifergue per orbem dico.*

*Puff.* His physic !

*Dact.* My physick ! ay, my physick : Why dare you deny it, you rascal ! What, have you forgot my powders for flatulent crudities ?

*Puff.* No.

*Dact.* My cosmetic lozenge, and sugar plumbs ?

*Puff.* No.

*Dat.* My coral for cutting of teeth, my potions, my lotions, my pregnancy-drops, with my paste for superfluous hairs?

*Puff.* No, no; have you done?

*Dat.* No, no, no; but I believe this will suffice for the present.

*Puff.* Now would not any mortal believe that I owe'd my all to this fellow?

*Bew.* Why indeed, Mr. Puff, the balance does seem in his favour.

*Puff.* In his favour! why you don't give any credit to him: A reptile, a bug that owe's his very being to me.

*Dat.* I, I, I!

*Puff.* You, you! What. I suppose you forget your garret in Wine-office-court, when you furnish'd paragraphs for the Farthing-post at twelve-pence a dozen.

*Dat.* Fiction.

*Puff.* Then did not I get you made collector of casualties to the Whitehall and St. James's? but that post your laziness lost you. Gentlemen, he never brought them a robbery till the highwayman was going to be hang'd; a birth till the christening was over; nor a death till the hatchment was up.

*Dat.* Mighty well!

*Puff.* And now because the fellow has got a little in flesh, by being puff to the playhouse this winter, (to which, by the bye, I got him appointed) he is as proud and as vain as Voltaire. But I shall soon have him under; the vacation will come.

*Dat.* Let it

*Puff.* Then I shall have him sneaking and cringing, hanging about me, and begging a bit of translation.

*Dat.* I beg, I, for translation!

*Puff.* No, no, not a line; not if you would do it for two-pence a sheet. No boil'd beef and carrot at mornings; no more cold pudding and porter. You may take your leave of my shop.

*Dat.* Your shop! then at parting I will leave you a legacy.

*Bew.*

*ev.* O fy, Mr. Dactyl !

*uff.* Let him alone.

*act.* Pray, Gentlemen let me do myself justice.

*ev.* Younger, restrain the Publisher's fire.

*young.* Fie, Gentlemen, such an illiberal combat :  
a scandal to the republic of letters.

*ev.* Mr. Dactyl, an old man, a mechanic be-  
h—

*act.* Sir, I am calm ; that thought has restor'd  
To your insignificancy you are indebted for safe-  
But what my generosity has saved, my pen shall  
roy.

*uff.* Then you must get somebody to mend it.

*act.* Adieu !

*uff.* Farewell ! *[Exeunt severally.]*

*ev.* Ha, ha, ha ! come, let us along to the Square.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,  
But dunce with dunce is barb'rous civil war.

## A C T II.

## SCENE CONTINUES.

*Enter BEVER and YOUNGER.*

**YOUNGER.**

**P**OOR Daetyl! and dwells such mighty rage in little men? I hope there is no danger of bloodshed.

*Bev.* Oh, not in the least: The *gens vatuum*, the nations of poets, though an irritable, are yet a placable people. Their mutual interests will soon bring them together again.

*Young.* But shall not we be late? The critical senate is by this time assembled.

*Bev.* I warrant you, frequent and full; where

Stately Bufo puff'd by ev'ry quill,  
Sits like Apollo, on his forked hill.

But you know I must wait for Miss Lofty; I am now totally directed by her; she gives me the key to all Sir Thomas's foibles, and prescribes the most proper method to feed them; but what good purpose that will produce—

*Young.* Is she clever, adroit?

*Bev.* Doubtless. I like your asking the question of me.

*Young.* Then pay an implicit obedience: The Ladies, in these cases, generally know what they are about. The door opens.

*Bev.* It is Juliet, and with her old Rust. Enter, Frank: You know the Knight, so no introduction is wanted. [*Exit* Younger.] I should be glad to hear this

this reverend piece of lumber make love ; the courtship must certainly be curious. Good manners, stand by ; by your leave I will listen a little.

[Bever retires.]

Enter Juliet and Rust.

*Jul.* And your collection is large ?

*Rust.* Most curius and capital. When, Madam, will you give me leave to add your charms to my catalogue ?

*Jul.* O dear ! Mr. Rust, I shall but disgrace it. Besides, Sir, when I marry, I am resolved to have my husband all to myself : Now for the possession of your heart I shall have too many competitors.

*Rust.* How, Madam ! were Prometheus alive, and would animate the Helen that stands in my hall, she should not cost me a figh.

*Jul.* Aye, Sir, there lies my greatest misfortune. Had I only those who are alive to contend with, by assiduity, affection, cares, and caresses, I might secure my conquest ; though that would be difficult ; for I am convinc'd, were you, Mr. Rust, put up by Prestage to auction, the Apollo Belvidere would not draw a greater number of bidders.

*Rust.* Would that were the case, Madam, so I might be thought a proper companion to the Venus de Medicis.

*Jul.* The flower of rhetoric, and pink of politeness. But my fears are not confined to the living ; for every nation and age, even painters and statuaries, conspire against me. Nay, when the pantheon itself, the very goddesses rise up as my rivals what chance has a mortal like me ? — — — I shall certainly laugh in his face [Aside.]

*Rust.* She is a delicate subject. — — — Goddesses, Madam ! zoinks, had you been on Mount Ida when Paris decided the contest, the Cyprian queen had pleaded for the pippin in vain.

*Jul.* Extravagant gallantry.

*Rust.* In you, Madam, are concenter'd all the beauties

ties of the Heathen mythology : The open front of Diana, the lustre of Pallas's eyes—

*Jul.* Oh, Sir !

*Rust.* The chromatic music of Clio, the blooming graces of Hebè, the emperial port of queen Juno, with the delicate dimples of Venus.

*Jul.* I see, Sir, antiquity has not engross'd all your attention : You are no novice in the nature of woman. Incense, I own, is grateful to most of my sex ; but there are times when adoration may be dispens'd with.

*Rust.* Ma'am !

*Jul.* I say, Sir, when we women willingly wave our rank in the skies, and wish to be treated as mortals.

*Rust.* Doubtless, Madam : And are you wanting in materials for that ? No, Madam ; as in dignity you surpass the Heathen divinities, so in the charms of attraction you beggar the queens of the earth. The whole world, at different periods, has contributed its several beauties to form you.

*Jul.* The deuce it has ! [Aside.]

*Rust.* See there the ripe Asiatic perfection, join'd to the delicate softness of Europe. In you, Madam, I burn to possess Cleopatra's alluring glances, the Greek profile of queen Clytemnestra, the Roman nose of the empress Poppæa.

*Jul.* With the majestic march of queen Bess. Mercy on me, what a wonderful creature am I !

*Rust.* In short, Madam, not a feature you have, but recalls to my mind some trait in a medal or bust.

*Jul.* Indeed ! Why, by your account, I must be an absolute olio, a perfect salamongundy of charms.

*Rust.* Oh, Madam, how can you demean, as I may say, undervalue—

*Jul.* Value ! there is the thing ; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Rust, in that word value lies my greatest objection.

*Rust.* I don't understand you.

*Jul.* Why then I will explain myself. It has been said, and I believe with some shadow of truth, that

no man is a hero to his valet de chamber ; now I am afraid when you and I grow a little more intimate, which I suppose must be the case if you proceed on your plan, you will be horribly disappointed in your high expectations, and soon discover this Juno, this Cleopatra, and princess Poppæa, to be as arrant a mortal as madam your mother.

*Ruf.* Madam, I, I, I —

*Jul.* Your patience a moment. Being therefore desirous to preserve your devotion, I beg, for the future, you would please to adore at a distance.

*Ruf.* To Endymion, Madam, Luna once listened.

*Jul.* Aye, but he was another kind of a mortal ; you may do very well as a votary ; but for a husband — mercy, upon me !

*Ruf.* Madam, you are not in earnest, not serious !

*Jul.* Not serious ! Why have you the impudence to think of marrying a goddess ?

*Ruf.* I should hope —

*Jul.* And what should you hope ? I find your devotion resembles that of the world : When the power of finning is over, and the sprightly first-runnings of life are rack'd off, you offer the vapid dregs to your deity. No, no ; you may, if you please, turn monk in my service. One vow, I believe, you will observe better than most of them, Chastity.

*Ruf.* Permit me —

*Jul.* Or, if you must marry, take your Julia, your Portia, or Flora, your Fun-fam from China, or your Egyptian Osiris. You have long paid your addresses to them.

*Ruf.* Marry ! what, marble ?

*Jul.* The properest wives in the world ; you can't choose amiss ; they will supply you with all that you want.

*Ruf.* Your uncle has, Madam, consented.

*Jul.* That is more than ever his niece will. Consented ! and to what ? To be swath'd to a mould'ring mummy ; or to be lock'd up like your medals, to canker and rust in a cabinet ! No, no ; I was made for the

the world, and the world shall not be robb'd of its right.

*Bev.* Bravo, Juliet ! Gad, she's a fine-spirited girl.

*Jul.* My profile, indeed ! No, sir when I marry, I must have a man that will meet my full face.

*R. A.* Might I be heard for a moment ?

*Jul.* To what end ? You say, you have Sir Thomas Lofty's content ; I tell you, you can never have mine. You may screen me from, or expose me to, my uncle's resentment ; the choice is your own : If you lay the fault at my door, you will doubtless, greatly distress me ; but take the blame on yourself, and I shall own myself extremely oblig'd to you.

*Ruf.* How confess myself in the fault ?

*Jul.* Aye ; for the best thing a man can do, when he finds he can't be belov'd, is to take care he is not heartily hated. There is no other alternative.

*Ruf.* Madam, I sha'n't break my word with Sir Thomas.

*Jul.* Nor I with myself. So there's an end of our conference. Sir your very obedient.

*Ruf.* Madam, I, I, don't—that is, let me—But no matter. Your servant. [Exit.

*Jul.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Enter Bever from bebind.*

*Bev.* Ha, ha, ha ! Incomparable Juliet ! How the old dotard trembled and totter'd ; he could not have been more enflam'd, had he been robb'd of his Otho.

*Jul.* Aye ; was ever goddess so familiarly us'd ? In my conscience, I began to be afraid that he would treat me as the Indians do their dirty divinities ; whenever they are deaf to their prayers they beat and abuse them,

*Bev.* But, after all, we are in an awkward situation.

*J.* How so ?

*Bev.* I have my fears.

*Jul.* So have not I.

*Bev.*

*Bev.* Your uncle has resolv'd that you should be marry'd to Rust.

*Jul.* Aye, he may decree; but it is I that must execute.

*Bev.* But suppose he has given his word?

*Jul.* Why then let him recal it again.

*Bev.* But are you sure you shall have courage enough—

*Jul.* To say No? That requires much resolution, indeed.

*Bev.* Then I am at the heighth of my hopes.

*Jul.* Your hopes! Your hopes and your fears are ill-founded alike.

*Bev.* Why you are determined not to be his.

*Jul.* Well, and what then?

*Bev.* What then? why then you will be mine.

*Jul.* Indeed! and is that the natural consequence; whoever won't be his, must be yours. Is that the logic of Oxford?

*Bev.* Madam, I did flatter myself—

*Jul.* Then you did very wrong, indeed, Mr. Bever: You should ever guard against flattering yourself; for of all dangerous parasites, self is the worst.

*Bev.* I am astonish'd!

*Jul.* Astonish'd! you are mad, I believe! Why, I have not known you a month: It is true, my uncle says your father is his friend; your fortune, in time, will be easy; your figure is not remarkably faulty; and as to your understanding, passable enough for a young fellow who has not seen much of the world; but when one talks of a husband—Lord it's quite another sort of a—Ha, ha, ha! Poor Bever, how he stares! he stands like a statue!

*Bev.* Statue! Indeed, Madam, I am very near petrified.

*Jul.* Even then you will make as good a husband as Rust. But go, run, and join the assembly within; Be attentive to every word, motion, and look of my uncle's; be dumb when he speaks, admire all he says, laugh when he smirks, bow when he sneezes; in short, fawn, flatter and cringe; don't be afraid

over-loading his stomach, for the Knight has a noble digestion, and you will find some there who will keep you in countenance.

*Bew.* I fly. So then, Juliet, your intention was only to try—

*Jul.* Don't plague me with impertinent questions; march; obey my directions. We must leave the issue to Chance; a greater friend to mankind than they are willing to own. Oh, if any thing new should occur, you may come into the drawing-room for further instructions.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE a Room in Sir THOMAS LOFTY's House.

Sir Thomas, Rust, Puff, Dactyl, and others, discovered fitting.

Sir *Tho.* Nothing new to-day from Parnassus?

*Dact.* Not that I hear.

Sir *Tho.* Nothing critical, philosophical, or political?

*Puff.* Nothing.

Sir *Tho.* Then in this disette, this dearth of invention, give me leave, Gentlemen, to distribute my stores. I have here in my hand a little smart, satirical epigram; new, and prettily pointed: In short, a production that Martial himself would not have blush'd to acknowledge.

*Rust.* Your own, Sir Thomas?

Sir *Tho.* O fie! no; sent me this morning, anonymous.

*Dact.* Pray, Sir Thomas, let us have it.

*All.* By all means; by all means.

Sir *Tho.* To PHILLIS.

Think'st thou, fond Phillis, Strephon told thee true,  
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:  
Another story all the town will tell;  
Phillis paints fair—to look like an an-gel.

*All.* Fine! fine! very fine!

*Dact.* Such an ease and simplicity!

Puff.

*Puff.* The turn so unexpected and quick.

*Rust.* The satyr so poignant.

*Sir Tho.* Yes; I think it possesses, in an eminent degree, the three great epigrammatical requisites; brevity, familiarity, and severity.

Phillis paints fair — to look like an an-gel.

*Dact.* Happy! Is the Phillis, the subject, a secret?

*Sir Tho.* Oh, dear me! nothing personal; no an impromptu; a mere *jeu d'esprit*.

*Puff.* Then, Sir Thomas, the secret is out; it is your own.

*Dact.* That was obvious enough.

*Puff.* Who is there else could have wrote it?

*Rust.* True, true.

*Sir Tho.* The name of the Author is needless. So it is an acquisition to the republic of letters, any Gentleman may claim the merit that will.

*Puff.* What a noble contempt!

*Dact.* What greatness of mind!

*Rust.* Scipio and Lælius were the Roman Loftys. Why, I dare believe Sir Thomas has been the making of half the Authors in town: He is, as I may say, the great manufacturer; the other Poets are but Pedlars, that live by retailing his wares.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha! well observ'd, Mr. Rust.

*Sir Tho.* Ha, ha, ha! *Molie atque facetum.* Why, to pursue the metaphor, if Sir Thomas Lofty was to call in his poetical debts, I believe there would be a good many bankrupts in the Muse's Gazette.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Tho.* But, *a-propos*, Gentlemen; with regard to the eclipse: You found my calculation exact?

*Dact.* To a digit.

*Sir Tho.* Total darkness, indeed! and birds going to roost! Those Philomaths, those Almanack-makers, are the most ignorant rascals —

*Puff.* It is amazing where Sir Thomas Lofty stores all his knowlege.

*Dact.*

*Dact.* It is wonderful how the mind of man can contain it.

*Sir Tho.* Why, to tell you the truth, that circumstance has a good deal engag'd my attention; and I believe you will admit my method of solving the phenomenon philosophical and ingenious enough.

*Puff.* Without question.

*All.* Doubtless.

*Sir Tho.* I suppose, Gentlemen, my memory, or mind, to be a chest of drawers, a kind of bureau; where, in separate cellules, my different knowledge on different subjects is stor'd.

*Rust.* A prodigious discovery!

*All.* Amazing!

*Sir Tho.* To this cabinet, volition, or will, has a key; so when an arduous subject occurs, I unlock my bureau, pull out the particular drawer, and am supplied with what I want in an instant.

*Dact.* A Malbranch!

*Puff.* A Boyle!

*All.* A Locke!

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Bever.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir Tho.* A young Gentleman from Oxford, recommended to my care by his father. The university has given him a good solid Doric foundation; and when he has receiv'd from you a few Tuscan touches, the Ionic and Corinthian graces, I make no doubt but he will prove a composite pillar to the republic of letters. [*Enter Bever.*] This, Sir, is the school from whence so many capital masters have issued; the river that enriches the regions of science.

*Dact.* Of which river, Sir Thomas, you are the source; here we quaff: *Et purpureo bibimus ore nectar.*

*Sir Tho.* *Purpureo!* Delicate, indeed! Mr. Dactyl. Do you hear, Mr. Bever? *Bibimus ore nectar.* You, young Gentleman, must be instructed to quote; nothing gives a period more spirit than a happy Latin quotation, nor has indeed a finer effect at the head of

an

an essay. Poor Dick Steel ! I have oblig'd him with many a motto for his fugitive pieces.

*Puff* Aye, and with the contents too, or Sir Richard is foully bely'd.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir Roger Dowlas.

*Sir Tho.* Pray desire him to enter. [Exit Servant.] Sir Roger, Gentlemen, is a considerable East-India proprietor ; and seems desirous of collecting, from this learned assembly, some rhetorical flowers, which he hopes to strew, with honour to himself, and advantage to the Company, at Merchant-Taylors-Hall. [Enter Sir Roger Dowlas] Sir Roger, be seated. This Gentleman has, in common with the greatest orator the world ever saw, a small natural infirmity ; he stutters a little : But I have prescrib'd the same remedy that Demosthenes used, and don't despair of a radical cure. Well, Sir, have you digested those general rules ?

*Sir Rog.* Pr--ett--y well, I am obli--g'd to you, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Have you been regular in taking your tincture of sage, to give you confidence for speaking in public ?

*Sir Rog.* Y--es, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Did you open at the last General Court ?

*Sir Rog.* I attem--p--ted fo--ur or fi--ve times.

*Sir Tho.* What hinder'd your progress ?

*Sir Rog.* The pe -b--bles.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, the pebbles in his mouth. But they are only put in to practise in private ; you should take them out when you are addressing the public.

*Sir Rog.* Yes ; I will, for the fu--ture.

*Sir Tho.* Well, Mr. Rust, you had a *tête-à-tête* with my niece. A-propos, Mr. Bever, here offers a fine occasion for you ; we shall take the liberty to trouble your Muse on their nuptials : O Love ! O Hymen ! here prune thy purple wings ; trim thy bright torch, Hey, Mr. Bever ?

*Bev.* My talents are at Sir Thomas Lofty's direction ;

on ; tho' I must despair of producing any performance worthy the attention of so compleat a judge of the elegant arts.

*Sir Tho.* Too modest, good Mr. Bever. Well, Mr. Rust, any new acquisition, since our last meeting, to your matchless collection?

*Rust.* Why, Sir Thomas, I have both lost and gain'd since I saw you.

*Sir Tho.* Lost ! I am sorry for that.

*Rust.* The curious sarcophagus, that was sent me from Naples, by Signor Belloni—

*Sir Tho.* You mean the urn that was supposed to contain the dust of Agrippa !

*Rust.* Supposed ! no doubt but it did !

*Sir Tho.* I hope no sinister accident to that inestimable relic of Rome.

*Rust.* It's gone.

*Sir Tho.* Gone ! oh, illiberal ! What, stolen, I suppose, by some Connoisseur ?

*Rust.* Worse, worse ! a prey, a martyr to ignorance : A housemaid that I hired last week mistook it for a broken green chamber-pot, and sent it away in the dust-cart.

*Sir Tho.* She merits impaling. Oh, the Hun !

*Dad.* The Vandal !

*All.* The Visigoth !

*Rust.* But I have this day acquir'd a treasure that will in some measure make me amends.

*Sir Tho.* Indeed ! what can that be ?

*Puff.* That must be something curious, indeed.

*Rust.* It has cost me infinite trouble to get it.

*Dad.* Great rarities are not had without pains.

*Rust.* It is three months ago since I got the first scent of it, and I have been ever since on the hunt ; but all to no purpose.

*Sir Tho.* I am quite upon thorns till I see it.

*Rust.* And yesterday, when I had given it over, when all my hopes were grown desperate, it fell into my hands, by the most unexpected and wonderful accident.

Sir

*Sir Tho.* Quod optanti divum promittere nemo  
Auderet, volvenda dies extulit ultro.

*Mr. Bever,* you remark my quotation?

*Bev.* Most happy. Oh, Sir, nothing you say can  
be lost.

*Rust.* I have brought it here in my pocket; I am no  
churl; I love to pleasure my friends.

*Sir Tho.* You are, Mr. Rust, extremely obliging.

*All.* Very kind, very obliging, indeed.

*Rust.* It was not much hurt by the fire.

*Sir Tho.* Very fortunate.

*Rust.* The edges are soil'd by the link; but many of  
the letters are exceedingly legible.

*Sir Rog.* A li-ttle roo-m, if you p-lease.

*Rust.* Here it is; the precious remains of the very  
North-Briton that was burnt at the Royal-Exchange.

*Sir Tho.* Number Forty-five?

*Rust.* The same.

*Bev.* You are a lucky man, Mr. Rust,

*Rust.* I think so. But, Gentlemen, I hope I need  
not give you a caution: Hush—silence—no words on  
this matter.

*Dad.* You may depend upon us.

*Rust.* For as the paper has not suffered the law, I  
don't know whether they may not seize it again.

*Sir Tho.* With us you are safe, Mr. Rust. Well,  
young Gentleman, you see we cultivate all branches of  
science.

*Bev.* Amazing, indeed! But when we consider you,  
Sir Thomas, as the directing, the ruling planet, our  
wonder subides in an instant. Science first saw the  
day with Socrates in the Attic portico; her early years  
were spent with Tully, in the Tuscan shade; but  
her ripe, mature hours, she enjoys with Sir Thomas  
Lofty, near Cavendish-square.

*Sir Tho.* The most classical compliment I ever re-  
ceiv'd. Gentlemen, a philosophical repast attends  
your acceptance within. Sir Roger, you'll lead the  
way. [Exeunt all but Sir Thomas and Bever.] Mr.  
Bever, may I beg your ear for a moment? Mr. Bever,  
the friendship I have for your father, secured you, at  
first,

first, a gracious reception from me ; but what I then paid to an old obligation, is now, Sir, due to your own particular merit.

*Bew.* I am happy, Sir Thomas, if —

*Sir Tho.* Your patience. There is in you, Mr. Bewer, a fire of imagination, a quickness of apprehension, a solidity of judgment, join'd to a depth of discretion, that I never yet met with in any subject at your time of life.

*Bew.* I hope I shall never forfeit —

*Sir Tho.* I am sure you never will ; and to give you a convincing proof that I think so, I am now going to trust you with the most important secret of my whole life.

*Bew.* Your confidence does me great honour.

*Sir Tho.* But this must be on a certain condition.

*Bew.* Name it.

*Sir Tho.* That you give me your solemn promise to comply with one request I shall make you.

*Bew.* There is nothing Sir Thomas Lofty can ask, that I shall not chearfully grant.

*Sir Tho.* Nay, in fact, it will be serving yourself.

*Bew.* I want no such inducement.

*Sir Tho.* Enough. But we can't be too private.—  
[Shuts the door.] Sit you down. Your Christian name, I think is —

*Bew.* Richard.

*Sir Tho.* True ; the same as your father's : Come, let us be familiar. It is, I think, dear Dick, acknowledg'd that the English have reach'd the highest pitch of perfection in every department of writing but one — the dramatic.

*Bew.* Why, the French critics are a little severe.

*Sir Tho.* And with reason. Now, to rescue our credit, and at the same time give my country a model, [shows a manuscript,] see here.

*Bew.* A play ?

*Sir Tho.* A *chef d'œuvre*.

*Bew.* Your own ?

*Sir Tho.* Speak lower. I am the author.

*Bew.*

*Bev.* Nay, then there can be no doubt of its merit.

*Sir Tho.* I think not. You will be charm'd with the subject.

*Bev.* What is it, Sir Thomas?

*Sir Tho.* I shall surprize you. The story of Robinson Crusoe. Are not you struck?

*Bev.* Most prodigiously.

*Sir Tho.* Yes; I knew the very title would hit you. You will find the whole fable is finely conducted, and the character of Friday, *qua* *is ab incepto*, nobly supported throughout.

*Bev.* A pretty difficult task.

*Sir Tho.* True; that was not a bow for a boy. The piece has long been in rehearsal at Drury-lane play-house, and this night is to make its appearance.

*Bev.* To-night?

*Sir Tho.* This night.

*Bev.* I will attend, and engage all my friends to support it.

*Sir Tho.* That is not my purpose; the piece will want no such assistance.

*Bev.* I beg pardon.

*Sir Tho.* The manager of that house (who, you know, is a writer himself) finding all the anonymous things he produc'd (indeed some of them wretched enough, and very unworthy of him), plac'd to his account by the public, is determin'd to exhibit no more without knowing the name of the author.

*Bev.* A reasonable caution.

*Sir Tho.* Now, upon my promise (for I appear to patronize the play) to announce the author before the curtain draws up, Robinson Crusoe is advertis'd for this evening.

*Bev.* Oh, then you will acknowledge the piece to be your's?

*Sir Tho.* No.

*Bev.* How then?

*Sir Tho.* My design is to give it to you.

*Bev.* To me.

*Sir Tho.* To you.

*Bev.*

*Bew.* What, me the author of Robinson Crusoe!

*Sir Tho.* Aye.

*Bew.* Lord, Sir Thomas, it will never gain credit: So compleat a production the work of a stripling! Besides, Sir, as the merit is yours, why rob yourself of the glory?

*Sir Tho.* I am entirely indifferent to that.

*Bew.* Then why take the trouble?

*Sir Tho.* My fondness for letters and love for my country. Besides, dear Dick, though the *pauci & selegi*, the chosen few, know the full value of a performance like this, yet the ignorant the profane (by much the majority) will be apt to think it an occupation ill suited to my time of life.

*Bew.* Their censure is praise.

*Sir Tho.* Doubtless. But indeed my principal motive is my friendship for you. You are now a candidate for literary honours, and I am determin'd to fix your fame on an immovable basis.

*Bew.* You are most excessively kind; but there is something so disengenuous in stealing reputation from another man.

*Sir Tho.* Idle punctilio!

*Bew.* It puts me so in mind of the daw in the fable.

*Sir Tho.* Come, come, dear Dick, I won't suffer your modesty to murder your fame. But the company will suspect something; we will join them, and proclaim you the author. There, keep the copy; to you I consign it for ever; it shall be a secret to latest posterity. You will be smother'd with praise by our friends; they shall all in their bark to the playhouse; and there,

Attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE CONTINUES.

*Enter BEVER, reading.*

O ends the first Act. Come, now for the second.

"Act the second, shewing,"—the coxcomb has fac'd every act with an argument too, in humble tation, I warrant, of Mons. Diderot—"Shewing fatal effects of disobedience to parents;" with, I suppose, the diverting scene of a gibbet; an entertain-subject for comedy. And the blockhead is as pro-; every scene as long as a homily. Let's see; how es this end? "Exit Crusoe, and enter some savages, incing a saraband." There's no bearing this abomible trash. [Enter Juliet.] So, Madam; thanks to ur advice and direction, I am got into a fine situa-n.

*Jul.* What is the matter now, Mr. Bever?

*Bev.* The Robinson Crusoe.

*Jul.* Oh, the play that is to be acted to-night. How ret you were? Who in the world would have guess'd u was the author?

*Bev.* Me, Madam!

*Jul.* Your title is odd; but to a genius every subject good.

*Bev.* You are inclin'd to be pleasant.

*Jul.* Within they have all been prodigious loud in e praise of your piece; but I think my uncle rather ore eager than any.

*Bev.* He has reason; for fatherly fondness goes r.

*Jul.* I don't understand you.

*Bev.* You don't!

*Jul.* No.

*VOL. I.*

H

*Bev.*

*Bev.* Nay, Juliet, this is too much ; you know it is none of my play.

*Jul.* Whose then ?

*Bev.* Your uncle's.

*Jul.* My uncle's ! Then, how, in the name of wonder, came you to adopt it ?

*Bev.* At his earnest request. I may be a fool ; but remember, Madam, you are the cause.

*Jul.* This is strange ; but I can't conceive what his motive could be.

*Bev.* His motive is obvious enough ; to screen himself from the infamy of being the Author.

*Jul.* What, is it bad, then ?

*Bev.* Bad ! most infernal !

*Jul.* And you have consented to own it ?

*Bev.* Why, what could I do ? He in a manner compell'd me.

*Jul.* I am extremely glad of it.

*Bev.* Glad of it ! Why I tell you 'tis the most dull, tedious, melancholy —

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* The most flat piece of frippery that ever Grub-street produc'd.

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* It will be damn'd before the third act.

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* And I shall be hooted and pointed at wherever I go.

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* So much the better ! Zounds ! so, I suppose, you would say if I was going to be hang'd. Do you call this a mark of your friendship ?

*Jul.* Ah, Bever, Bever ! you are a miserable politician : Do you know now that this is the luckiest incident that ever occurred ?

*Bev.* Indeed !

*Jul.* It could not have been better laid, had we plann'd it ourselves.

*Bev.* You will pardon my want of conception ; but these are riddles —

*Jul.* That at present I have not time to explain. But what

What makes you loit'ring here? Past six o'clock, as I see! Why, your play is begun; run, run to the house. as ever author so little anxious for the fate of his piece.

*Bever.* My piece!

*Jul.* Sir Thomas! I know by his walk. Fly; and fly all the way for the fall of your play. And do you hear, if you find the audience too indulgent, inclin'd be milky, rather than fail, squeeze in a little acid urselv. Oh, Mr. Bever, at your return let me see u. before you go to my uncle; that is, if you have good luck to be damn'd.

*Bever.* You need not doubt that.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Sir Thomas Loftus.*

*Sir Tho.* So, Juliet; was not that Mr. Bever?

*Jul.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* He is rather tardy; by this time his cause is me on. And how is the young Gentleman affected? this is a trying occasion.

*Jul.* He seems pretty certain, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Indeed, I think he has very little reason for. I confess I admire the piece; and feel as much its fate as if the work was my own.

*Jul.* That I most sincerely believe. I wonder, Sir, u did not choose to be present.

*Sir Tho.* Better not. My affections are strong, Juliet, d my nerves but tenderly strung; however, intelligent people are planted, who will bring me, every t, a faithful account of the proceſs.

*Jul.* That will answer your purpose as well.

*Sir Tho.* Indeed, I am passionately fond of the arts, d therefore can't help—Did not somebody knock? My good girl, will you step, and take care that en any body comes, the servants may not be out of way. [*Exit Juliet.*] Five and thirty minutes past ; by this time the first act must be over: John will presently here. I think it can't fail; yet there is so ch whim and caprice in the public opinion, that — is young man is unknown, they'll give him no cre- dit.

dit. I had better have own'd it myself : Reputation goes a great way in these matters ; people are apt to find fault ; they are cautious in censuring the worth of a man who—hush ! that's he : no ; 'tis only shutters. After all, I think I have chose the best way for if it succeeds to the degree I expect, it will be to circulate the real name of the author ; if it fails I am conceal'd ; my fame suffers—no—There he [Loud knocking.] I can't conceive what kept him so long. [Enter John.] So John ; well ; and—but have been a monstrous while.

*John.* Sir, I was wedg'd so close in the pit, that I could scarcely get out.

*Sir Tho.* The house was full, then ?

*John.* As an egg, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* That's right. Well, John, and did the actors go swimmingly ? hey ?

*John.* Exceedingly well, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Exceedingly well. I don't doubt it. With vast clapping and roars of applause, I suppose.

*John.* Very well, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Very well, Sir ! You are damn'd costiv think. But did not the pit and boxes thunder again ?

*John.* I can't say there was over much thunder.

*Sir Tho.* No ! Oh, attentive, I reckon. Aye, attention ; that is the true, solid, substantial applause. Else may be purchas'd ; hands move as they are told. But when the audience is hush'd, still afraid of losing a word, then—

*John.* Yes, they were very quiet, indeed, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* I like them the better, John ; a strong man of their great sensibility. Did you see Robin ?

*John.* Yes, Sir ; he'll be here in a trice ; I left him list'ning at the back of the boxes, and charg'd him to make all the haste home that he could.

*Sir Tho.* That's right, John ; very well ; your account pleases me much, honest John. [Exit John.] No, I do not expect the first act would produce any prodigious effect. But, after all, the first act is but a mere introduction ; just opens the business, the plot, & gives a little insight into the characters ; so that if I

but engage the house, it is as much as the best writer can flact—[Knocking without.] Gadso! what, Robin already! why, the fellow has the feet of a Mercury. [Enter Robin.] Well, Robin, and what news do you bring?

*Rob.* Sir, I, I, I—

*Sir Tho.* Stop, Robin, and recover your breath. Now, Robin,

*Rob.* There has been a woundy uproar below.

*Sir Tho.* An uproar! what, at the playhouse?

*Rob.* Aye.

*Sir Tho.* At what?

*Rob.* I don't know: Belike at the words the play-folk were talking.

*Sir Tho.* At the players! how can that be? Oh, now I begin to conceive. Poor fellow, he knows but little of plays: What, Robin, I suppose, hallooing, and clapping, and knocking of sticks.

*Rob.* Hallooing! aye, and hooting too.

*Sir Tho.* And hooting!

*Rob.* Aye, and hissing to boot.

*Sir Tho.* Hissing! you must be mistaken.

*Rob.* By the mass, but I am not.

*Sir Tho.* Impossible! Oh, most likely some drunken disorderly fellows, that were disturbing the house, and interrupting the play; too common a case; the people were right: they deserv'd a rebuke. Did you not hear them cry, Out, out, out!

*Rob.* Noa; that was not the cry; 'twas, Off, off, off!

*Sir Tho.* That was a whimsical noise. Zounds! that must be the players. Did you observe nothing else?

*Rob.* Belike the quarrel first began between the gentry and a black-a-moor man.

*Sir Tho.* With Friday! The public taste is debauch'd; honest nature is too plain and simple for their vitiated palates! [Enter Juliet.] Juliet, Robin there brings me the strangest account; some little disturbance; but I suppose it was soon settled again. Oh, but here comes Mr. Staytape, my taylor; he is a rational being; we shall be able to make something of

him. [Enter Staytape.] So, Staytape ; what, is the third act over already ?

*Stay.* Over, Sir ! no ; nor never will be.

*Sir Tho.* What do you mean ?

*Stay.* Cut short.

*Sir Tho.* I don't comprehend you.

*Stay.* Why, Sir, the poet has made a mistake in measuring the taste of the town : the goods, it seems, did not fit ; so they return'd them upon the gentleman's hands.

*Sir Tho.* Rot your affectation and quaintness, you puppy ! speak plain.

*Stay.* Why, then, Sir, Robinson Crusoe is dead.

*Sir Tho.* Dead !

*Stay.* Aye ; and what is worse, will never rise any more. You will soon have all the particulars ; for there were four or five of your friends close at my heels.

*Sir Tho.* Staytape, Juliet, run and stop them ; say I am gone out ; I am sick ; I am engag'd : But whatever you do, be sure you don't let Bever come in. Secure of the victory, I invited them to the celebr—

*Stay.* Sir, they are here.

*Sir Tho.* Confound—

Enter Puff, Dadyl, and Rust.

*Rul.* Aye, truly, Mr Puff, this is but a bitter beginning ; then the young man must turn himself to some other trade.

*Puff.* Servant, Sir Thomas ; I suppose you have heard the news of—

*Sir Tho.* Yes ; yes ; I have been told it before.

*Dad.* I confess I did not suspect it ; but there is no knowing what effect these things will have, till they come on the stage.

*Rust.* For my part, I don't know much of these matters ; but a couple of gentlemen near me, who seem'd sagacious enough too, declar'd, that it was the vilest stuff they ever had heard, and wonder'd the players would act it.

*Dad.*

*Dad.* Yes ; I don't remember to have seen a more general dislike.

*Puff.* I was thinking to ask you, Sir Thomas, for your interest with Mr. Bever, about buying the copy ; but now no mortal would read it. Lord, Sir, it would not pay for paper and printing.

*Rust.* I remember Kennet, in his Roman Antiquities, mentions a Play of Terence's, Mr. Dactyl, that was terribly treated ; but that he attributes to the people's fondness for certain funambuli, or rope-dancers ; but I have not lately heard of any famous tumblers in town ; Sir Thomas, have you ?

*Sir Tho.* How should I ? do you suppose I trouble my head about tumblers ?

*Rust.* Nay, I did not—

Bever, *speaking without.*

Not to be spoke with ! don't tell me, Sir ; he must, he shall.

*Sir Tho.* Mr. Bever's voice. If he is admitted in his present disposition, the whole secret will certainly out. Gentlemen, some affairs of a most interesting nature make it impossible for me to have the honour of your company to-night ; therefore I beg you would be so good as to—

*Rust.* Affairs ! no bad news ? I hope Miss Julè is well

*Sir Tho.* Very well ; but I am most exceedingly—

*Rust.* I shall only stay to see Mr. Bever : Poor lad ! he will be most horribly down in the mouth ; a little comfort won't come amiss.

*Sir Tho.* Mr. Bever, Sir ! you won't see him here.

*Rust.* Not here ! why I thought I heard his voice but just now.

*Sir Tho.* You are mistaken, Mr. Rust ; but—

*Rust.* May be so ; then we will go. Sir Thomas, my compliments of condolence, if you please, to the Poet.

*Sir Tho.* Aye, aye.

*Dad.* And mine ; for I suppose we sha'n't see him soon.

*Puff.* Poor Gentleman! I warrant he won't shew his head for these six months.

*Ruf.* Aye, aye; indeed I am sorry for him; so tell him, Sir.

*Dat.* and *Puff.* So are we.

*Ruf.* Sir Thomas, your servant. Come, Gentlemen. By all this confusion in Sir Thomas, there must be something more in the wind than I know; but I will watch, I am resolv'd. [Exit.]

*Bev.* [without.] Rascals, stand by! I must, I will see him.

*Enter Bever.*

So, Sir; this is delicate treatment, after all I have suffer'd.

*Sir Tho.* Mr. Bever, I hope you don't—that is—

*Bev.* Well, Sir Thomas Lofty, what think you now of your Robinson Crusoe; a pretty performance!

*Sir Tho.* Think, Mr. Bever! I think the public are blockheads; a tasteless, stupid, ignorant tribe; and a man of genius deserves to be damn'd who writes any thing for them. But courage, dear Dick! the principals will give you what the people refuse; the closet will do you that justice the stage has deny'd: Print your Play.

*Bev.* My play! Zounds, Sir, 'tis your own.

*Sir Tho.* Speak lower, dear Dick; be moderate, my good, dear lad!

*Bev.* Oh, Sir Thomas; you may be easy enough; you are safe and secure, remov'd far from that precipice that has dash'd me to pieces.

*Sir Tho.* Dear Dick, don't believe it will hurt you: The Critics, the real judges, will discover in that piece such excellent talents—

*Bev.* No, Sir Thomas, no. I shall neither flatter you, nor myself; I have acquir'd a right to speak what I think. Your Play, Sir, is a wretched performance; and in this opinion all mankind is united.

*Sir Tho.* May be not.

*Bev.* If your piece had been receiv'd, I would have declar'd Sir Thomas Lofty to be the author; if coldly,

boldly, I would have own'd it myself; but such disgraceful, such contemptible treatment!—I own the burthen is too heavy for me; so, Sir, you must bear it yourself.

*Sir Tho.* Me, dear Dick! what, to become ridiculous in the decline of my life; to destroy, in one hour, the fame that forty years has been building! that was the prop, the support of my age; can you be cruel enough to desire it?

*Bew.* Zounds! Sir, and why must I be your crutch? Would you have me become a voluntary victim? No, Sir, this cause does not merit a martyrdom.

*Sir Tho.* I own myself greatly oblig'd; but persevere, dear Dick, persevere; you have time to recover your fame; I beg it with tears in my eyes. Another Play will—

*Bew.* No, Sir Thomas; I have done with the stage, the Muses and I meet no more.

*Sir Tho.* Nay, there are various roads open in life.

*Bew.* Not one, where your piece won't pursue me: If I go to the Bar, the ghost of this curs'd comedy will follow, and hunt me in Westminster hall. Nay, when I die, it will stick to my memory, and I shall be handed down to posterity with the author of *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

*Sir Tho.* Then marry: You are a pretty smart figure; and your poetical talents—

*Bew.* And what Fair would admit of my suit, or family wish to receive me? Make the case your own, Sir Thomas; would you?

*Sir Tho.* With infinite pleasure.

*Bew.* Then give me your niece; her hand shall seal up my lips.

*Sir Tho.* What, Juliet? Willingly. But are you serious? Do you really admire the girl?

*Bew.* Beyond what words can expres. It was by her advice I consented to father your Play.

*Sir Tho.* What, is Juliet appriz'd? Here, Robin, John, run and call my niece hither this moment. That giddy baggage will blab all in an instant.

*Bev.* You are mistaken ; she is wiser than you are aware of.

*Enter Juliet.*

*Sir Tho.* Oh, Juliet ! you know what has happen'd ?

*Jul.* I do, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Have you reveal'd this unfortunate secret ?

*Jul.* To no mortal, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Come, give me your hand. Mr. Bever, child, for my sake, has renounced the stage, and the whole Republic of Letters ; in return, I owe him your hand.

*Jul.* My hand ! what, to a Poet hooted, hissed, and exploded ! You must pardon me, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Juliet, a trifle ; the most they can say of him is, that he is a little wanting in wit ; and he has ~~so~~ many brother-writers to keep him in countenance, that now-a-days that is no reflection at all.

*Jul.* Then, Sir, your engagement to Mr. Rust.

*Sir Tho.* I have found out the Rascal ; he has been more impertinently severe on my play, than all the rest put together ; so that I am determined he shall be none of the man.

*Enter Rust.*

*Rust.* Are you so, Sir ? what, then I am to be ~~Ta~~-cific'd, in order to preserve the secret that you are a blockhead : But you are out in your politics ; before night it shall be known in all the Coffee-houses in town.

*Sir Tho.* For Heaven's sake, Mr. Rust !

*Rust.* And to-morrow I will paragraph you in every news-paper ; you shall no longer impose on the world ; I will unmask you ; the lion's skin shall hide you no longer.

*Sir Tho.* Juliet ! Mr. Bever ! what can I do ?

*Bev.* Sir Thomas, let me manage this matter. Har-kee, old Gentleman, a word in your ear ; you remember what you have in your pocket ?

*Rust.* Hey ! how ! what ?

*Bev.* The curiosity that has cost you so much pains.

*Rust.* What, my *Æneas* ! my precious relict of Troy !

*Bev.*

*Bev.* You must give up that, or the Lady.

*Jul.* How, Mr. Bever?

*Bev.* Never fear; I am sure of my man.

*Ruf.* Let me consider: As to the girl, girls are plenty enough; I can marry whenever I will: But my paper, my phoenix, that springs fresh from the flames, that can never be match'd.—Take her.

*Bev.* And, as you love your own secret, be careful of ours.

*Ruf.* I am dumb.

*Sir Tho.* Now, Juliet.

*Jul.* You join me, Sir, to an unfortunate Bard; but, to procure your peace—

*Sir Tho.* You oblige me for ever. Now the secret dies with us four. My fault. I owe him much.

Be it your care to shew it;  
And bless the Man, tho' I have damn'd the Poet.



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THE  
**M I N O R,**  
A  
**C O M E D Y.**

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## PERSONS in the INTRODUCTION.

**FOOTE.**

**CANKER,**  
**SMART,**  
**PEARSE,**

*Mr. Johnson.*  
*Mr. Fox.*  
*Mr. Watkins.*

## In the COMEDY.

<b>Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY,</b>	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
<b>Mr. RICHARD WEALTHY,</b>	<i>Mr. Burton.</i>
<b>Sir GEORGE WEALTHY,</b>	<i>Mr. Holland.</i>
<b>SHIFT,</b>	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
<b>LOADER,</b>	<i>Mr. Branfby.</i>
<b>DICK,</b>	<i>Mr. Vaughan.</i>
<b>TRANSFER,</b>	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
<b>SMIRK,</b>	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
<b>The BARON affum'd,</b>	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
<b>Mrs. COLE,</b>	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
<b>LUCY,</b>	<i>Miss Priscbard.</i>

TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM Duke of DEVONSHIRE,  
Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.

MY LORD,

THE MINOR, who is indebted for his appearance on the stage to your Grace's indulgence, begs leave to desire your further protection, at his entering into the world.

Though the allegiance due from the whole dramatic people to your Grace's station, might place this address in the light of a natural tribute; yet, my Lord, I should not have taken that liberty with the Duke of Devonshire, if I could not at the same time, plead some little utility in the design of my piece; and add, that the public approbation has stamped a value on the execution.

The law, which threw the stage under the absolute government of a lord chamberlain, could not fail to fill the minds of all the objects of that power with very gloomy apprehensions; they found themselves (through their own licentiousness, it must be confess'd) in a more precarious dependent state, than any other of his Majesty's subjects. But when their direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whose ancestors had so successfully struggled for national liberty, they ceased to fear for their own. It was not from a patron of the liberal arts they were to expect an oppressor; it was not from the friend of freedom, and of man, they were to dread partial monopolies, or the establishment of petty tyrannies.

Their warmest wishes are accomplished; none of their rights have been invaded, except what, without the first poetic authority, I should not venture to call a right, the *Jus Nocendi*.

Yours

## DEDICATION.

Your tenderness, my Lord, for all the followers of the Muses, has been in no instance more conspicuous, than in your late favour to me, the meanest of their train; your Grace has thrown open (for those who are denied admittance into the palaces of Parnassus) a cottage on its borders, where the unhappy migrants may be, if not magnificently, at least, hospitably entertained.

I shall detain your Grace no longer, than just to echo the public voice, that, for the honour, progress, and perfection of letters, your Grace may long continue their candid Censor, who have always been their generous protector.

I have the honour, my Lord, to be, with the greatest respect, and gratitude,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

most oblig'd,

and obedient servant,

Elleſtre,  
July 8, 1760.

S A M U E L F O O T E.

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T H E  
M I N O R.

---

INTRODUCTION.

*Enter Canker and Smart.*

SMART.

BUT are you sure he has leave ?  
*Cank.* Certain.

*Smart.* I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we shall have a laugh either with him, or at him, it does not signify which.

*Cank.* Not a farthing.

*Smart.* D'you know his scheme ?

*Cank.* Not I. But is not the door of the Little Theatre open ?

*Smart.* Yes. Who is that fellow that seems to stand sentry there ?

*Cank.* By his tatter'd garb and meagre visage, he must be one of the troop.

*Smart.* I'll call him. Holo, Mr. —

*Enter Pearse.*

What, is there any thing going on over the way ?

*Pear.* A rehearsal.

*Smart.* Of what ?

*Pear.* A new piece.

*Smart.*

*Smart.* Foote's?

*Pear.* Yes.

*Cank.* Is he there?

*Pear.* He is.

*Smart.* Zounds, let's go and see what he is about.

*Cank.* With all my heart.

*Smart.* Come along then.

[*Exeunt.*]

**Enter Foote and an Actor.**

*Foote.* Sir, this will never do; you must get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true strolling—

**Enter Smart and Canker.**

*Smart.* Ha, ha, ha! what, hard at it, my boy!—Here's your old friend Canker and I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

*Foote.* Plan?

*Smart.* Ay, what are your characters? Give us your groupe; how is your cloth fill'd?

*Foote.* Characters!

*Smart.* Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a list. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, just come from the North, with the true Newcastle bur in her throat; and a nose and a chin.—I am afraid she is not well enough known: But I have a remedy for that. I'll bring her the first night of your piece, place her in a conspicuous station, and whisper the secret to the whole house. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

*Foote.* Oh, delicious!

*Smart.* But don't name me. For if she smokes me for the author, I shall be dash'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

*Foote.* Oh, never fear me. But I should think your uncle Tom a better character.

*Smart.* What, the politician?

*Foote.* Aye; that every day, after dinner, as soon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the battle of Minden, batters

batters the French with cherry-stones, and pursues 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a stream of spilt port.

*Smart.* Oh, damn it, he'll do.

*Foote.* Or what say you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy ? who, tho' as broken-winded as a Houn-flow post-horse, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. *Kata tote cara higlia.*

*Smart.* Admirable ! by heavens !—Have you got 'em ?

*Foote.* No.

*Smart.* Then in with 'em, my boy.

*Foote.* Not one.

*Smart.* Pr'ythee, why not ?

*Foote.* Why look'ee, *Smart*, tho' you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I am sure, love better than any body.

*Smart.* What's that ?

*Foote.* Mischief.

*Smart.* No, pr'ythee—

*Foote.* How now am I sure that you, who so readily give up your relations, may not have some design upon me ?

*Smart.* I don't understand you.

*Foote.* Why, as soon as my characters begin to circulate a little successfully, my mouth is stopp'd in a minute, by the clamour of your relations,—Oh, damme,—'tis a shame,—it should not be,—people of distinction brought upon the stage.—And so out of compliment to your cousins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own request.

*Smart.* How can you think I wou'd be such a dog ? What the devil, then, are we to have nothing personal ? Give us the actors however.

*Foote.* Oh, that's stale. Besides, I think they have, of all men, the best right to complain.

*Smart.* How so ?

*Foote.* Because, by rendering them ridiculous in their profession, you, at the same time, injure their pockets. Now, as to the other gentry, they have providentially something besides their understanding to

rely on ; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before, was only the amusement of private parties.

*Canker.* Give us then a national portrait : a Scotchman or an Irishman.

*Foot.* If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a subject of satire or humour ; it is an accidental unhappiness, for which a man is no more accountable, than the colour of his hair. Now affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, struck with a scheme of reformation, should advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the English the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter : nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty boys in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, should think he had a right to prescribe military laws to the first commander in Europe, be a less ridiculous object.

*Smart.* Are there such ?

*Foot.* If you mean that the blunders of a few peasants, or the partial principles of a single scoundrel, are to stand as characteristical marks of a whole country ; your pride may produce a laugh, but believe me, it is at the expence of your understanding.

*Cank.* Heydey, what a system is here ! Laws for laughing ! And pray, sage Sir, instruct us when we may laugh with propriety ?

*Foot.* At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancier. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

*Smart.* Pshaw, I don't know what you mean by your is nots, and cannots—damn'd abstruse jargon. Ha, Canker !

*Cank.* Well, but if you will not give us persons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a state intrigue, or a —

*Foot.*

*Foot. And so amuse the public ear at the expence of private peace. You must excuse me.*

*Cank. And with these principles, you expect to thrive on this spot?*

*Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee the plain roast and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We must have high season'd ragoûts, and rich sauces.*

*Foot. Why, perhaps, by way of dessert, I may produce something that may hit your palate.*

*Smart. Your bill of fare?*

*Foot. What think you of one of those itinerant field orators, who, tho' at declar'd enmity with common sense, have the address to poison the principles, and at the same time pick the pockets, of half our industrious fellow-subjects?*

*Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground. Ludere cum sacrâ, you know.*

*Foot. Now I look upon it in a different manner. I consider these gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myself; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court, or the Hay-market, our purpose is the same, and the place is immaterial.*

*Cank. Why, indeed, if it be considered——*

*Foot. Nay, more, I must beg leave to assert, that ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument can never cure: and should a little wholesome severity be applied, persecution would be the immediate cry: where then can we have recourse, but to the comic muse? Perhaps, the archness and severity of her smile may redress an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.*

*Cank. Why, if it does not cure those already dis temper'd, it may be a means to stop the infection.*

*Smart. But how is your scheme conducted?*

*Foot. Of that you may judge. We are just going upon a repetition of the piece. I should be glad to have your opinion.*

*Smart. We will give it you.*

*Foot. One indulgence: As you are Englishmen, I think, I need not beg, that as from necessity most of*

my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

*Smart.* But reasonable.

*Foote.* Come, then, prompter, begin.

*Pear.* Lord, sir, we are all at a stand.

*Foote.* What's the matter?

*Pear.* Mrs. O-Schohnesy has return'd the part of the bawd ; she says she is a gentlewoman, and it would be a reflection on her family to do any such thing.

*Foote.* Indeed!

*Pear.* If it had been only a whore, says she, I should not have minded it ; because no lady need be ashamed of doing that.

*Foote.* Well, there is no help for it ; but these gentlemen must not be disappointed. Well, I'll do the character myself.

A C T

## A C T I.

Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY, and Mr. RICHARD WEALTHY.

Sir. WILLIAM.

COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention entirely fixed upon one subject, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A sagacious remark that, and highly probable, that we merchants, who maintain a constant correspondence with the four quarters of the world, should know less of it than your fashionable fellows, whose whole experience is bounded by Westminster bridge.

Sir Will. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany these four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony; France has furnished him with fawning and flattery; Italy equip'd him with caprioles and cantatas: and thus accomplish'd, my young gentleman is return'd with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddlesticks, a most valuable member of the British commonwealth.

Sir Will. You dislike then my system of education?

R. Weal. Most sincerely.

Sir Will. The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir Will. The early part, I should imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Least of all. What, I suppose, because he has run the gauntlet thro' a public school, where at fifteen, he had practis'd more vices than he would otherwise have heard of at sixty.

Sir Will.

*Sir Will.* Ha, ha, prejudice!

*R. Weal* Then, indeed, you remov'd him to the university; where, lest his morals should be mended, and his understanding improv'd, you fairly set him free from the restraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the privileg'd distinction of a silk gown and a velvet cap.

*Sir Will.* And all these evils, you think, a city education would have prevented?

*R. Weal.* Doubtless.—Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholesome instruction. Idleness is the root of all evil. Regular hours, constant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

*Sir Will.* Why truly, brother, had you stuck to your old civic vices, hypocrisy, cozenage, and avarice, I don't know, whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us suburbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are chang'd since the date of thy indentures; when the sleek, crop-eared prentice us'd to dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under his arm, to St. Bride's on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Islington, or Mile End.

*R. Weal.* Wonderfully facetious!

*Sir Will.* Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs, in the Garden, their little lodgings, the snug depositaries of their rusty swords, and occasional bag-wigs; their horses for the turf; ay, and their commissions of bankruptcy too, before they are out of their time.

*R. Weal.* Infamous aspersion!

*Sir Will.* But the last meeting at Newmarket, lord Lofty receiv'd at the hazard table, the identical note from the individual taylor to whom he had paid it but the day before, for a new set of liveries.

*R. Weal.* Invention!

*Sir Will.* These are anecdotes you will never meet with

with in your weekly travels from Cateaton-street to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

*R. Weal.* And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal spendthrift proceeds, will soon be the only seat of the family.

*Sir Will.* May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce!

*R. Weal.* I do. None at all.

*Sir Will.* Why so?

*R. Weal.* Because your means are ill-proportion'd to their end. Were he my son, I would serve him —

*Sir Will.* As you have done your daughter. Discard him. But consider, I have but one.

*R. Weal.* That would weigh nothing with me: for, was Charlotte to set up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, she must expect to share the fate of her sister. I consider families as a smaller kind of kingdoms, and would have disobedience in the one, as severely punished, as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their respective societies.

*Sir Will.* Poor Lucy! But surely you begin to relent. Mayn't I intercede?

*R. Weal.* Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request; but if directly or indirectly, you interfere with my banishment of that wilful, headstrong, disobedient hussy, all ties between us are broke; and I shall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

*Sir Will.* I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

*R. Weal.* I shill attend the issue.

*Sir Will.* You will lend your aid, however?

*R. Weal.* We shall see how you go on.

*Enter Servants.*

*Serv.* A letter, sir.

*Sir Will.* Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it?

*Serv.* The person is without, sir.

*Sir Will.* Bid him wait. [Reads.]

[Exit Serv.

*VOL. I.* I

Worthy

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the person I promis'd to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him *viva voce*. So if you administer a few interrogatories, you will find, by cross-questioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,

Worthy Sir &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. The party's Name is Samuel Shift. He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and most delectable company; as we experience every Tuesday night at our club, the Magpye and Horse-shoe, Fetter-lane.

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias! John.

Enter Servant.

Bid the person, who brought this Letter, walk in. [Exit Serv.] Have you any curiosity, brother?

R. Weal. Not a jot. I must to the Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at Jonathan's. [Exit R. Wealthy.]

Sir Will. You shall hear from me.

Enter Shift and Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [Exit Serv.] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift. I did, sir.

Sir Will. Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, sir.

Sir Will. Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my bus'ness with you?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client he wants to retain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and give you your brief himself: i  
you

you adhere to his instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge you all without taxation.

*Sir Will.* Ha, ha ! my friend Capias to a hair ! Well, sir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But see that the door is shut. Now, sir, you are to—

*Shift.* A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigio's admirer of forms. Now, Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule, to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

*Sir Will.* Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon !

*Shift.* Not that I question'd your generosity ; but forms you know—

*Sir Will.* No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to understand one another a little. Pray, sir, where was you born ?

*Shift.* At my father's.

*Sir Will.* Hum !—And what was he ?

*Shift.* A gentleman.

*Sir Will.* What was your bred ?

*Shift.* A gentleman.

*Sir Will.* How do you live ?

*Shift.* Like a gentleman.

*Sir Will.* Cou'd nothing induce you to unbosom yourself ?

*Shift.* Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a *je ne sais quoi* in your manner, that I will unlock : You shall see me all.

*Sir Will.* You will oblige me.

*Shift.* You must know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations ; who from a taylor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of Light your Honour — A link boy.

*Sir Will.* A pleasant fellow.—Who were your parents ?

*Sbift.* I was produced, sir, by a lefthanded marriage, in the language of the news-papers, between an illustrious lamplighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher —Cat's meat, and dog's meat. —I dare say you have heard my mother, sir. But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me —in the street.

*Sir Will.* Proceed.

*Sbift.* My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school, which has produced many a great man ; the avenues of the Play-house. There, sir, leaning on my extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from foormen, and the art of making and breaking a promise, from their masters. Here, sirrah, light me a cross the kennel —I hope your honour will remember poor Jack. —You ragged rascal, I have no half-pence — I'll pay you the next time I see you —But, lack-a-day, sir that time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

*Sir Will.* Very well.

*Sbift.* To these accomplishments from without the Theatre, I must add one that I obtain'd within.

*Sir Will.* How did you gain admittance there ?

*Sbift.* My merit, sir, that, like my link threw a radiance round me. —A detachment from the headquarters here, took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage, and clipping the candles. There my skill and address was so conspicuous, that it procur'd me the same office the ensuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquir'd intrepidity ; the crown of all my virtues.

*Sir Will.* How did you obtain that ?

*Sbift.* By my post. For I think, sir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

*Sir Will.* Some truth in that.

*Sbift.*

*Shift.* But an unlucky crab-apple, apply'd to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

*Sir Will.* Poor devil !

*Shift.* Broglio and Contades have done the same. But as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher from the rebound.

*Sir Will.* How so ?

*Shift.* My misfortune, sir, mov'd the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man, he took me into his service. To him I owe, what I believe, will make me useful to you.

*Sir Will.* Explain.

*Shift.* Why, sir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which, however, disesteem'd at present, is, by Tully, reckon'd amongst the perfections of an orator ; Mimickry.

*Sir Will.* Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift !

*Shift.* A smattering—But as I was saying, sir, nothing came amiss to my master. Bipeds, or quadrupeds ; rationals, or animals ; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door ; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of the long ear'd brethren in Bunhill-Fields ; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, sir, for two whole years, under this professor, I study'd and starv'd, impoverish'd my body, and pamper'd my mind ; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

*Sir Will.* You have been successful, I hope.

*Shift.* Pretty well. I can't complain. My art, sir, is a pass-par-tout. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [Puts out a pocket-book.] Hum—hum,—Oh ! Wednesday at Mrs Gammut's near Hanover-square ; there, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti ; for her ladyship is in the opera interest : but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sul-

Sustinuto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous party of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarloaf, near the Monument. So sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devour'd within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

*Sir Will.* I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

*Shift.* Command me.

*Sir Will.* You can be secret as well as serviceable?

*Shift.* Mute as a mackrel.

*Sir Will.* Come hither then. If you betray me to my son—

*Shift.* Scalp me.

*Sir Will.* Enough.—You must know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, center'd in one boy.

*Shift.* And, I warrant, he is a hopeful one.

*Sir Will.* No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wished,—my death—

*Shift.* Yes; that's natural enough.

*Sir Will.* Nay, pray,—there would soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

*Shift.* Very melancholy indeed. But families, like besoms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you say.

*Sir Will.* Pr'ythee peace for five minutes.

*Shift.* I am tongue ty'd.

*Sir Will.* Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

*Shift.* Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

*Sir Will.* I am going to tell it you.

*Shift.* Proceed.

*Sir Will.* George, as I have contriv'd it, shall experience

rience all the misery of real ruin, without running the least risque.

*Shift.* Ay, that will be a coup de maître.

*Sir Will.* I have prevail'd upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen—

*Shift.* I don't like a city plot.

*Sir Will.* I tell thee it is my own.

*Shift.* I beg pardon.

*Sir Will.* My brother, I say, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which, he is returned, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

*Shift.* Immediately.

*Sir Will.* No; when at age. Is about three months.

*Shift.* I understand you.

*Sir Will.* Now, sir, guessing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have, in a feign'd character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduc'd to the last extremity; lost even to the most distant hope—

*Shift.* What then?

*Sir Will.* Then will I step in like his guardian-angel, and snatch him from perdition. If, mortify'd by misery, he becomes conscious of his errors, I have sav'd my son; but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out, as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

*Shift.* Bravely resolv'd. But what part am I to sustain in this drama?

*Sir Will.* Why, George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command, by two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my sight they can't deceive me.

*Shift.* Out of your sight!

*Sir Will.* Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science, can slip, shuffle, cog, or cut with the best of 'em.

*Shift.* How do you escape your son's notice?

*Sir Will.* His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.—Why, I wou'd engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourse, after his ill success, to the cent. per cent. gentry, the usurers, for a farther supply.

*Shift.* Natural enough.

*Sir Will.* Pray do you know,—I forget his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He sits every morning from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffee-house; and every evening, from five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple-exchange.

*Shift.* What, little Transfer the broker!

*Sir Will.* The same. Do you know him?

*Shift.* Know him! Ay, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday, he had me turn'd out at a feast in Leather-seller's Hall, for singing Roots for Cuckolds, like a parrot; and wou'd it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

*Sir Will.* You have reason to remember him.

*Shift.* Yes, yes, I recommended a minor to him myself, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and wou'd you believe it, as I hope to be sav'd, we din'd, supp'd, and wetted five and thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Cross-keys, in order to settle abetter terms; and after all, the scoundrel would not lend us a shilling.

*Sir Will.* Cou'd you personate him?

*Shift.* Him! Oh, you shall see me shift into his shamble in a minute: and, with a wither'd face, a bit of a purple nose, a cautionary stammer, and a sleek silver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to speak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimitably well. Have not you something of more consequence for me?

*Sir Will.* I have. Cou'd not you, master Shift, assume another shape? You have attended auctions?

*Shift.* Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a Niger to a nautilus, from the Apollo Belvidere to a butterfly.

*Sir Will.* One of these insinuating, oily orators. I

will

will get you to personate: for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

*Sib.* I will do it.

*Sir Will.* Within I'll give you farther instructions.

*Sib.* I'll follow you.

*Sir Will.* [Going, returns.] You will want materials.

*Sib.* Oh, my dress I can be furnish'd with in five minutes. [Exit *Sir Will.*] A whimsical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of wine!—What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others—Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that, ay, marry is there. Egad before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast; and then if there be but a bold shore and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes, you will meet with your match.

[Exit.]

Enter *Sir George, Loader, and Servant.*

*Sir Geo.* Let the Martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls sent to Hall's to be bitted—You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have just enough left to discharge the baron; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

*Load.* Fire him, a snub-nos'd son of a bitch. Let vant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amongst his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Hussarians.

*Sir Geo.* You had your share, Mr. Loader.

*Load.* Who, I! Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd

to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quarter man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning?

*Sir Geo.* Rather too early. Besides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage a fresh, till our old scores are discharg'd.

*Load.* Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let 'em say what they will. Here, sir, they will vowel you, from father to son, to the twentieth generation. They woud as soon now a-days pay a tradesman's bill, as a play debt. All sense of honour is gone, not a stiver stirring. They could as soon raze the dead as two pounds two ; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals.—What, has Transfer been here this morning?

*Enter Dick.*

*Sir Geo.* Any body here, this morning, Dick?

*Dick.* No body, your honour.

*Load.* Repique the rascal. He promis'd to be here before me.

*Dick.* I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here, between seven and eight.

*Sir Geo.* An early hour for a lady of her calling.

*Dick.* Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally alter'd since we us'd to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford ; wrapt up in flannels ; all over the rheumatise.

*Load.* Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake.

*Dick.* She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the tabernacle ; after the exhortation, she says, she'll call again.

*Sir Geo.* Exhortation ! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilst they only make proselytes from that profession, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert ?

*Dick.* I believe she has some such design upon me ; for she offer'd me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

*Sir Geo.* No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast a fine, sober, psalm-singing countenance ; and when thou hast been

been some time in their trammels, may'st make as able a teacher as the best of 'em.

*Dick.* Laud, sir, I want learning.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, the spirit, the spirit will supply all that, *Dick*, never fear.

*Enter Sir William, as a German baron.*

My dear baron, what news from the Hay-market? What says the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

*Sir Will.* I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing, — I vow to heaven, I was never see de like!

*Sir Geo.* But how did she receive my embassy? What hopes?

*Sir Will.* Why dere was, monsieur le chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people; ah, ah, dought I, by gad I gues your busness. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know a long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand merchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, stick to your shop; or, if you must have de pretty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by gar dat is meat for your master.

*Sir Geo.* Insolent mechanic! — but she despis'd him?

*Sir Will.* Ah, may soy, he is damn'd rich, has beau-coup de guineas; but after de fat wooman was go, I was tell the signora, madam, der is one certain chevalier of this country, who has travell'd, see de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by gar, to have de honour to drow himself at your feet.

*Sir Geo.* Well, well, baron.

*Sir Will.* She aska your name; as soon as I tell her, aha, by gar, dans an instant, she melt like de lomp of sugar:

sugar: she ran to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir Geo. Give it me. [Reads.]

*Les preliminaires d'une traite entre le chevalier Wealthy, and la signora Diamanti.*

A bagatelle, a trifle: she shall have it.

Load. Hark'e, knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read! The eloquence of angels, my dear baron!

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad! I don't understand their Gibberish—What is it in English?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a subsidy treaty, between Sir G. Wealthy, and signora Florenza; that the said signora will resign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, drefs, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told so.

Load. Told so! Why did you never see her?

Sir Geo. No; and possibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey-day! Why what the devil—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare. I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries of this part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion, as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they possess: the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houses, you never inhabit; mistresses, you never enjoy—

Load.

*Load.* And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not surpriz'd at it ; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mrs. Cole to wait upon your honour.

*Sir Geo.* My dear baron, run, dispatch my affairs, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

*Sir Will.* I shall.

*Sir Geo.* Mr. Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the lady ? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

*Load.* Who, old Moll ? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I would not give a six-pence for your signoras. One arnful of good, wholesome British beauty, is worth a ship load of their trapsing, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, baron, how much for the table ? Why she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

*Sir Will.* Ay, ay, dene is her moder, la comphaisante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play ; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish lap-dogs, and de monkey.

*Load.* Strip me, if I woud set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not—

[*Exit Bar.*]

*Sir Geo.* But the lady waits. [*Exit Load.*] A strange fellow this. What a whimsical jargon he talks. Not an idea abstracted from play. To say truth, I am sincerely sick of my acquaintance : But, however, I have the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all distinctions.

*Enter Mrs. Cole, supported by Loader and Dick.*

*Mrs. Cole.* Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

*Load.* Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a snack at your snubs. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Cole.* Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

*Load.* I forget you ! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

*Mrs. Cole.* Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do ? I han't seen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh ! mercy on me, there's a twinge—

*Sir Geo.* What is the matter, Mrs. Cole ?

*Mrs Cole.* My old disorder, the rheumatise ; I han't been able to get a wink of—Oh la ! what, you have been in town these two days ?

*Sir Geo.* Since Wednesday.

*Mrs Cole.* And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man ! But for him I had been a lost sheep ; never known the comforts of a new birth ; no—There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening ? I have kept the green room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

*Load.* What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's. Hey, beldain, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroach ?

*Mrs. Cole.* Bright as a ruby ; and for flavour ! You know the colonel—He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

*Load.* What, and bilk thee of thy share ?

*Mrs. Cole.* Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earn'd thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry : But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsy-turvy.

*Load.* Poor old girl !

*Mrs. Cole.* Ay, I have done with these idle vanities ; my thoughts are fixed upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black ey'd girl, from Rosemary-lane. Ha, ha ! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's

she's such a reprobate——But she'll mend ; her time is not come : all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later ; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no,——Oh !

*Sir Geo.* Not worse, I hope.

*Mrs. Cole.* Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, abed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary, or mint-water in the house ?

*Dick.* A case of French Drams.

*Mrs. Cole.* Heaven defend me ! I would not touch a dram for the world.

*Sir Geo.* They are but cordials, *Mrs. Cole.* Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [Exit *Dick.*]

*Mrs. Cole.* Ay, I am a going ; a wasting and a wasting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows.——No.——When people are mis'd, then they are mourn'd. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably ; and, tho' I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day : Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows ; no knock me down' doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say——Ay, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, no body have said, *Mrs. Cole*, why do you so ? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

*Sir Geo.* Nay, don't weep, *Mrs. Cole.*

*Load.* May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

*Mrs. Cole.* However, it is a comfort after all, to think one has past thro' the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

*Enter Dick with a dram.*

*Load.* Come, haste, Dick, haste ; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper ?

*Mrs. Cole.* Hold, hold, Mr. Loader ! Heaven help you,

*you, I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a  
sip, to keep the gout out of my stomach.*

*Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but  
it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.*

*Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass; my  
hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the  
good creature.*

*Load. We'll pull'd. But now to business. Pr'ythee,  
Moll, did not I see a tight young wench in a linen  
gown, knock at your door this morning?*

*Mrs. Cole. Ay, a young thing from the country.*

*Load. Could we not get a peep at her this even-  
ing?*

*Mrs. Cole. Impossible! She is engag'd to Sir Ti-  
mothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these  
three months.*

*Load. Pho' what signifies such a fellow as that! Tip  
him an old trader, and give her to the knight.*

*Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us,  
where do you expect to go when you die, Mr.  
Loader?*

*Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd her  
brains.*

*Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman  
has wrought a most happy reformation.*

*Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There  
had I been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or  
compass. And had not the good gentleman piloted  
me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck  
against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite  
swallow'd up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the  
precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.—But  
however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a  
young country thing, to-morrow night I believe I can  
furnish you.*

*Load. As how?*

*Mrs. Cole. I have advertis'd this morning, in the  
register-office, for servants under seventeen; and ten  
to one but I light on something that will do.*

*Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.*

*Mrs. Cole.*

*Mrs. Cole.* Truly, consistently with my conscience, I would do any thing for your honour.

*Sir Geo.* Right. *Mrs. Cole,* never lose sight of that monitor. But pray, how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

*Mrs. Cole.* Ever since my last visitation of the gout, Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts, and my wavering ; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and no body to shew me the road. One time, I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us : but it wou'd not do.

*Sir Geo.* Why not?

*Mrs. Cole.* I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent ; and, wou'd you believe it, the barefooted, bald-pate beggars would not give me absolution, without I quitted my business — Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby — Besides, I could not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things ! — Oh, six of them, for a season, would finish my business here, and then I should have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

*Lead.* Brand me, what a country !

*Sir Geo.* Oh, scandalous !

*Mrs. Cole.* O no, it wou'd not do. So, in my last illness, I was wish'd to Mr. Squintum, who slept in with his saving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* Mr. Transfer, sir, has sent to know if your honour be at home.

*Sir Geo.* Mrs. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with with you. But bus'ness, you know —

*Mrs. Cole.* True, Sir George. Mr. Loader, your arm — Gently, oh, oh !

*Sir Geo.* Wou'd you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole ?

*Mrs. Cole.* Not a drop — I shall see you this evening ?

Six

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs Cole. To-morrow I hope to suit you—We are to have, at the tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the register office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely oblig'd to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs Cole. Or if that should not do, I have a tid-bit at home, will suit your stomach. Never brush'd by a beard. Well heaven bleſſ you—Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader—Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently—so, so!

[Exit Mrs. Cole and Loader.

Sir Geo. Dick, shew Mr. Transfer in—Ha, ha, what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual; with what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No wonder these preachers have plenty of proselytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

Enter Loader.

Well, knight, I have housed her; but they want you within, sir.

Sir Geo. I'll go to them immediately.

ACT

## ACT II.

*Enter Dick, introducing Transfer.*

DICK.

Y master will come to you presently.

*Enter Sir George.*

Geo. Mr. Transfer, your servant.

inf. Your honour's very humble. I thought to found Mr. Loader here.

Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr. fer—but take a chair—you have had a long Mr. Loader, I presume, open'd to you the cy of my bus'ness.

inf. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money? 't know, for my part, where all the money is to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorse— was as current as cash. If your uncle Richard would join in this security—

Geo. Impossible.

inf. Ay, like enough. I wish you were of age.

Geo. So do I. But as that will be consider'd in remium—

inf. True, true—I see you understand bus'ness—And what sum does your honour lack at pre-

Geo. Lack!—How much have you brought?

inf. Who, I? Dear me! none.

Geo. Zounds, none!

inf. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Jim Barebones, the tallow-chandler, in Thames-, us'd to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea got there. Then I totter'd away to Nebuchad-r Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happen'd Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, now.

Sir Geo. Why, what the devil can I do?

Trans. Good me, I did not know your honour had been so press'd.

Sir Geo. My honour prest! Yes, my honour is not only prest, but ruin'd, unless I can raise money to redeem it. That blockhead Loader, to depend upon this old doating—

Trans. Well, well, now I declare, I am quite sorry to see your honour in such a taking.

Sir Geo. Damn your sorrow.

Trans. But come, don't be cast down: Tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the same thing.

Sir Geo. How, dear Transfer?

Trans. Why I have, at my warehouse in the city, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowlats, with a curious sortiment of Birmingham hats, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir Geo. Hey!

Trans. And stay, stay, then, again, at my country-house, the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, there's a hundred tun of fine old hay, only damag'd a little last winter, for want of thatching; with forty load of flint stones.

Sir Geo. Well.

Trans. Your honour may have all these for a reasonable profit, and convert them into cash.

Sir Geo. Blubber and blankets? Why, you old rascal, do you banter me?

Trans. Who I? O law, marry heaven forbid.

Sir Geo. Get out of my— you fluttering scoundrel.

Trans. If your honour would but hear me—

Sir Geo. Troop, I say, unless you have a mind to go a shorter way than you came. [Exit Tr. And yet there is something so uncommonly ridiculous in his proposal, that were my mind more at ease.—

Enter Loader.

So, sir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir

Sir Geo. He can't supply me with a shilling ! and wants, besides, to make me a dealer in dowlaſſ.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means, must not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here ! Thrown up the cards, with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, pr'ythee, of what use would his—

Load. Use ! of every use. Procure you the spankers, my boy. I have a broker, that in a twinkling, shall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed !

Load. Indeed ! Ay, indeed. You sit down to hazard, and not know the chances ! I'll call him back.—Holo, Transfer—A pretty, little, busy, bustling—You may travel miles, before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow boys bolt again.

Enter Transfer.

Come hither, little Transfer ; what, man, our Minor was a little too hasty ; he did not understand trap : knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Trans. What I said, was to serve Sir George ; as he seem'd—

Load. I told him so ; well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more. But try, pr'ythee, if thou cou'dst not procure us some of the ready, for prefent spending.

Trans. Let me consider.

Load. Ay, do, come : shuffle thy brains ; never fear the baronet. To let a lord of lands want shiners ; 'tis a shame.

Trans. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend, that us'd to do things in this way.

Load. Who ?

Trans. Statute, the scrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nick'd the chance.

Trans. A hard man, master Loader !

Sir Geo. No matter.

Trans. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir Ge

*Sir Geo.* That is no fault of ours.

*Load.* Well said, knight!

*Transf.* But to save time, I had better mention his terms.

*Load.* Unnecessary.

*Transf.* Five per cent: legal interest.

*Sir Geo.* He shall have it.

*Transf.* Ten, the præmium.

*Sir Geo.* No more words.

*Transf.* Then as you are not of age, five more for ensuring your life.

*Load.* We will give it.

*Transf.* As for what he will demand for the risque—

*Sir Geo.* He shall be satisfy'd.

*Transf.* You pay the attorney.

*Sir Geo.* Amply, amply; Loader, dispatch him.

*Load.* There, there, little Transfer; now every thing is settled. All terms shall be comply'd with, reasonable or unreasonable. What our principal is a man of honour. [Exit Tr.] Hey, my knight, this is doing business. This pinch is a sure card.

*Re-enter Transfer.*

*Transf.* I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

*Load.* Ay, ay; and a handsome present into the bargain, never fear.

*Transf.* Enough, enough.

*Load.* Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hats and Whitney wares.

*Transf.* They shall be forthcoming.—You would not have the hay, with the flints?

*Load.* Every pebble of 'em. The magistrates of the Baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He shall deal them as new pavement. [Exit. Tr.] So, that's settled. I believe knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the last article. I know some traders that will truck: fellows with finery. Not commodities of such clumsey conveyance as old Transfer's.

*Sir Geo.* You are obliging.

*Load.*

*Lead.* I'll do it, boy ; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that shall dispose of 'em all in a crack. [Exit.

*Enter* Dick.

*Dick.* Your uncle, sir, has been waiting some time. *Sir Geo.* He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in. [Exit. *Dick.*] Now for a lecture. My situation sha'n't sink my spirits, however. Here comes the musty trader, running over with remonstrances. I must banter the cit.

*Enter* Richard Wealthy.

*R Weal.* So, sir, what, I suppose, this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilst your presence chamber is crowded with pimps, bawds, and gamesters.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, a proof of my respect, dear uncle. Would it have been decent now, uncle, to have introduced you into such company ?

*R Weal.* Wonderfully considerate ! Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this ? Here I have received by the last mail, a quire of your draughts from abroad. I see you are determin'd our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

*Sir Geo.* Yes, I think I did some credit to my country.

*R Weal.* And how are all these to be paid ?

*Sir Geo.* That I submit to you, dear uncle.

*R Weal.* From me ! — Not a sou's to keep you from the counter.

*Sir Geo.* Why then let the scoundrels stay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which must be discharg'd.

*R Weal.* Here's a diabolical distinction ! Here's a prostitution of words ! — Honour ! 'Sdeath, that a rascal who has pick'd your pocket, shall have his crime gilded with the most sacred distinction, and his plunder punctually paid, whilst the industrious mechanic,

who

who ministers to your very wants, shall have his debt delay'd, and his demand treated as insolent.

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear uncle.

R. Weal. I confess my folly; but make yourself easy; you won't be troubled with many more of my visits. I own I was weak enough to design a short expostulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I shall take care not to squander away any more of it upon you.

Sir Geo. A prudent resolution.

R. Weal. One commission, however, I can't dispense with myself from executing.—It was agreed between your father and me, that as he had but one son and I one daughter—

Sir Geo. Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margery and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! Such was our intention. Now his last will claims this contrast.

Sir Geo. Dispatch, dear uncle.

R. Weal. Why then in a word, see me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What d'ye mean? For me to marry Margery?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo. What, moi-me?

R. Weal. You, you—Your answer, ay or no?

Sir Geo. Why then concisely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or further circumlocution, — No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir Geo. So am I.

R. Weal. But pray if it would not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curiosit. What objections?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have seen her, enquired after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps, I am the stumbling block?

Sir Geo. You have hit it.

R. Weal.

*R. Weal.* Ay, now we come to the point. Well, and pray——

*Sir Geo.* Why it is not so much a dislike to your person, tho' that is exceptionable enough, but your profession, dear nuncle, is an insuperable obstacle.

*R. Weal.* Good lack! And what harm has that done, pray?

*Sir Geo.* Done! So stain'd, polluted, and tainted the whole mass of your blood, thrown such a blot on your 'scutcheon, as ten regular successions can hardly efface.

*R. Weal.* The deuce!

*Sir Geo.* And cou'd you now, consistently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader?

*R. Weal.* Why, indeed, I ask pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, a horrid barbarous scheme!

*R. Weal.* But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the same flesh and blood with your-self, might prove in some measure, a kind of fullers-earth, to scour out the dirty spots contracted by commerce.

*Sir Geo.* Impossible!

*R. Weal.* Besides, here it has been the practice even of peers.

*Sir Geo.* Don't mention the unnatural intercourse! Thank heav'n, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country, where I have been too well instructed in the value of nobility, to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgois. Why, what apology cou'd I make to my children, for giving them such a mother?

*R. Weal.* I did not think of that. Then I must despair, I am afraid.

*Sir Geo.* I can afford but little hopes. The, upon recollection——Is the Grisette pretty?

*R. Weal.* A parent may be partial. She is thought so.

*Sir Geo.* Ah la jolie petite Bourgoise! Poor girl, I sincerely pity her. And I suppose, to procure her

emersion from the mercantile mud, no consideration wou'd be spar'd.

*R. Weal.* Why to be sure, for such an honour, one wou'd strain a point.

*Sir Geo.* Why then not totally to destroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany ; that when a man of distinction engages in commerce, his nobility is suffer'd to sleep.

*R. Weal.* Indeed !

*Sir Geo.* And upon his quitting the contagious connexion, he is permitted to resume his rank.

*R. Weal.* That's fortunate.

*Sir Geo.* So nuncle Richard, if you will sell out of the stocks, shut up your counting-house, and quit St. Mary Ax for Grosvenor-square —

*R. Weal.* What then ?

*Sir Geo.* Why, when your rank has had time to rouse itself, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's person is pleasing, and the purchase money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevail'd upon to restore her to the right of her family.

*R. Weal.* Amazing condescension.

*Sir Geo.* Good-nature is my foible. But, upon my soul, I wou'd not have gone so far for any body else.

*R. Weal.* I can contain no longer. Hear me, spend-thrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head ? —

*Sir Geo.* Hey day, what's the matter now ?

*R. Weal.* And that you derive every acre of your boasted patrimony from your great uncle, a soap-boiler !

*Sir Geo.* Infamous aspersion !

*R. Weal.* It was his bags, the fruits of his honest industry, that preserv'd your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repair'd your tottering hall, from the ruins of which, even the rats had run.

*Sir Geo.* Better our name had perish'd ! Insupportable ! soap-boiling, uncle !

*R. Weal.*

*R. Weal.* Traduce a trader in a country of commerce! It is treason against the community; and, for your punishment, I wou'd have you restor'd to the sordid condition from whence we drew you, and like your predecessors, the Piets, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws, and blackberries.

*Sir Geo.* A truce, dear haberdasher.

*R. Weal.* One pleasure I have, that to this goal you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the sword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the master of your fate. [Exit.]

*Sir Geo.* Insolent mechanic! But that his Bourgois blood wou'd have soil'd my sword—

*Enter Baron and Loader.*

*Sir Will.* What is de matter?

*Sir Geo.* A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dar'd to upbraid me with being sprung from a soap-boiler.

*Sir Will.* Vat, you from the boiler of soap!

*Sir Geo.* Me.

*Sir Will.* Aha, begar, dat is another ting—And harka you, mister monsieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontery—

*Sir Geo.* How!

*Sir Will.* De impertinence to sit down, play wid me?

*Sir Geo.* What is this?

*Sir Will.* A beggarly Bourgois vis-avis, a baron of twenty descents.

*Load.* But baron—

*Sir Will.* Bygar, I am almost ashame to win of such low, a dirty—Give me my monies, and let a me never see your face.

*Load.* Why, but baron, you mistake this thing, I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

*Sir Will.* May be.

*Load.* Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand signior. He was indeed, a good-natur'd obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of soap, tar, and train-oil, he us'd to have it home to his house,

and sell it to his acquaintance for ready money, to serve them.

Sir Will. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Will. Oh, dat, dat is another ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

*Enter Dick.*

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr. Loader.

Load. I come—A pretty son of a bitch, this baron! pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, because his uncle was an oil-man. *[Exit.]*

Sir Will. I beg pardon, chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir Geo. Oh, don't mention it; had the flam been fact, your behaviour was natural enough.

*Enter Loader.*

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir Geo. Shew him in, by all means.

*[Exit Loader.]*

Sir Will. You have affair.

Sir Geo. If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finished in five minutes.

*Enter Loader, with Shift as Smirk.*

Load. Here, master Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, knight, did I not tell you, old Moll was your mark? Here she has brought you a pretty piece of man's meat already; as sweet as a nosegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Dispatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl. *[Exit.]*

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even so. I have, Mr. Smirk, some things of a considerable value, which I want to dispose of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir Geo. Could you assist me?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk.

*Smirk.* We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

*Sir Geo.* Can that be done?

*Smirk.* Every day's practice: it is for the credit of the sale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a gentleman, going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate; though the real party was never master of above two Delft dishes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

*Sir Geo.* Very artificial. But this must be conceal'd.

*Smirk.* Bury'd here. Oh, many an aigrette and solitaire have I sold, to discharge a lady's play-debt. But then we must know the parties; otherwise it might be knockt down to the husband himself. Ha, ha———Hey ho!

*Sir Geo.* True. Upon my word, your profession requires parts.

*Smirk.* No body's more. Did you ever hear Sir George, what first brought me into the business?

*Sir Geo.* Never.

*Smirk.* Quite an accident, as I may say. You must have known my predecessor, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, ay, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man; he would touch you up a lot; there was no resisting him. He wou'd force you to bid, whether you wou'd or no. I shall never see his equal.

*Sir Geo.* You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

*Smirk.* No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me, to vie with that great man. But as I was saying, my predecessor, Mr. Prig, was to have a sale as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly seiz'd with a violent cholic. He sent for me to his bed-side, squeez'd me by the hand; Dear Smirk, said he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will be there; lady Dy Josk, Mrs. Nankyn, the duchess of Dupe, and every body at all: You see my state, it will be impossible for

me to mount. What can I do?—It was not for me, you know, to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At last, looking wishfully at me, Smirk, says he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?—I'll put it to the test, says he; supply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to shew my love, rashly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness. But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me, was a wig; but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment. I resolved to consult my friends. I told them the affair—You hear, gentlemen, what has happen'd; Mr. Prig, one of the greatest men in his way, the world ever saw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the cholic; to-morrow, the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and mignonettes; every body in the world will be there; lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, duchess of Dupe, and all mankind; it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell—They star'd—It is true, gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided: some recommended a tye, others a bag: one mention'd a bob, but was soon overruled. Now, for my part, I own, I rather inclin'd to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of rashness, I resolv'd to take Mrs. Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman fine in figure, high in taste, a superior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her decision?

Smirk. I told her the case—My dear, you know what has happen'd. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholic—the greatest shew this season, to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead. You know the importance of a wig;

wig ; I have ask'd my friends—some recommend a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion ? Why, to deal free, Mr. Smirk, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling face would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyish, deficient in dignity for the solemn occasion ; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both.—I'll be hang'd, if you don't mean a major. I jumpt at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the tryal. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber utensil, in Chelsea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh ; but I got thro' it. Her grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk addressing herself to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day as I may say. I remember, Dr. Trifle call'd it enthusiastic, and pronounc'd it a presage of my future greatness.

Sir Geo. What was that ?

Smirk. Why, sir, the lot was a Guido ; a single figure, a marvellous fine performance ; well preserv'd, and highly finish'd. It stuck at five and forty ; I, charm'd with the picture, and piqu'd at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty ?—Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus, to start from the canvass and fall a bidding. A general plaudit ensu'd, I bow'd, and in three minutes knock'd it down at sixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a stroke at least equal to your master.

Smirk O dear me ! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner too was inimi-

tably fine. I remember, they took him off at the playhouse, some time ago; pleasant, but wrong. Public characters shou'd not be sported with—They are sacred—But we lose time.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

*Smirk.* We shall see you. There will be a world of company. I shall please you. But the great nicely of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine skins round the room. Some bidders are shy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be surpris'd—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho!

[Exit.

A C T

## ACT III.

*Enter Sir George and Loader.*

Sir GEORGE.

**A** Most infernal run. Let's see, (Pulls out a card.) Loader a thousand, the Baron two, Tally—Enough to beggar a banker. Every shilling of Transfer's supply exhausted! nor will even the sale of my moveables prove sufficient to discharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plung'd me! And no resource?

*Loader.* Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; she has brought the tid-bit I spoke of. Shall I bid her send her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do.

[Exit Loader.]

*Enter Mrs. Cole and Lucy.*

Mrs. Cole. Come along, Lucy. Your bashful baggage, I thought I had silenc'd your scruples. Don't you remember what Mr Squintum said? A woman's not worth saving, that won't be guilty of a swinging sin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your management. She is young, tender, and timid; does not know what is for her own good: but your honour will soon teach her. I wou'd willingly stay, but I must not lose the lecture.

[Exit.]

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward—Can't produce her publicly as mine; but she will do for private amusement—Will you be seated, miss?—Dumb! quite a picture! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch—Will you be so kind, Ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair?—Come, pr'ythee, why so coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you—Come, miss.

K 5

Lucy.

*Lucy.* O, sir.

*Sir Geo.* Child!

*Lucy.* If you have any humanity, spare me.

*Sir Geo.* In tears! What can this mean? Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'e, my dear, you may save this piece of pathetic for another occasion. It won't do with me; I am no novice—So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg

*Lucy.* Indeed you wrong me, sir; indeed you do.

*Sir Geo.* Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpose?

*Lucy.* A shameful one. I know it all, and yet believe me, sir, I am innocent.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, I don't question that. Your pious patroness is a proof of your innocence.

*Lucy.* What can I say to gain your credit? And yet, sir, strong as appearances are against me, by all that's holy, you see me here, a poor distressed, involuntary victim.

*Sir Geo.* Her style's above the common class; her tears are real.—Rise, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

*Lucy.* Say then I am safe.

*Sir Geo.* Fear nothing.

*Lucy.* May heaven reward you. I cannot.

*Sir Geo.* Pr'ythee, child, collect yourself, and help me to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

*Lucy.* None.

*Sir Geo.* You know Mrs. Cole?

*Lucy.* Too well.

*Sir Geo.* How came you then to trust her?

*Lucy.* Mine, sir, is a tedious, melancholy tale.

*Sir Geo.* And artless too?

*Lucy.* As innocence.

*Sir Geo.* Give it me.

*Lucy.* It will tire you.

*Sir Geo.* Not if it be true. Be just, and you will find me generous.

*Lucy.* On that, sir, I rely'd in venturing hither.

Sir

*Sir Geo.* You did me justice. Trust me with all your story. If you deserve, depend upon my protection.

*Lucy.* Some months ago, sir, I was consider'd as the joint heiress of a respectable, wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

*Sir Geo.* His name.

*Lucy.* There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel tho' he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter, suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

*Sir Geo.* I applaud your piety.

*Lucy.* At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man, sordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, tho' mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally cholerick, alienated his affections, and banish'd me his house, destitute and destitute

*Sir Geo.* Wou'd no friend receive you?

*Lucy.* Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides I knew, sir, such a step wou'd be consider'd by my father, as an appeal from his justice. I therefore retir'd to a remote corner of the town, trusting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

*Sir Geo.* How came you to know this woman?

*Lucy.* Accident plac'd me in a house, the mistress of which profess'd the same principles with my insidious conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A constant attendance on their assemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and in return, receiv'd the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accept'd.

*Sir Geo.* Unfortunately indeed!

*Lucy.* By the decency of appearances, I was some time impos'd upon. But an accident, which you will excuse

excuse my repeating, reveal'd all the horror of my situation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts us'd to seduce me: Happily they hitherto have fail'd. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder sir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a gentleman, than the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your security. For tho' I can't boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted virtue; and however unfashionable, a spirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatch'd some pressing business here, I will lodge you in an asylum, sacred to the distresses of your sex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence resu'd from infamy.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Shift.*

Zooks, I have toil'd like a horse; quite tir'd, by Jupiter. And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! And what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an excise-man, I suppose, and so with an ink-horn at my button hole and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppish, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I over-heard his scene with the girl. I think I may trust him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a shame to have him dup'd by this old don. It must not be. I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad I have a thought too, which if my heir apparent can execute, I shall still lie conceal'd, and perhaps, be rewarded on both sides.

I have it,—'tis engend're'd, piping hot.

And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with a plot.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Sir William and Richard Wealthy.*

R. *Weal.* Well, I suppose, by this time you are satisfied

satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your foolery.

*Sir Will.* Got to the catastrophe, good brother.

*R. Weal.* Let us have it over then.

*Sir Will.* I have already alarmed all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables.—Oh, you have my will about you?

*R. Weal.* Yes, yes.

*Sir Will.* It is almost time to produce it, or read him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

*Enter Shift.*

*Shift.* Sir, sir, we are all in the wrong box; our scheme is blown up; your son has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

*Sir Will.* Oh, the bunglers!

*Shift.* Now for it, youngster.

*Enter Sir George, driving in Loader and another.*

*Sir Geo.* Rascals, robbers, that like the locust mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and desolation you leave behind you.

*Loader.* Sir George!

*Sir Geo.* And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep-laid complicated villainy? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and—O sir, are you here?—I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

*Sir Will.* What de devil is de matter?

*Sir Geo.* Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have receiv'd. A baron, a nobleman, a sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when those, whose honour is held as sacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these? [pulls our dice] pretty implements, the fruits of your leisure hours!

*They*

They are dexterously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, secure the door.

*Mrs. Cole, speaking as entering.*

*Mrs. Cole.* Here I am, at last. Well, and how is your honour, and the little gentlewoman ?—Bless me ! what is the matter here ?

*Sir Geo.* I am, madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your share. The little gentlewoman is safe, and in much better hands than you design'd her. Abominable hypocrite ! Who tottering under the load of irreverent age, and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceeds in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most sacred institutions to the most infernal purposes.

*Mrs. Cole.* I hope your honour——

*Sir Geo.* Take her away. As you have been singular in your penitence, you ought to be distinguish'd in your penance ; which, I promise you, shall be most publickly and plentifully bestow'd. [Exit Cole.]

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* The constables, sir.

*Sir Geo.* Let them come in, that I may consign these gentlemen to their care. [To *Sir Will.*] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of justice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

*Sir Will.* Why, don't you know me ?

*Sir Geo.* Just as I guess'd. An impostor. He has recover'd the free use of his tongue already.

*Sir Will.* Nay, but George.

*Sir Geo.* Insolent familiarity ! away with him.

*Sir Will.* Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, set this matter to rights.

*R. Weal.* Don't you know him ?

Sir

Sir Geo. Know him! The very question is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father! Impossible!

Sir Will. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir Geo. My father alive! Thus let me greet the blessing.

Sir Will. Alive! Ay, and I believe I shan't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir Geo. But, dear sir, the report of your death—and this disguise—to what—

Sir Will. Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am sick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir Will. You did so. But if it had not been for those clumsy scoundrels, the plot was as good a plot—O George, such discoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir Geo. Perhaps, sir, I may match 'em.

Sbjt. Sir. [Pulls him by the sleeve.

Sir Geo. Never fear. It is impossible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explain'd; till when, keep 'em in safe custody.—Do you know them sir?

Sir Will. Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentlemen to refund too—But you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir Geo. I can't boast of my goodness, sir, but I think I could produce you a proof, that I am not so totally destitute of—

Sir Will. Ay! Why then pr'ythee do.

Sir Geo. I have, sir, this day, resisted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection.

Sir Will. To what?

*Sir Geo.* I will attend you with the explanation in an instant. [Exit.]

*Sir Will.* Prythee, Shift, what does he mean?

*Shift.* I believe I can gues.

*Sir Will.* Let us have it.

*Shift.* I suppose the affair I overheard just now, a prodigious fine elegant girl, faith; that, discarded by her family, for refusing to marry her grand-father, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you saw, who being the kind caterer for your son's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touch'd with her story, truth and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour, to the protector of her innocence.

*Sir Will.* Look'e there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not so bad at the bottom!

*R. Weal.* This does indeed atone for half the—  
But they are here.

*Enter Sir George and Lucy.*

*Sir Geo.* Fear nothing, madam, you may safely rely on the—

*Lucy.* My father!

*R. Weal.* Lucy!

*Lucy.* O, sir, can you forgive your poor distressed unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been us'd, since my banishment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want, anguish and shame, have been my constant partners.

*Sir Will.* Brother!

*Sir Geo.* Sir!

*Lucy.* Father!

*R. Weal.* Rise, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suffer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What mischief had my rashness nearly completed. Nephew, I scarce can thank you as I ought, but—

*Sir Geo.* I am richly paid, in being the happy instrument—Yet, might I urge a wish—

*R. Weal.* Name it.

Sir

*Sir Geo.* That you would forgive my follies of to-day ; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

*R. Weal.* That must depend on Lucy ; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice—What says your father ?

*Sir Will.* Me ! Oh, I'll shew you in an instant. Give me your hands. There, children, now, you are join'd, and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

*Sir Geo.* I thank you for us both.

*R. Weal.* Happiness attend you.

*Sir Will.* Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

*Shift.* With my assistance, I hope, you'll own, sir.

*Sir Will.* That's true, honest Shift, and thou shalt be richly rewarded ; nay, George shall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, son.

*Sir Geo.* I am no stranger to his abilities, sir. But, if you please, we will retire. The various struggles of this fair sufferer require the soothing softness of a sister's love. And now, sir, I hope your fears for me are over ; for had I not this motive to restrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

Some more estate, and principles, and wit,  
Than brokers, bawds, and gamblers shall think fit.

SHIFT, addressing himself to Sir George.

And what becomes of your poor servant Shift ?  
Your father talks of lending me a lift —————  
A great man's promise, when his turn is serv'd !  
Capon on promises wou'd soon be starv'd :  
No, on myself alone, I'll now rely :  
'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye —————

Near

Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl ; }  
 Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all, }  
 Shut up your shops, and listen to my call. }  
 With labour, toil, all second means dispense, }  
 And live a rent-charge upon Providence. }  
 Pick up your ears ; a story now I'll tell, }  
 Which once a widow, and her child beset, }  
 I knew the mother, and her daughter well ; }  
 Poor, it is true, they were ; but never wanted. }  
 For whatsoe'er they ask'd, was always granted : }  
 One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd, }  
 She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd. }  
 [Child.] Mother, you cry ! [Moth.] Oh, child, I've }  
     got no bread. }  
 [Child.] What matters that ? Why Providence an't }  
     dead ? }  
 With reason good, this truth the child might say, }  
 For there came in at noon, that very day, }  
 Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton, }  
 A better sure a table ne'er was put on : }  
 Ay, that night be, ye cry, with those poor souls ; }  
 But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals. }  
 And d'ye deserve it ? How d'ye spend your days ? }  
 In pastimes, prodigality, and plays ! }  
 Let's go see Foote ! ah, Foote's a precious limb ! }  
 Old-nick will soon a football make of him ! }  
 For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove, }  
 Think you to meet with side-boxes above ? }  
 Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may fit, }  
 No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit, }  
 And croud the house for Satan's benefit. }  
 Oh ! what you snivel ? well, do so no more, }  
 Drop, to atone, your money at the door, }  
 And, if I please, — I'll give it to the poor. }  
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THE  
MAID OF BATH.

A  
COMEDY.

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## P R O L O G U E,

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

WHO but has read, if you have read at all,  
Of one, they *Jack the Giant-killer* call ?  
He was a bold, stout, able-bodied man,  
To clear the world of *fee, faw, sum*, his plan,  
Whene'er a *monster* had within his power  
A young and tender *virgin* to devour,  
To cool his blood, *Jack*, like a skilful *surgeon*,  
Bled well the *monster*, and releas'd the *virgin* :  
Like the best doctors, did a method learn,  
Of curing fevers never to return.  
Mayn't I this *Giant killing* trade renew ?  
I have my *virgin* and my *monster* too.  
Tho' I can't boast, like *Jack*, a list of slain,  
I wield a lancet and can breathe a vein :  
To his Herculean arm my nerves are weak,  
He cleft his foes, I only make mine squeak :  
As Indians wound their slaves to please the court,  
I'll tickle mine, great *Sirs*, to make you sport.  
To prove myself an humble imitator  
*Giants* are *ties*, and *Jack* stands for *satire* :  
By tropes and figures, as it fancy suits,  
*Passions* rise *monsters*, men sink down to *brutes* ;  
All talk and write in allegoric diction,  
*Court*, *city*, *town* and *country* run to *fiction* !  
Each daily paper allegory teaches—  
*Placemen* are *locusts*, and *contractors* *leeches* :  
Nay, even *Change Alley*, where no bard repairs,  
Deals much in *fiction* to pass off their wares ;  
For whence the roaring there ?—from *bulls* and }  
bears ! }  
The

## P R O L O G U E.

The gaming fools are *doves*, the *knaves* are *rooks*,  
*Change-Alley* bankrupts waddle out *lame ducks* !  
But ladies, blame not you your gaming spouses,  
For you, as well as they, have *pigeon houses* ;  
To change the figure, formerly I have been,  
To straggling follies only *whipper-in* ;  
By royal bounty rais'd, I mount the back  
Of my own hunter, and I keep the pack :  
Tallyo !—a rank old *fox* we now pursue,  
So strong the scent, you'll run him full in view :  
If we can't kill such *brutes* in human shape,  
Let's fright 'em, that your *chickens* may escape ;  
Rouse 'em, when o'er their tender prey they're grum-  
bling,  
And rub their gums at least to mar their *mugbling*.

Dra-

## Dramatis Personæ.

Sir CHRISTOPHER CRIPPLE,	Mr. Moody.
Mr. FLINT,	Mr. Foote.
Major RACKET,	Mr. Aickin.
BILLY BUTTON,	Mr. Weston.
PETER POULTICE,	Mr. Fearon.
FILLUP,	Mr. Davis.
Mynheer, SOUR CROUT	Mr. Castle.
Mons. de JARSEY,	Mr. Lloyd.
JOHN,	Mr. Jacobs.
Lady CATHERINE COLDSTREAM,	Mrs. Fearon.
Mrs. LINNET,	Miss Platt.
Miss LINNET,	Mrs. Jewel.
Maid,	Mrs. Weston.

Waiters, &c.



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THE  
M A I D O F B A T H.

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A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*The Bear Inn, at Bath.*

*Enter Fillup.*

WHY John, Roger, Raphy, Harry, Buckle ;  
what the dickens are become of the lads ? Can't  
you hear ?—Zure, zure, these whelps are enough to  
make a man maz'd !

*Enter several Waiters.*

*All.* Coming, Sir.

*Fill.* Coming ! ay, zo be Christmas, I think—where  
be'st thee gwain, boy ? What I reckon thou ca'st not  
zee for thy eyes—here take the candle, and light the  
gentle-folk in.

*Enter John.*

*John.* Carry a couple of candles into the Daphne.

*[Exit Waiter.]*

*Fill.* John, who is it be a come ?

*John.* Major Racket, in a chay and four, from the  
Devizes.

*Fill.* What, the young youth, that last zeason car-  
ry'd away we'un Mrs. Muzlinzes prentice ?—

*John.* Miss Patty Prim from the Grove.—

*VOL. I.*

*L*

*Fill.*

*Fill.* Ay, zure—thee dost know her well enough.

*John* The same.

*Fill.* Zure, zure! then we shall have old doing and by ; he's a deadly wild spark thee dost know—

*John.* But as good a customer as comes to the Bear.

*Fill.* That's zure enough: then why dost not run and light 'em in? Stay, gy I the candle, I woole go and light him in myself.

Racket. *[without.]*

*Rack.* Give the post boys half a guinea between them.

*John.* Ay, there is some life in this chap ; these are your guests that give spirit to Bath : your paralytical people that come down to be parboil'd, and pumped, do no good, that I know, to the town, unless indeed to the physical tribe ; how I hate to see an old fellow hobble into the house, with his feet wrapt in flannel, pushing forth his fingers like a cross in the hands to point out the different roads on a common—bush!

*Enter Racket and Fillup.*

*Fill.* I hope, master, you do zee your way ; there be two steps you do know ; well zure, I be heartly glad to zee your honour at Bath.

*Rack.* I thank you, my honest friend Fillup ; what have you many people in town ?

*Fill.* There ben't a power, please your honour, at present ; some zick folk that do no zort of zarvis, and a few layers that come off a-zircuit, that's all.

*Rack.* Birds of passage, ha, Fillup !

*John.* True, sir ; for at the beginning of term, when the woodcocks come in, the othe's fly off.

*Rack.* Are you there, honest Jack ?

*John.* And happy to see your honour in town.

*Rack.* Well, master Fillup, and how go you on ?—Any clubs fixed as yet ?

*Fill.* No, Zir, not to zay fix'd ; there be Parson Pulruddock from the Land's End ; Master Evan Thomas, a Welch attorney, two Bristol men, and a few

port

port drinking people that dine every day in the Lion ; the claret club ben't expected down till the end of the next week—

*Rack.* Any body in the house that I know ?

*Fill.* Yes, zure—behind the bar, there be Sir Christopher Cripple, fresh out of a fit of the gout, drinking a drop of punch along wy mester Peter Poultice, the potter carrier on the Parade.

*Rack.* The gazettes of the Bath, the very men I want ; give my compliments to the gentlemen, and tell them I shall be glad of their company—but perhaps it may be troublesome for Sir Christopher ?

*Fill.* No, no, not at all, at present, he is a little tender for zure, but I warrant ua he'll make a shift to hobble into the room.

[*Exit* Fillup.]

*Rack.* Well, Jack, and how fares it with you ? you have throve I hope since I saw you ?

*John.* Throve ! no, no, Sir ; your honour knows that during the summer, taverns and turnspits have but little to do at Bath.

*Rack.* True ; but what is become of your colleague, honest Ned, I hope he has not quitted his place ?

*John.* The share he had in your honour's intrigue with Miss Prim, soon made this city too hot for poor Ned.

*Rack.* Then why did not the fool go to London with me ? The fellow has humour, spirit, and sings a good song. I intended to have recommended him to one of the theatres.

*John.* Why, sir, Ned himself had a bias that way ; but his uncle, Alderman Surfingle the sadler, a piece of a puritan, would not give his consent.

*Rack.* Why not ?

*John.* He was afraid that kind of life might corrupt or endanger Ned's morals ; so he has set him up in a Bagnio at the end of Long-Acre.

*Rack.* Nay, if the fellow fails after such a security—

*Enter Sir Christopher Cripple, Fillup and Peter Poultice.*

*Sir Cbr.* [without] At what a rate the rascal is running? Zounds! I believe the fellow thinks I can foot it as fast as Eclipse; flower and be—Where is this rakehelly rantipole?—Jack, set me a chair. So, sir, you must possess a good share of assurance to return to this town after the tricks you have played—Fillup, fetch in the punch—Well, you ungracious young dog, and what is become of the wench? Poor Patty! and here too my reputation is ruined as well as the girl's.

*Rack.* Your reputation! that's a good jest.

*Sir Cbr.* Yes, sirrah, it is: and all owing to my acquaintance with you; I forsooth, am called your adviser; as if your contriving head and profligate heart stood in need of any assistance from me.

*Rack.* Well but my dear Sir Kit, how can this idle stuff affect you?

*Sir Cbr.* How? easy enough; I will be judged now by Poultice—Peter, speak the truth; before this here blot in my escutcheon, have you not observed when I went to either a ball or breakfasting, how eager all the girls gathered round me, gibing and joking, and giggling; gad take me as facetious and free as if I were their father.

*Poul.* Nothing but truth.

*Fill.* That's truth, to my certain knowledge, for I have seen the woman folk tittering, 'till they were ready to break their zides when your honour was throwing your double tenders about.

*Sir Cbr.* True, honest Fillup—before your curst affair, neither maid, widow, or wife was ashamed of conversing with me; but now, when I am wheeled into the room, not a soul under seventy will venture within ten yards of my chair; I am shunned worse than a leper in the days of King Lad; an absolute hermit in the midst of a croud; speak, Fillup, is not this a melancholy truth?

*Fill.* Very molycolly zure—

*Sir Cbr.*

Sir Cbr. But this is not all ; the crop-eared curs of the city have taken into their empty heads to neglect me ; formerly Mr. Mayor could not devour a custard, but I receiv'd a civil card to partake ; but now, the rude rascals, in their bushy bobs, brush by me without deigning to bow ; in short, I do not believe I have had a corporation crust in my mouth for these six months : you might as well expect a minister of state at the Mansion House as see me at one of their feasts.

*Fill.* His honour tells nothing but truth.

Sir Cbr. So that I am almost famished as well as forsaken.

*Fill.* Quite famish'd, as a body may zay, mester.

Sir Cbr. Oh ; Tom, Tom, you have been a cursed acquaintance to me ; what a number of fine turtle and fat haunches of venison has your wickedness lost me.

Rack. My dear Sir Kit, for this I merit your thanks ; how often has Dr. Carawitchet told you, that your rich food and champaigne would produce nothing but poor health and real pain ?

Sir Cbr. What signifies the prattle of such a punning puppy as he ? What I suppose, you would starve me, you scoundrel ? When I am got out of one fit, how the devil am I to gather strength to encounter the next ? Do you think it is to be done by sipping and slopping ? [drink.] But no matter ; look you, Major Racket, all between us is now at an end ; and, sir, I should consider it as a particular favour if you would take no further notice of me ; I sincerely desire to drop your acquaintance, and as for myself, I am fixed, positively fixed, to reform.

Rack. Reform ! ha, ha.

Sir Cbr. Reform ; and why not ? You shall see, the whole city shall see ; as soon as ever I get to my lodgings, I will send for Luke Lattitat and Codicil, and make a handsome bequest to the hospital.

Rack. Stuff—

Sir Cbr. Then I am resolved to be carried every day to the twelve o'clock prayers, at the Abbey, and regularly twice of a Sunday.

*Rack.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Cbr.* Ha, ha, ha ; you may laugh, but I'll be daun'd if I don't ; and it all this don't recover my credit, I am determined, besides, to hire a house in Harlequin-Row, and be a constant hearer at the Countess's Chapel—

*Rack.* And so, perhaps, turn out a field-preacher in time.

*Sir Cbr.* I don't know but I may.

*Rack.* Well, then, my dear Sir Christopher, adieu ; but if we must part, let us part as friends should, not with dry lips, and in anger ; Fillup, take care of the Knight [Fillup fills the glasses.] Well, faith, my old croney, I can't say but I am heartily sorry to lose you ; many a brave batch have we broach'd in our time.

*Sir Cbr.* True, Tom, true.

*Rack.* Don't you remember the bout we had at the Tufts, in the days of Plump Jack ? I shall never forget, after you had felled old Falstaff with a pint bumper of Burgundy, how you bestrode the prostrate hero, and in his own manner cried, Crown me ye spirits that delight in generous wine.

*Sir Cbr.* Vanity, mere vanity, Tom, nothing but vanity.

*Rack.* And then another day at the—but replenish, Fillup, the bowl is not empty.

*Sir Cbr.* Enough, enough.

*Rack.* What, don't flinch, man—it is but to finish the come, Sir Christopher, one tender squeeze.

*Sir Cbr.* Take care of my hand ; none of your old tricks, you young dog.

*Rack.* Gentle as the lick of a lap-dog ; there—What a clock is it, Fillup ?

*Fill.* I'll tell you, master, [looks on his watch.] just turn'd a six—

*Rack.* So soon ; hang it, Sir Kit, it is too early to part ; come, what say you to one supper more ? but one to the sacred feelings of friendship—honest Fillup knows your taste, he will toss you up a—

Sir

Sir Cbr. Not a morsel, Tom, if you would give me the universe.

Rack. Poh, man! only a Sandwich or so—Fillup, what have you got in the house?

Fll. A famous John Dorey, two pair of soles, and there be a joint of Lansdown mutton; and then, you do know, my Molly, be famous in making marrow puddens.

Rack. A fine bill of fare—Come, Knight, what do you choose?

Sir Cbr. Me! why you seem to have forgot what I told you just now—

Rack. Your design to reform—not at all; and I think you are quite right; perfectly so, as I hope to be saved; but what needs all this hurry? to-morrow is a new day, it will then be early enough—Fillup, send us in just what you will.

Sir Cbr. You are a coaxing, cajoling young dog—Well, if it must be so, Fillup, it must; Fillup, get me an anchovy toast, and do you hear, and a red herring or two, for my stomach is damnable weak.

Fll. I shall, to be sure. [Exit.]

Rack. So that's settled—now, Poultice, come forward; well, my blades, and what news have you, stirring amongst you?

Poul. Except a little run of sore throats about the beginning of Autumn, and a few feeble fellows that dropt off with the leaves in October, the town is tolerable—

Rack. Pox of the dead and the dying; but what amusements have you got for the living?

Poul. There is the new play-house, you know—

Rack. True; but as to the musical world, what hopes have we there? any of the opera people among you? apropos—what is become of my little flame, La Petite Rosignole, the lively little Linnet? is she still—

Sir Cbr. Lost, totally lost—

Rack. Lost! what left you? I am sorry for that—

*Sir Cbr.* Worse, worse.

*Rack.* I hope she an't dead.

*Sir Cbr.* Ten thousand times worse than all that.

*Rack.* How the deuce can that be?

*Sir Cbr.* Just going to be buried alive—to be married.

*Rack.* Poh! is that all? That ceremony was, indeed, formerly looked upon as a kind of metaphysical grave, but the system is changed, and marriage is now considered as an entrance to a new and better kind of life.

*Sir Cbr.* Indeed!

*Rack.* Pshaw! who talks now of the drudgery of domestic duties, of nuptial chains, and of bonds—mere obsolete words; they did well enough in the dull days of Queen Bets; but a modern lass puts on fetters to enjoy the more freedom, and pledges her faith to one, that she may be at liberty to bestow her favours on all.

*Sir Cbr.* What vast improvements are daily made in our morals! what an unfortunate dog am I to come into the world at least half a century too soon! what would I give to be born twenty years hence! there will be dam'd fine doings then, hey Tom? But I'm afraid our poor little girl won't have it in her power to profit by these prodigious improvements.

*Rack.* Why not?

*Sir Cbr.* Oh, when once you hear the name of her partner—

*Rack.* Who is it?

*Sir Cbr.* An acquaintance of yours—only that old fusty, shabby, shuffling, money-loving, water-drinking, mirth-marrying, amorous old hunk, Master Solomon Flint.

*Rack.* He that enjoys—I mean owns, half the farms in the country.

*Sir Cbr.* He, even he.

*Rack.* Why, he is sixty at least; what a filthy old goat! but then, how does this design suit with his avarice? the girl has no fortune.

*Sir Cbr.* No more than what her talents will give her.

*Rack.* Why, the poltroon does not mean to profit by them?

*Sir Cbr.* Perhaps, if his family should chance to increase—but I believe his main motive is the hopes of an heir.

*Rack.* For which he must be indebted to some of his neighbours; in that point of light, indeed, the matter is not so much amiss; it is impossible she can be fond of the fellow, and it is very hard, with the opportunities that this place will afford, if, in less than a month, I don't—

*Sir Cbr.* This place; why you don't think he'll trust her here for an hour?

*Rack.* How!

*Sir Cbr.* Not a moment; the scheme is all settled; the rumbling old family-coach carries her immediately from the church door to his moated, haunted old house in the country.

*Rack.* Indeed!

*Sir Cbr.* Where, besides the Argus himself, she will be watched by no less than two brace of his sisters, four as malicious, musty old maids as ever were soured by solitude, and the neglect of the world.

*Rack.* A guard not to be corrupted or cozened. Why, Sir Christopher, in a christian country, this must not be suffered—What? a miserable tattered old fellow like him to monopolize such a tempting creature as her!

*Sir Cbr.* A diabolical plan.

*Rack.* Besides, the secluding, and immuring a girl possessed of her elegant talents, is little better than robbing the world.

*Sir Cbr.* Infamous! worse than a rape; but where are the means to prevent it?

*Rack.* Much might be done, if you would lend us your aid.

*Sir Cbr.* Me! of what use can I—and so, you rascal, you want to employ me again as your pimp?

*Rack.* You take the thing wrong; I only wish you to stand forth, my dear Knight, and like myself, be the protector of innocence, and a true friend to the public.

*Sir Cbr.* A true friend to the public! a fine stalking horse that; but I fear, like other pretenders, Tom, when your own private purpose is served, the poor public will be left in the lurch: but, however, the poor girl does deserve to be saved, and if I could do any thing not inconsistent with my plan of reforming—

*Rack.* That was spoke like yourself—upon what terms are you and Flint at present?

*Sir Cbr.* Oil and vinegar are not so opposite.

*Rack.* Poultice, you smoke a pipe with him sometimes; pray who are your party?

*Poul.* Mynheer Sour Crout, Monsieur de Jersey the port manufacturer, Billy Button the taylor, master Flint and I, most evenings take a whiff here.

*Rack.* Are you all in his confidence on this great occasion?

*Poul.* Upon this case we have had consultations, but Billy Button is first in his favour, he likes his prescription the best.

*Rack.* From this quarter we must begin the attack; could we not contrive to convene this illustrious senate to-night?

*Poul.* I should think easily enough.

*Rack.* But before you meet here.

*Poul.* Without doubt.

*Rack.* My dear Poultice, will you undertake the commission?

*Poul.* I will feel their pulses, to oblige Sir Christopher Cripple.

*Sir Cbr.* But, Peter, dost really think this rash fool is determined?

*Poul.* I believe, Sir Christopher, he is firmly persuaded, that nothing will allay this uncommon heat in his blood, but swallowing the pill matrimonial.

*Rack.* We must contrive at least to take off the gilding,

g, and see what effect that will have on his courage.

*[Exit Poultice.]*

Sir Cbr. Well, Major, unfold; what can you mean by this meeting?

Rack. Is it possible you can be at a loss, you who have so long studied mankind?

Sir Cbr. Explain.

Rack. Can't you conceive what infinite struggles must have been felt by this fellow before he could muster up courage to engage in this dreadful perilous state?—How often have you heard the proverbial saying, that marriage was fishing for a single eel among a barrel of snakes? What infinite odds, that you laid hold of the eel, and then a million to one but he slips through your fingers?

Sir Cbr. True, true.

Rack. Can't you, then, guess what will be his feelings and fears when it comes to the push? Do you think the public opinion, his various doubts of himself, and of her, the pride of his family, and the loud claims of avarice, his ruling passion 'till now, won't prove near an equipoise to his love?

Sir Cbr. Without doubt.

Rack. At the critical period, won't the concurring advice of all his associates, think you, destroy the balance at once?

Sir Cbr. Very probably, Tom, I confess.

Rack. As to our engines, there is no fear of them; Billy Button you have under your thumb; I'll purchase a pipe of port of De Jarsey, and we are sure of old Sour Crout for a hamper of hock.

Sir Cbr. Right, right; but after all, what is to become of the girl? Come, Tom, I'll have no foul play shewn to her.

Rack. Her real happiness is part of my project.

*[Enter Fillup.]*

Fill. Here be Myaher Sour Crout and Mounseer De Jarsey a come.

Sir Cbr. We will attend them—only think, Tom, what

what a villain you will be to make me the secret instrument of any more mischief.

*Rack.* Never fear.

*Sir Cbr.* Particularly too, now I am fixed to reform.

*Rack.* It would be criminal in the highest degree.

*Sir Cbr.* Ay, not your hypocritical face—I am half afraid to trust you; I'll be hanged if you ha'n't some wicked design yourself on the girl; but however, I wash my hands of the guilt.

*Rack.* My dear knight, don't be so squeamish; but —the gentlemen within—stay—who have we here—Ah, my old friend Master Button.

*Enter Button.*

*Butt.* Your worship is welcome to town—but where is Sir—Oh—I understood as how your honour had sent for me in a hurry—I should have brought the patterns before if I had them—the worst of my enemies can't say but Billy Button is punctual—here they be—I received them to-night by Wiltshire's waggon, that flies in eight days.

*Sir Cbr.* To-morrow, Billy, will do; take a seat.

*Butt.* I had rather stand—

*Sir Cbr.* I wanted to talk to you upon another affair —what I suppose, you are very busy at present?

*Butt.* Vaft busy, your honour.

*Cbr.* This marriage, I reckon, takes up most of your time.

*Butt.* Your honour!

*Rack.* Miss Lianet, and your old master Flint, you know.

*Butt.* O! Ay! but the 'squire does not intend to cut a dash till the spring.

*Sir Cbr.* No!—nothing happen'd. I hope affairs are all fixed?

*Butt.* As a rock—I am sure now, it can't fail; because why, I have peremptory orders to scour and new line the coachman and footman's old frocks; and

and am, besides, to turn the lace, and fresh button the suit his honour made up twenty years ago comes next Lent, when he was sheriff for the county.

*Rack.* Nay, then it is determined—

*Butt.* Or he would never have gone to such an expence.

*Sir Cbr.* Well, Billy, and what is your private opinion, after all, of this match?

*Butt.* It is not becoming, your honour knows, for a tradesman like me to give his—

*Rack.* Why not? don't you think now, Billy, it is a bold undertaking for a man at his time of life?

*Butt.* Why, to be sure his honour is a little stricken in years, as a body may say; and take all the care that one can, time will wear the nap from even superfine cloth: stitches tear, and elbows will out, as they say—

*Sir Cbr.* And besides, Bill, the bride's a mere baby—

*Butt.* Little better, your honour; but she is a light bit of stuff, and I am confident will turn out well in the wearing.—I once had some thoughts myself of taking measure of Miss—

*Rack.* Indeed!

*Butt.* Yes; and, to my thinking, had made a pretty good progress; because why, at church of a Sunday she suffered me to look for the lessons, and moreover, many a time and oft we have sung psalms out of the very same book.

*Rack.* That was going a great way.

*Butt.* Nay, besides, and more than all that, she has at this precious minute of time a pincushion by her side of my own presentation.

*Rack.* Ay; and how came the treaty broke off?

*Butt.* Why, who should step in, in the nick but the very squire himself?

*Sir Cbr.* I am afraid, Bill, your beauty is a little bit of the jilt.

*Butt.* No, your worship, it is all along with her mother;

ther; cause her great aunt, by her father's side was a clergyman's daughter, she is as pragmatic and proud as the Pope; so, forsooth, nothing will please her for Miss, but a bit of quality binding.

*Rack.* I knew the refusal could not come from the girl; for, without a compliment, Billy, there is no comparison between you and she—why, you are a pretty, slight, tight, light, nimble—

*Butt.* Yes—very nimble and slight, and we are both of a height, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Cbr.* Why love has made Billy a poet.

*Butt.* No, no, quite an accident, as I hoped to be kissed.

*Rack.* And your rival is a fusty, foggy, lumbering log.

*Butt.* For all the world like my goose; plaguy hot and damp'd heavy, your honour.

*Sir Cbr.* Why, Billy blazes to-day.

*Butt.* And though my purse, mayhap, be'n't so heavy as his'n, yet I contrive to pay every body their own.

*Rack.* I dare say.

*Butt.* Ay, and have besides two houses in Ayon-street; and, perhaps, a bit or two of land in a corner.

*Sir Cbr.* O! the curmudgeonly rogue!

*Butt.* And moreover, if Madam Linnet talks of families, I would have her to know that I have powerful relations as well as herself—there's Tommy Button, my uncle's own son, that has an employment under the government—

*Sir Cbr.* Ay, Billy, what is it?

*Butt.* At this very time he is an exciseman at Wapping; and besides, there is my cousin Paul Puff, that kept the great pastry cook's shop in the Strand, now lives at Brentford, and is made a justice of the peace.

*Rack.* As this is the case, I don't think it will be difficult yet to bring matters to bear.

*Sir Cbr.* If Billy will but follow directions.

*Butt.* I hope your honour never found me deficient.

*Sir Cbr.* We will instruct you farther within. Major Racket, your hand.

*Butt.*

*Butt.* Let me help you ; folks may go farther and fare worse, as they say—why, I have some thoughts, if I can call in my debts, to retire into the country, and set up for a gentleman.

*Rack.* Why not ? one meets a great number of them who were never bred to the business.

*Butt.* I an't much of a mechanic at present ; I does but just measure and cut.

*Rack.* No !

*Butt.* I don't think that I have sat cross-leg'd for these six years.

*Rack.* Indeed !

*Butt.* And who can tell, your honour, in a few years, if I behaves well, but like cousin Puff, I may get myself put in the commission.

*Sir Cbr.* The worshipful William Button, Esquire— it sounds well, I can tell you, Billy ; there have been magistrates made of full as bad materials as you.

ACT

## A C T II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Mrs. Linnet and Miss.*

*Mrs. Lin.*

YES, Kitty, it is in vain to deny it. I am convinced there is some little, low, paltry passion that lurks in your heart.

*Miss Lin.* Indeed, my dear mother, you wrong me.

*Mrs. Lin.* Indeed, my dear Miss, but I don't; what else could induce you to reject the addresses of a lover like this? Ten thousand pounds a year! Gads my life, there is not a lady in town would refuse him, let her rank be ever so—

*Miss Lin.* Not his fortune, I firmly believe.—

*Mrs. Lin.* Well; and who now-a-days marries any thing else? Would you refuse an estate, because it happen'd to be a little incumber'd? You must consider the man in this case as a kind of mortgage.

*Miss Lin.* But the disproportion of years—

*Mrs. Lin.* In your favour, child; the incumbrance will be the sooner remov'd—

*Miss Lin.* Then, my dear mother, our minds; how very widely they differ; my nature is liberal and frank, though I am but a little remov'd from mediocrity; his heart in the very bosom of wealth, is shut to every social sensation—

*Mrs. Lin.* And yet, Miss, this heart you have had the good luck to unlock. I hope you don't urge his offers to you as a proof of his passion for money? why you forget yourself, Kate? who, in the name of wonder, do you think you are? What, because you have a baby face, and can bawl a few ballads—

*Miss*

*Miss Lin.* Nay, madam, you know I was never vain of my talents ; if they can procure me a decent support, and in some measure repay my father and you for their kind cultivation——

*Mrs. Lin.* And how long are you sure your talents, as you call 'em, will serve you.—Are a set of features secure against time ? won't a single sore throat destroy the boasted power of your pipe ? But suppose that should not fail, who can insure you against the whim of the public ; will they always continue their favour ?

*Miss Lin.* Perhaps not.

*Mrs. Lin.* What must become of you then ? now by this means you are safe, above the reach of ill-fortune ; besides, child, to put your own interest out of the question, have you no tender feelings for us ? Consider, my love, you don't want for good nature ; your consent to this match will, in the worst of times, secure a firm, an able friend to the family.

*Miss Lin.* You deceive yourself, indeed, my dear mother ; be, a friend ! I dare believe the first proof you will find of his friendship, will be his positive commands to break off all correspondence with every relation I have.

*Mrs. Lin.* That's a likely story indeed——Well, child, I must set your father to work, I find what little weight my arguments have.

[*Lady Catherine Coldstream, without.*

Is *Mrs. Linnet* within ?

*Mrs. Lin.* Oh ! here comes a protectress of yours, *Lady Catherine Coldstream*, submit the matter to her, she can have no views, is well read in the ways of the world, and has your interest sincerely at heart.

*Enter Lady Catherine Coldstream.*

*La. Catb.* How is aw wi you, Mefress Linnet and Miss ? what a dykens is the matter wi Miss——she seems got quite in the dumps ; I thought you were aw ready to jump out of your skins at the bonny prospect afore you.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Lis.* Indeed, I wish your Ladyship would take Kitty to task, for what I can say signifies nothing.

*La. Catb.* Ah, that's aw wrang; what has been the matter, Miss Kitty? you ken well enow that children owe an implicit concession to their parents—it is na for bairns to litigate the will of their friends.

*Mrs. Lin.* Especially my Lady, in a case where their own happiness is so nearly concern'd; there is no persuading her to accept Mr. Flint's offers.

*La. Catb.* Gad's mercy, Miss, how comes aw this about? dinna you think you haes drawn a braw ticket in the lottery of life; do na' you ken that the mon is a laird of aw the land in the country.

*Miss Lin.* Your Ladyship knows, madam, that real happiness does not depend upon wealth.

*La. Catb.* Ah, Miss, but it is a bonny ingredient; don't you think, Mrs. Linnet, the lass has got some other lad in her head?

*Mrs. Lin.* Your Ladyship joins in judgment with me; I have charg'd her, but she stoutly denies it.

*Lady Catb.* Miss, you munna be bashful; an you solicit a cure, your physician must ken the cause of your malady.

*Miss Lin.* Your Ladyship may believe me, madam, I have no complaint of that kind.

*La. Catb.* The lass is obstinate; Mestress Linnet, cannot yoursel gi a guess?

*Mrs. Lin.* I can't say that I have observ'd—indeed, some time ago, I was inclin'd to believe Mr. Button—

*La. Catb.* What, yon taylor in Stall street; ah, Mrs. Linnet, you are aw out in your guess; the lass is twa weel bred, and twa saucy to gi her heart to fik a burgis as he, Willy Button! nae, he is nae the lad avaw.

*Mrs. Lis.* Major Racket, I once thought; but your Ladyship knows his affairs took a different turn.

*La. Catb.* Ah, Racket! that's another man's matter; lasses are apt enough to set their hearts upon scarlet; a cockade has muckle charms wi our sex; well, Miss, comes the wind fra that corner?

Miss

*Miss Lin.* Does your Ladyship think, to dislike Mr. Flint, it is absolutely necessary to have a prepossession for somebody else?

*La. Catb.* Mrs. Linnet, an you will withdraw for a while, perhaps Miss may throw off her reserve, when there's nobody by but ourselves; a mother, you ken weel, may prove ane too many sometimes.

*Mrs. Lin.* Your Ladyship is most exceedingly kind —d'ye hear, Kitty, mind what her ladyship says, do, my dear, and be rul'd by your friends, they are older and wiser than you. [Exit.]

*La. Catb.* Well, Miss, what's the cause of aw this? what makes you so averse to the will of your friends?

*Miss Lin.* Your ladyship knows Mr. Flint.

*La. Catb.* Ah, unco weel.

*Miss Lin.* Can your Ladyship then be at a loss for a cause?

*La. Catb.* I canna say Mr. Flint is quite an Adonis; but wha is it that in matrimony gets aw they wish? When I internarried with Sir Launcelot Coldstream, I was een sik a spree laiss as yoursel; and the baronet bordering upon his grand climacteric; you mun ken, Miss, my father was so unsaucy as to gang out with Charley in the forty-five. After which, his fidelity was rewarded in France by a commission that did na bring in a bawbee, and a pension that he never was paid.

*Miss Lin.* Infamous ingratitude!

*La. Catb.* Ay, but I dinna think they will find ony mare sic fools in the North.

*Miss Lin.* I hope not.

*La. Catb.* After this, you canna think, Miss, there was mickle filler for we poor bairns that were left; so that, in troth, I was glad to get an establishment; and ne'er heeded the disparity between my guidman and mysel.

*Miss Lin.* Your Ladyship gave great proofs of your prudence; but my affairs are not altogether so desperate.

*La. Catb.* God's-mercy, Miss! I hope you dinna make

make any comparison between Lady Catherine Coldstream, wha has the best blood in Scotland that rins in her veins.

*Miss Lin.* I hope your Ladyship does not suppose—

*La. Cath.* A lady lineally descended from the great Ossian himself, and ally'd to aw the illustrious houses abroad and at home—

*Miss Lin.* I beg, madam, your Ladyship—

*La. Cath.* And Kitty Linnet; a little' play actor, wha gets applauded or hiss'd just e'en as the mobility wulls.

*Miss Lin.* I am extremely concern'd, that—

*La. Cath.* Look'ye, Miss, I will cut matters short; you ken well enow, the first notice that e'er I took of you was in your acting in Allan Ramsay's play of Patie and Roger; ere sin I hae been your fast friend; but an you continue obstinate, and will na succumb, I shall straitwith withdraw my protection.

*Miss Lin.* I shall be extremely unhappy in losing your ladyship's favour.

*La. Cath.* Miss, that depends entirely on yourself.

*Miss Lin.* Well, madam, as a proof how highly I rate it, and how desirous I am of obeying the commands of my parents, it shan't be my fault if their wishes are not accomplish'd.

*La. Cath.* That's aw reeght now, Kitty; gi me a kiss, you are the prudent lass that I thought you. Love, Miss, is a pastime for boys and grown girls; aw stuff, fit for nothing but novels and romances, there is nothing solid, na stability.

*Miss Lin.* Madam—

*La. Cath.* But to fix your fortune at once, to get above the power of the world; that, child, is a serious concern.

*Mrs. Linnet [without.]*

*Mrs. Lin.* With your Ladyship's leave—

*La. Cath.* You may come in, Mrs Linnet; your daughter is brought to a proper sense of her duty, and is ready to coincide with your wish.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Lin.* We are infinitely obliged to your Ladyship ; this is lucky, indeed ; Mr. Flint is now, madam, below, and begs to be admitted.

*La. Catb.* Ah ! the mon comes in the nick : shew him in in the instant. [Exit *Mrs. Linnet*.] Now, Kitty's your time ; dinna be shy, lass, but throw out aw your attractions, and fix him that he canna gang back.

*Miss Lin.* Madam, I hope to behave——

*La. Catb.* Gad's mercy, how the girl trembles and quakes ; come, pluck up a heart, and consider your aw is at stake.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid I shall be hardly able to say a single——

*La. Catb.* Suppose then you sing ; gi him a song, there is nothing moves a love-sick loon mair than a song—[Noise without.] I hear the lad on the stairs ; but let the words be aw melting and soft——the Scotch tunes, you ken, are unco pathetic ; sing him the Birks of Endernay, or the Braes of Balendiae, or the——

*Enter Flint and Mrs. Linnet.*

—Maister Flint, your servant. There sir, you ken the lass of your heart ; I have laid for you a pretty solid foundation, but as to the edifice you muft e'en erect it yoursel. [Exit *Lady Catherine*.]

*Flint.* Please your Ladyship, I will do my endeavours. Madam Linnet, I have made bold to bring you a present, a small paper of tea, in my pocket—you will order the tea-kettle on.

*Mrs. Lin.* O, sir, you need not have——

*Flint.* I won't put you to any expence.

[Exit *Mrs. Linnet*.]

Well, Miss, I understand here by my Lady, that she, that is, that you, with respect and regard to the—ah, ah,—won't you please to be seated ?

*Miss Lin.* Sir ? — My lover seems as confus'd as myself. [Aside.]

*Flint.* I say, Miss, that as I was a saying, your friends here have spoke to you all how and about it.

*Miss Lin.* About it I about what ?

*Flint.*

*Flint.* About this here business that I come about. Pray, Miss, are you fond of the country?

*Miss Lin.* Of the country!

*Flint.* Ay; because why, I think it is the most prettiest place for your true lovers to live in—something so rural; for my part I can't see what pleasure pretty misses can take in galloping to plays and to balls, and such expensive vagaries; there is ten times more pastime in fetching walks in the fields, in plucking of dainties—

*Miss Lin.* Haymaking, feeding the poultry, and milking the cows.

*Flint.* Right, Miss.

*Miss Lin.* It must be own'd they are pretty employments for ladies.

*Flint.* Yes; for my mother used to say, who, between ourselves, was a notable housewife,

Your folks that are idle

May live to bite the bridle.

*Miss Lin.* What a happiness to have been bred under so prudent a parent!

*Flint.* Ay, Miss, you will have reason to say so; her maxims have put many a pound into my pocket.

*Miss Lin.* How does that concern me?

*Flint.* Because why, as the saying is,

'Tho' I was the maker

You may be the partaker.

*Miss Lin.* Sir you are very obliging.

*Flint.* I can tell you, such offers are not every day to be met with; only think, Miss, to have victuals and drink constantly found you, without cost or care on your side; especially now meat is so dear.

*Miss Lin.* Considerations by no means to be slighted.

*Flint.* Moreover, that you may live and appear like my wife, I fully intend to keep you a coach.

*Miss Lin.* Indeed!

*Flint.* Yes; and you shall command the horses whenever you please, unless during the harvest, and when they are employed in plowing and carting; because the main chance must be minded, you know.

*Miss Lin.* True, true.

*Flint.*

*Flint.* Tho' I don't think you will be vastly fond of coaching about, for why, we are off the turnpike, and the roads are deadly deep about we.

*Miss Lin.* What, you intend to reside in the country?

*Flint.* Without doubt; for then, Miss, I shall be sure to have you all to myself.

*Miss Lin.* An affectionate motive;—but even in this happy state, where the most perfect union prevails, some solitary hours will intrude, and the time, now and then, hang heavy on our hands.

*Flint.* What in the country, my dear Miss? not a minute—you will find all pastime and jollity there; for what with minding the dairy, dunning the tenants, preserving and pickling, nursing the children, scolding the servants, mending and making, roasting, boiling and baking, you won't have a moment to spare; you will be merry and happy as the days are long.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid the day will be hardly long enough to execute so extensive a plan of enjoyment.

*Flint.* Never you fear; I am told, Miss, that you write an exceeding good hand.

*Miss Lin.* Pretty well, I believe.

*Flint.* Then, Miss, there is more pleasure in store; for you may employ any leisure time that you have in being my clerk, as a Justice of Peace—you shall share sixpence out of every warrant, to buy any little thing that you want.

*Miss Lin.* That's finely imagined.—As your enjoyments are chiefly domestic, I presume you have contriv'd to make home as convenient as can be; you have, sir, good gardens, no doubt?

*Flint.* Gardens! ay, ay; why before the great parlour window there grows a couple of yews, as tall as a mast and as thick as a steeple; and the boughs cast so delightful a shade, that you can't see your hand in any part of the room.

*Miss Lin.* A most delicate gloom—

*Flint.* And then there constantly roosts in the trees a couple of owls, which I won't suffer our folks to disturb, as they make so rural a noise in the night—

*Miss Lin.*

*Miss Lin.* A most charming duet—

*Flint.* And besides, Miss, they pay for their lodgings, as they are counted very good mousers, you kn w.

*Miss Lin.* True; but within doors, your mansion is capacious, and—

*Flint.* Capacious! yes, yes, capacious enough: you may stretch your legs without crossing the threshold; why, we go up and down stairs into every room of the house—to be sure at present, it is a little out of repair; not that it rains in, where the casements are whole, at above five or six places at present.

*Miss Lin.* Your prospects are pleasing?

*Flint.* From off the top of the leads; for why, I have boarded most of the windows, in order to save paying the tax; but to my thinking, our bedchamber, Miss, is the most pleasantest place in the house.

*Miss Lin.* Oh, sir, you are very polite.

*Flint.* No, Miss, it is not for that; but you must know, that there is a large bow-window facing the east, that does finely for drying of herbs: it is hung round with hatchments of all the folks that have dy'd in the family; and then the pigeon-house is over our heads.

*Miss Lin.* The pigeon-house!

*Flint.* Yes; and there, every morning, we shall be wak'd by day-break, with their murmuring, cooing and courting, that will make it as fine as can be.

*Miss Lin.* Ravishing! Well, sir, it must be confess'd, you have given me a most bewitching picture of pastoral life; your place is a perfect Arcadia—but I am afraid half the charms are deriv'd from the painter's flattering pencil.

*Flint.* Not heighten'd a bit, as yourself shall be judge—and then, as to the company, Miss, you may have plenty of that when you will, for we have as pretty a neighbourhood as a body can wish.

*Miss Lin.* Really.

*Flint.* There is the widow Kilderkin, that keeps the

the Adam and Eve at the end of the town, quite an agreeable body, indeed—the death of her husband has drove the poor woman to tipple a bit—Farmer Dobbin's daughters, and Doctor Surplice, our curate, and wife, a vast conversible woman, if she was not altogether so deaf.

*Miss Lin.* A very sociable set—why, Sir, placed in this paradise, there is nothing left you to wish.

*Flint.* Yes, Miss, but there is—

*Miss Lin.* Ay ; what can that be ?

*Flint.* The very same that our grandfather had—to have a beautiful Eve by my side—Could I lead the lovely Linnet nothing loth to that bower—

*Miss Lin.* Oh, excess of gallantry !

*Flint.* Would her sweet breath but deign to kindle, and blow up my hopes !

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Mr. Flint ! I must not suffer this for your sake ; a person of your importance and rank—

*Flint.* A young Miss of your great merit and beauty—

*Miss Lin.* A gentleman so accomplish'd and rich—

*Flint.* Whose perfections are not only the talk of the Bath, but of Bristol, and the whole country round—

*Miss Lin.* Oh, Mr. Flint, this is too—

*Flint.* Her goodness, her grace, her duty, her decency, her wisdom and wit, her shape, slimness and size, with her lovely black eyes, so elegant, engaging, so modest, so prudent, so pious, and, if I am rightly inform'd, possessed of a sweet pretty pipe.

*Miss Lin.* That is such a profusion—

*Flint.* Permit me, Miss, to solicit a specimen of your delicate talents.

*Miss Lin.* Why, Sir, as your extravagant compliments have left me nothing to say, I think the best thing I can do is to sing.

## SONG.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invites the tuneful birds to sing;  
 And as they warble from each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay, &c.

*Flint.* Enchanting! ravishing sounds! not the Nine Muses themselves, nor Mrs. Baddeley, is equal to you.

*Miss Lin.* Oh, fie!

*Flint.* May I flatter myself that the words of that song were directed to me?

*Miss Lin.* Should I make such a confession, I should ill deserve the character you have been pleas'd to bestow.

*Enter Lady Catherine Coldstream.*

*Lady Cath.* Come, come, Maister Flint, I'll set your heart at rest in an instant——you ken well enow, lasses are apt to be modest and shy, then take her answser fra me——prepare the minister, and aw the rest of the tackle, and you will find us ready to gang to the kirk.

*Flint.* Miss, may I rely on what her ladyship says?

*Lady. Cath.* Gad's mercy! I think the man is bewitch'd! he wonna take a woman of quality's word for sik a trifling thing as a wife.

*Flint.* Your ladyship will impute it all to my fears—then I will strait set about getting the needful.

*Lady Cath.* Gang your gait as fast as you list.

*Flint.* Lord bleis us! I had like to have forgot—I have, please your Ladyship, put up here in a purse, a few presents, that if a miss would deign to accept——

*Lady Cath.* Ah! that's aw wright, quite in the order of things; as matters now stand, there is no harm

harm in her acceping presents fra you, master Flint ;  
you may produce.

*Flint.* Here is a Porto Bello pocket-piece of Admiral Vernon, with his image a one side, and six men of war all in full sail on the other—

*Lady Catb.* That's a curious medallion.

*Flint.* And here is half a crown of Queen Ann's as fresh as when it came from the mint—

*Lady Catb.* Yes, yes, it is in very fine preserva-tion.

*Flint.* In this here paper, there are two mourning rings ; that, which my Aunt Bother'em left me, might serve very well, I should think, for the approaching happy occasion,

*Lady Catb.* How ! a mourning—

*Flint.* Because why, the motto's so pat ;

True till death shall stop my breath.

*Lady Catb.* Ay, ay, that contains mickle morality, Miss.

*Flint.* And here is, fourthly, a silver coral and bells, with only a bit broke off the coral when I was cut-ting my grinders ; this was given me by my godfather Slingsby, and I hope will be in use again before the year comes about.

*Lady Catb.* Na doubt, na doubt ; leave that matter to us—I warrant we impede the Flint family from fawing into oblivion.

*Flint.* I hope so—I should be glad to have a son of my own, if so be, but to leave him my fortune be-cause, why, at present there is no mortal that I care a farthing about.

*Lady Catb.* Quite a philosopher.—then dispatch, master Flint, dispatch ; for you ken at your time of life, you hanna a moment to lose.

*Flint.* True, true, your ladyship's entirely devoted —Miss, I am your most affectionate slave.

[Exit.]

*Lady Catb.* A sawzy lad, this master Flint ; you see, Miss, he has a meaning in aw that he does.

*Miss Lin.* Might I be permitted to alter your ladyship's words, I should rather say, *meanness*.

*Lady Catb.* It is na mickle matter what the mon is at present, wi a little management you may mold him into any form that you list.

*Miss Lin.* I am afraid he is not made of such pliant materials; but, however, I have too far advanced to retire; the die is cast—I have no chance now, ualeſs my Corydon should happen to alter his mind—

*Lady Catb.* Na, Miss; there is na danger in that, you ken the treaty is concluded under my mediation, an he should dare to draw back, Lady Catharine Coldstream would soon find means to punish his perfidy—Come away, Miss.

[Exeunt.

A C T

## A C T III.

## SCENE I.

*Sir Christopher Cripple, Sour Crout, De Jersey, Major Racket and Poultice, discovered sitting at a table.*

*Sir Christopher Cripple.*

**W**E must take care that Flint does not surprise us, for the scoundrel is very suspicious.

*Rack.* There is no danger of that—I lodged him, safely at Linnet's—Burton stands centry at the end of the street, so that we shall be instantly apprised of every motion he makes.

*Poul.* Well managed, my Major.

*Sir Cbr.* Yes, yes, the cunning young dog knows very well what he is about.

*Sour Cr.* Upon my word, Major Racket has very fine disposition to make a figure at de head of de army; five or six German campaigns will—ah, dat is de best school in de world for make de var.

*Sir Chr.* Five or six German campaigns!

*Sour Cr.* Ay, Chevalier; vat you say to dat?

*Sir Cbr.* O Mynheer! nothing at all—a German war, for aught I know, may be a very good school, but it is a damned expensive education for us.

*De Jar.* C'est vrai, Chevalier, dat is all true, cet pay la, dat place is the grave for the Frenchmen and the fine English guinea.

*Sir Cbr.* True, Monsieur; but our guineas are rather worse off than your men, for they stand no chance of rising again.

*De Jar.* Ha, ha, ha! dat is very well——le, Chevalier have beaucoup d'esprit, great deal of wit, ma foi.

*Rack.* I think the Knight is in luck—but don't let us lose sight of our subject. You, Gentlemen, are all prepar'd, perfectly in the several parts you are to play?

*All.* Ay, ay.

*Rack.* You, Myneer Sour Crout?

*Sir Cbr.* I understand—I will pique his honour—the pride of his familie.

*Rack.* Right. Poultice—

*Poult.* I will alarm him on the side of his health.

*Sir Cbr.* Next to his money, the thing in the world he most minds.

*Rack.* You, de Jersey, and Button, will employ all your eloquence on the prudential side of the—  
Oh, dear Jersey! here is a draft for the pipe of Port that I promis'd.

*De Far.* Dat is right.

*Rack.* The only receipt to get bawds, boroughs, or Frenchmen. *[Aside.]* — Oh, here Billy comes—

*Enter Button.*

Well, Billy, what news?

*Butt.* I am vast afraid all matters are concluded at last.

*Rack.* Ay! prithee why so?

*Butt.* Because why, in ten minutes after you went, out bolted the Squire, and hurry scurry'd away to layer Lattitat's, who, you know, arrests his tenants, and does all his concerns.

*Rack.* True; well—

*Butt.* I suppose to give him orders about drawing the writings.

*Sir Cbr.* Not unlikely—but you think Flint will come to the club?

*Butt.* There is no manner of doubt; because why, he holloo'd to me from over the way—what, Billy, I suppose you are bound to the Bear; well, boy, I shall be hard at your heels—and he seem'd in prodigious vast spirits.

*Rack.* I am mistaken if we don't lower them a little.

Well,

Well, Gentlemen, the time of action draws nigh.  
Knight, we must decamp.

Sir Cbr. When you will.

Rack. I think, Sir Christopher, you lodge in the same house with the Linnets?

Sir Cbr. Just over their heads.

Rack. Then thither we'll go—ten to one, if our plot operates as I expect, the hero will return to their house.

Sir Cbr. Most likely.

Rack. We are come to a crisis, and the catastrophe of our piece can't be very far off.

Sir Cbr. I wish, like other plays, it don't end in a marriage.

Rack. Then I shall be most confoundedly bit—but come, Knight.

Sir Cbr. Rot you, I do as fast as I can—I can't think, Racket, what the deuce makes thee so warm in this business; there is certainly something at bottom that I don't comprehend.

Sir Cbr. But do, Major, have pity on the poor girl; upon my soul she is a sweet little syren, so innocent and—

Rack. Pooh, pooh; don't be absurd—I thought that matter had been fully explain'd; this, Knight, is no time to look back—but suppose now I should have a little mischief in hand—

Sir Cbr. How! of what kind?

Rack. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Knight, till done, and then applaud the deed.

Sir Chr. It is very extraordinary, Major Racket, if you are determined to make the devil a visit, that you can't pay it alone; or if you must have company, what a pox makes you think of fixing on me?

Rack. Hey day! ha, ha! What in the vapours again?—we must have some more punch—

Sir Cbr. You are mistaken; that won't have power to change the state of my mind, my resolves are too firm—

Rack. And who wishes to break them? I only ask your assistance to-night; and your reformation, you recollect, don't begin 'till to-morrw.

*Sir Cbr.* That's true, indeed ; but no human power shall prevail to put it off any longer than to-morrow.

*Rack.* Or the next day at farthest.

[*Exeunt Rack. and Sir Chr.*

*Poul.* Come, lads, light your pipes—which of us shall be first to attack ? *Billy*—

*Bust.* Won't it be rather too bold for me to begin ?

*Poul.* Then let us leave it to chance—Hush ! I hear him lumbering in—compose your looks, let his reception be solemn and grave.

*Bust.* Leave that chair for him.

Enter *Flint*.

*Flint.* How fares it, my lads ? Well boys, matters are settled at last—the little Kate has comply'd, and to-morrow is fix'd for the day.

*Poul.* You have settled it then ?

*Flint.* As firm as a rock.

*Poul.* So you can't retreat if you would ?

*Flint.* Retreat ! I have no such design.

*Poul.* You han't ?

*Flint.* No, to be sure, you great fool ; what the deuce would Poultice be at ?

*Poul.* Nay then, neighbours, what we have been saying will just signify nothing.

*Flint.* Saying ? why have you not heard ?—that is nobody—

*Poul.* No. Nothing very material—only—but as the matter is carried so far—

*Flint.* So far ! why I hope you have not found out any flaw—Kitty has not—

*Poul.* No, no, nothing of that—no, upon my word—I believe a very modest, prudent, good girl, neighbour.

*All.* No manner of doubt.

*Flint.* Well then—but what a plague is the meaning of this ? You all sit as silent and glum—why can't you speak out with a pox ?

*Poul.* Why, Squire, as we are all your fix'd friends, we have been canvassing this matter amongst us.

*Flint.*

*Flint.* You have?

*Poul.* Marriage, you know very well, is no trifling affair; too much caution and care can't be us'd—

*Flint.* That I firmly believe, which has made me defer it so long.

*Poul.* Pray lend me your hand; how is the state of your health? do you find yourself hearty and strong?

*Flint.* I think so; that is I—you han't observ'd any bad symptoms of late?

*Poul.* No; but you us'd to have pains flying about you.

*Flint.* Formerly; but since I have fix'd my gout to a fit, they are gone—that, indeed, lays me up four or five months in a year.

*Poul.* A pretty long spell; and in such a case, do you think now that a marriage—

*Flint.* The most best receipt in the world—why that, man, was one of my motives—wives, you know, are allow'd to make very good nurses.

*Poul.* That, indeed.

*Flint.* Ay, and then they are always at hand; and besides they don't cost one a farthing.

*Poul.* True, true; why you look very jolly, and fresh, does not he?

*All.* Exceedingly.

*Poul.* Yet he can't be less than—let me see—wasn't you under old Syntax at Wells?

*Flint.* He dy'd the year I left school.

*Poul.* That must be a good forty years since.

*Flint.* Come sheep-shearing next.

*Poul.* Then, Squire, you are hard upon sixty.

*Flint.* Not far away, Master Poultice.

*Poul.* And Miss Linnet—fifteen—you are a bold man—not but there are instances, indeed, where men have surviv'd many years such disproportionate marriages as these.

*Flint.* Surviv'd! why should they not?

*Poul.* But then their stamina must be prodigiously strong.

*Flint.* Stamina?

*Poul.* Let us see, Button, there was Doctor Dotage, that married the Devonshire girl, he had a master of——

*Butt.* No, no ; he dropp'd off in six months.

*Poul.* True, true, I had forgot.

*Flint.* Lord have mercy !

*Butt.* Indeed, an old master of mine, Sir Harry O'Tuff, is alive, and walks about to this day.

*Flint.* Hey !

*Poul.* But you forgot where Sir Harry was born, and how soon his lady elop'd.

*Butt.* In the honey moon, with Captain Pike of the guards ; I mind it full well.

*Poul.* That, indeed, alters the case.

*Flint.* Well, but Billy, you are not serious in this ? you don't think there is any danger of death ?

*Butt.* As to the matter of death, the Doctor knows better than I, because why, that lies in his way ; but I shall never forget Colonel Crazy, one of the best customers that ever I had ; I never think of him without dropping a tear——

*Flint.* Why ; what was the matter with him ?

*Butt.* Married Lady Barbary Bonnie, as it might be about midnight on Monday——

*Flint.* Well——

*Butt.* But never more saw the sweet face of the sun.

*Flint.* What ! did he die ?

*Butt.* Within an hour after throwing the stocking.

*Flint.* Good Lord ! that was dreadful indeed—— Of what age might he be ?

*Butt.* About your time of life.

*Flint.* That is vastly alarming. Lord bless me, Bill, I am all of a tremble !

*Butt.* Ay, truly, it behoves your honour to consider what you are about.

*Flint.* True.

*Butt.* Then what a world of money must go ; running forwards and backwards to town, and jaunting to see all the fine fights in the place——

*Flint.* I shan't take her to many of them ; perhaps I may

may shew her the Parliament-house, and plays, and Boodles, and Bedlam, and my Lord Mayor, and the lions.

*Butt.* Then the vast heap of fine cloaths you must make—

*Flint.* What occasion for that?

*Butt.* As you arn't known, there is no doing without; because why, every body passes there for what they appears.

*Flint.* Right, Billy; but I believe I have found out a way to do that pretty cheap.

*Butt.* Which way be that?

*Flint.* You have seen the minister that's come down to tack us together—

*Butt.* I have—is he a fine man in the pulpit?

*Flint.* He don't care much to meddle with that; but he is a prodigious patriot, and a great politician to boot—

*Butt.* Indeed!

*Flint.* And has left behind him, at Paris, a choice collection of curious rich cloaths, which he has promis'd to sell me a pennorth.

*Poul.* Pooh, what Billy talks of are trifles to the evils you are to expect—to have a girl to break in upon your old ways; your afternoon's nap interrupted, and perhaps not suffer'd to take your pipe of a night.

*Flint.* No!

*Poul.* All your former friends forbidden your house—

*Flint.* The fewer come in, the less will go out; I shan't be sorry for that.

*Poul.* To make room for her own numerous clan—

*Flint.* Not a soul of them shall enter the doors.

*Poul.* A brood of babes at your board, whose fathers she herself won't find easy to name—

*Flint.* To prevent that I'll lock her up in a room.

*Poul.* The King's-Bench will break open the door—

*Flint.* Then I'll turn her out of the house.

*Poul.* Then her debts would throw you into goal—

*Flint.*

*Flint.* Who told you so?

*Poul.* A dozen of proctors—

*Flint.* Then I will hang myself out of the way.

*Poul.* So she will become possess'd of her jointure, and her creditors will foreclose your estate.

*Flint.* What a miserable poor toad is a husband; whose misfortunes not even death can relieve

*Butt.* Think of that, Squire, before it be too late.

*Flint.* Well, but friends, neighbours, what the deuce can I do; are you all of a mind?

*De Jar.* All, all; dere is no question at all: what a garçon of your antient familie to take up with a pauvre petite bourgeois a?

*Flint.* Does that never happen in France?

*De Jar.* Never, but when Monsieur de Baron is very great beggar, and de bourgeois has damn'd deal de guinea.

*Poul.* That is none of our case.

*Flint.* No, no—Mynheer, do your people never make up such matches?

*Sour Cr.* Never, never—what, a German dishonour his stock! why Mester Flint, should Mistress Linnet bring you de children for de ten generations to come, they would not be chose de Cannons of Strasbourg.

*Flint.* No?

*Poul.* So, Squire, take it which way you will, what dreadful danger you run.

*Flint.* I do.

*Poul.* Loss of friends—

*Butt.* Pipe and afternoon's nap—

*Sour Cr.* Your familie gone to de dogs—

*De Jar.* Your peace of mind to de devil—

*Poul.* Your health—

*Butt.* Your wealth—

*Poul.* Plate, money, and manors.

*All.* Your—

*Flint.* Enough, dear neighbours, enough—I feel it, I feel it too well; Lord have mercy, what a miserable scrape am I in; and here too, not an hour ago,

it has cost me the Lord knows what in making her presents.

*Poul.* Never mind that; you had better part with half you are worth in the world.

*Flint.* True, true—well then, I'll go and break off all matters this minute.

*Poul.* The wifest thing you can do—

*Butt.* The sooner the better—

*Flint.* No doubt, no doubt, in the—and yet, Button, she is a vast pretty girl—I should be heartily sorry to lose her—dost think one could get her on easier terms than on marriage?

*Butt.* It is but trying, however.

*Flint.* To tell truth, Billy, I have always had that in my head; and at all events I have thought of a project that will answer my purpose.

*Butt* Ay, Squire, what is it?

*Flint* No matter—and, do you hear, Billy? should I get her consent, if you will take her off my hands, and marry her when I begin to grow tired, I'll settle ten pounds a year upon you, for both your lives.

*Butt.* Without paying the taxes.

*Flint.* That matter we will talk of hereafter.

[*Exit.*]

*Poul.* So, so, we have well settled this business, however.

*Butt.* No more thoughts of his taking a wife.

*Poul* He would sooner be ty'd to a gibbet; but, Billy, step after him, they will let you in at Sir Christopher Cripple's; and bring us, Bill, a faithful account.

*Butt.* I will, I will; but where shall you be?

*Poul* Above, in the Phoenix; we won't stir out of the house; but be very exact.

*Butt.* Never fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

Miss Linnet, *alone.*

Heigh, ho! what a sacrifice am I going to make? but it is the will of those who have a right to all my obedience, and to that I will submit. [*Loud knocking at the door*] Bless me! who can that be at this time of night?

night? Our friends may err; and projects, the most prudently pointed, may miss of their aim; but age and experience demand respect and attention, and the undoubted kindness of our parents designs claims, on our parts at least, a grateful and ready compliance.

*Enter Nancy.*

*Miss Lin.* Nancy, who was that at the door?

*Nancy.* Mr. Flint, Miss, begs the favour of speaking five words with you.

*Miss Lin.* I was in hopes to have had this night at least to myself—where is my mother?

*Nancy.* In the next room with Lady Catherine, consulting about your cloaths for the morning.

*Miss Lin.* He is here—very well, you may go.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Flint.*

*Flint.* She is alone, as I wished—Miss, I beg pardon for intruding at this time of night, but—

*Miss Lin.* Sir!

*Flint.* You can't wonder that I desire to enjoy your good company every minute I can.

*Miss Lin.* Those minutes, a short space, will place, Mr. Flint, in your power; if 'till then you had permitted me to—.

*Flint.* Right. But to say the truth, I wanted to have a little serious talk with you of how and about it—I think, Miss, you agree, if we marry, to go off to the country directly.

*Miss Lin.* If we marry? Is it then a matter of doubt?

*Flint.* Why, I will tell you, Miss; with regard to myself, you know, I am one of the most antientest families in all the country round—

*Miss Lin.* Without doubt.

*Flint.* And as to money and lands, in these parts, I believe few people can match me.

*Miss Lin.* Perhaps not.

*Flint.* And as to yourself, I don't speak in a dis-

paraging

paraging way, your friends are low folks, and your fortune just nothing.

*Miss Lin.* True, sir ; but this is no new discovery, you have known this—

*Flint.* Hear me out now, as I bring all these good things on my side, and you have nothing to give me in return but your love, I ought to be pretty sure of the possession of that.

*Miss Lin.* I hope the properly discharging all the duties of that condition, which I am shortly to owe to your favour, will give you convincing proofs of my gratitude.

*Flint.* Your gratitude, Miss—but we talk of your love ; and of that, if I marry, I must have plain and positive proofs.

*Miss Lin.* Proofs ! of what kind ?

*Flint.* To steal away directly with me to my lodgings.

*Miss Lin.* Your lodgings !

*Flint.* There pass the night, and in the morning, the very minute we rise, we will march away to the Abbey.

*Miss Lin.* Sir !

*Flint.* In short, Miss, I must have this token of love, or not a syllable more of the marriage.

*Miss Lin.* Give me patience !

*Flint.* Come, Miss, we have not a minute to lose ; the coast is clear—should somebody come, you will put it out of my power to do what I design.

*Miss Lin.* Power ! Hands off, Mr. Flint. Power ! I promise you, sir, you shall never have me in your power.

*Flint.* Here, Miss—

*Miss Lin.* Despicable wretch ! from what part of my character could your vanity derive a hope that I would submit to your infamous purpose ?

*Flint.* Don't be in a—

*Miss Lin.* To put principle out of the question, not a creature that had the least tincture of pride could fall a victim to such a contemptible—

*Flint.* Why, but, Miss—

Miss

*Miss Lin.* It is true, in compliance with the earnest request of my friends, I had consented to sacrifice my peace to their pleasure ; and tho' reluctant, would have given you my hand.

*Flint.* Vastly well.

*Miss Lin.* What motive, but obedience to them, could I have had in forming an union with you ? Did you presume I was struck with your personal merit, or think the sordidness of your mind and manners would tempt me ?

*Flint.* Really, Miss, this is carrying —

*Miss Lin.* You have wealth, I confess ; but where could have been the advantage to me, as a reward for becoming your drudge ? I might, perhaps, have received a scanty subsistence, for I can hardly suppose you would grant the free use of that to your wife which your meanness has deny'd to yourself.

*Flint.* So, so, so — by and by she will alarm the whole house.

*Miss Lin.* The whole house ! the whole town shall be told. Sure the greatest misfortune that poverty brings in its train, is the subjecting us to the insults of wretches like this, who have no other merit but what their riches bestow on them.

*Flint.* What a damnable vixen ! [Aside.]

*Miss Lin.* Go, sir ; leave the house, I am ashame'd, sir, you have had the power to move me, and never more let me be shock'd with your sight.

*Enter Lady Catherine and Mrs. Linnet.*

*La. Catb.* How's aw wi you within ? Gad's mercy, what's the matter wi Miss ? I will hope, Maister Flint, it is nae you, who ha set her a wailing.

*Mrs. Lin.* Kitty, my love.

*Miss Lin.* A modest proposal of that gentleman's making —

*La. Catb.* Of what kind ?

*Miss Lin.* Only this moment to quit my father and you, and take up my lodging with him.

*La. Catb.* To night ; aw this is quite out of the order

order of things, that is ne'er done, Maister Flint, till after the ceremony of the nuptials is said.

*Flint.* No?—Then, I can tell your Ladyship, it will never be done.

*La. Cath.* How?—

*Enter Major Racket, Sir Christopher Cripple, and Button.*

*Sir Chr.* We beg pardon for taking the liberty to come in, Mrs. Linnet, but we were afraid some accident might have happened to Miss—

*Mrs. Lin.* There has, sir.

*Rack.* Of what kind?

*Mrs. Lin.* That worthy gentleman, under pretence of friendship to us, and honourable views to my daughter, has hatch'd a treacherous design to inevitably ruin my child.

*Sir Chr.* What he? Flint!

*Mrs. Lin.* Even he.

*Sir Chr.* An impudent son of a—Billy, lead me up, that I may take a peep at the puppy—Your servant, young, gentleman; what, is it true that we hear? A sweet swain this, to tempt a virgin to sin. Why, Old Nick has made a mistake here, he used to be more expert in his angling; for what female on earth can be got to catch his bait?

*La. Cath.* Haud, haud you, Sir Christopher Cripple, let Maister Flint and I have a short conference upon the occasion—I find, maister Flint, you ha made a little mistake, but marriage will set aw matters right in the instant. I suppose you persevere to gang wi miss to kirk in the morning.

*Flint.* No, madam, nor in the evening neither.

*La. Cath.* Mercy a Gad! what do you refuse to ratify the preliminaries?

*Flint.* I don't say that neither.

*Sir Chr.* Then name the time in which you will fulfil them—a week?

*La. Cath.* A fortnight?

*Mrs. Lin.* A month?

*Flint.*

*Flint.* I won't be bound to no time.

*Rack.* A rascally evasion of his to avoid an action at law.

*Sir Cbr.* But, perhaps, he may be disappointed in that.

*La. Catb.* Well, but, maister Flint, are you willing to make miss a pecuniary acknowledgment for the damage?

*Flint.* I have done her no damage, and I'll make no reparation.

*Rack.* Twelve honest men of your country may happen to differ in judgment.

*Flint.* Let her try if she will—

*Sir Cbr.* And I promise you she shan't be to seek for the means.

*La. Catb.* If you be nae afraid of the laws, ha you nae sense of shame?

*Rack.* He sense of shame!

*La. Catb.* Gad's wull, it shall cum to the proof; you mun ken, good folk, at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted with maister Fout the play-actor—I will get him to bring the filthy loon on the stage—

*Sir Cbr.* And expose him to the contempt of the world; he richly deserves it.

*Flint.* Ay, he may write, you may rail, and the people may hiss, and what care I? I have that at home that will keep up my spirits—

*La. Catb.* At hame?

*Rack.* The wretch means his money—

*Flint.* And what better friend can any man have? Tell me the place where its influence fails? Ask that gentleman how he got his cockade. Money! I know its worth, and therefore can't too carefully keep it. At this very instant I have a proof of its value; it enables me to laugh at that squeamish, impertinent girl, and despise the weak efforts of your impotent malice—Call me forth to your courts when you please, that will procure me able defenders, and good witnesses too if they are wanted.

[Exit.  
Sir

*Sir Cbr.* Now there's a fellow that will never reform.

*Rack.* You had better let him alone, it is in vain to expect justice or honour from him; what a most contemptible cur is a miser?

*Sir Cbr.* Ten thousand times worse than a highwayman: that poor devil only pilfers from Peter or Paul, and the money is scattered as soon as received; but the wretch that accumulates for the sake of secreting, annihilates what was intended for the use of the world, and is a robber of the whole human race—

*Rack.* And of himself too into the bargain.

*Butt.* For all the world like a magpye, he steals for the mere pleasure of hiding.

*Rack.* Well observed, little Bill.

*Butt.* Why, he wanted to bring me into his plot—yes; he made proposals for me to marry Miss after his purpose was serv'd—

*Sir Cbr.* How?

*Butt.* But he was out in his man—let him give his cast cloaths to his coachman, Billy Button can afford a new suit of his own.

*Rack.* I don't doubt it at all.

*Butt.* Fellow—I am almost resolved never to set another stich for him as long as I live.

*Sir Cbr.* Right, Button, right; but where is Miss Kitty? Come hither, my chicken; faith I am heartily glad you are rid of this scoundrel; and if such a crippled old fellow as me was worthy of your notice—but hold, Kate, there is another chap I must guard you against—

*Miss Lin.* Another, Sir! who?

*Sir Cbr.* Why this gentleman.

*Rack.* Me!

*Sir Cbr.* Ay, you; come, come, Major, don't think you can impose upon a cunning old sportsman like me.

*Rack.* Upon my soul, Sir Christopher, you make me blush.

Sir

*Sir Cbr.* Oh ! you are devilish modest, I know—but to come to the trial at once. I have some reason to believe, major, you are fond of this girl, and that her want of fortune mayn’t plead you excuse, I don’t think I can better begin my plan of reforming, than by a compliment paid to her virtue—then take her, and with her two thousand guineas in hand.

*Mrs. Lin.* How, sir !

*Sir Cbr.* And expect another good spell when monsieur le Fevre sets me free from the gout.

*Bult.* Please your worship, I’ll accept her with half—

*La. Catb.* Gi me leave, Sir Christopher, to throw in the widow’s mite on the happy occasion ; the bride garment, and her dianer shall be furnished by me.

*Sir Cbr.* Cock-a-lecky-soup.

*La. Catb.* Sheep’s head sing’d, a haggies in plenty.

*Sir Cbr.* Well said, Lady Catherine.

*Miss Lin.* How, sir, shall I acknowledge this goodness ?

*Sir Chr.* By saying nothing about it—Well, sir, we wait your answer.

*Rack.* I think the lady might first be consulted : I should be sorry a fresh persecution should follow so fast on the heels of the—

*Sir Cbr.* Come, come, no trifling, your resolution at once.

*Rack.* I receive then, your offer with pleasure.

*Sir Cbr.* Miss.

*Miss Lin.* Sir, there is a little account to be first settled between this gentleman and an old unhappy acquaintance of mine.

*Sir Cbr.* Who ?

*Miss Lin.* The major can guess—the unhappy miss Prim.

*Sir Cbr.* You see, major, your old sins are rising in judgment.

*Rack.* I believe, madam, I can satisfy that.

Miss

I shan't give you the trouble—but  
we return you all my most grateful thanks  
and intentions towards me. I know your  
notives, and feel their value, I hope, as I  
it might I be permitted to choose, I beg to  
the station I am; my little talents have hi-  
-ived the public protection, nor whilst I con-  
-serve, am I the least afraid of losing my

[*Exeunt.*]



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# E P I L O G U E,

Written by Mr. CUMBERLAND.

Spoken by Mrs. J E W E L.

CONFIDING in the justice of the place,  
To you the *Maid of Bath* submits her case:  
Wrong'd and defeated of three several spouses,  
She lays her damages for nine full houses.  
Well, Sirs, you've heard the parties, *pro* and *con*.  
Do the *pro's* carry it? Shall the suit go on?  
Speak hearts for us, to them we make appeal:  
Tell us not what you think but what you feel;  
Ask us, why bring a private cause to view!  
We answer with a figh—because 'tis true:  
For tho' invention is our Poet's trade,  
Here he but copies parts which others play'd.  
For on a ramble, late one starry night,  
With Asmodeo, his familiar sprite,  
High on the wing, by his conductor's side,  
This guilty scene the indignant Bard descry'd;  
Soaring in air, his ready pen he drew,  
And dash'd the glowing satire as he flew:  
For in these rank luxuriant times there needs  
Some strong bold hand to pluck the noxious weeds.  
The rake of sixty, crippl'd hand and knee,  
Who sins on claret, and repents on tea:  
The ~~title~~less Maccaroni, who purloins  
A few cant words, which some pert gambler coins.

The

## E P I L O G U E.

The undomestic Amazonian Dame,  
Staunch to her *Coterie*, in despite of fame ;  
These are the victims of our Poet's plan,  
But most, that *monster*—an unfeeling man.  
When such a foe provokes him to the fight,  
Tho' maim'd, out sallies the puissant Knight :  
Like Withrington, maintains the glorious strife,  
And only yields his laurels—with his life.

T H E

THE

**M A Y O R of G A R R E T:**

A

C O M E D Y.

**VOL. I.**

**N**

## Dramatis Personæ.

Sir JACOB JOLLUP	Mr. <i>Baddely.</i>
Major STURGEON,	Mr. <i>Foote.</i>
JERRY SNEAK,	Mr. <i>Weston.</i>
CRISPIN HEELTAP,	Mr. <i>Bransby.</i>
BRUIN,	Mr. <i>Moody.</i>
LINT,	Mr. <i>Castle.</i>
ROGER,	Mr. <i>Clough.</i>
SNUFFLE,	Mr. <i>Vaughan.</i>
MATTHEW MUG,	Mr. <i>Foote.</i>
FIRST MOB,	Mr. <i>Fox.</i>
SECOND MOB,	Mr. <i>Marr.</i>
THIRD MOB,	Mr. <i>Watkins.</i>
FOURTH MOB,	Mr. <i>Strange.</i>
Mrs. SNEAK,	Mrs. <i>Clive.</i>
Mrs. BRUIN,	Mrs. <i>Lee.</i>

M O B.

T H E

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T H E  
M A Y O R O F G A R R E T.

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A C T I.

S C E N E I.

SCENE Sir JACOB's House at GARRET.

*Enter Sir JACOB.*

R O G E R—

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* Anon, Sir—

*Sir Jac.* Sir, firrah ! and why not Sir Jacob ? You rascal, is that all your manners ? Has his majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister ? Are the candidates near upon coming ?

*Rog.* Nic Goose the taylor from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Has Margery fetch'd in the linen ?

*Rog.* Yes, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn ?

*Rog.* Safe, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* And the plate and spoons in the pantry ?

*Rog.* Yes, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Then give me the key ; the mob will soon be upon us : And all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall ?

*Rog.* Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir *Jac.* Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard ; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob.

[*Exit* Rog.]

Sir *Jac.* So, now I believe things are pretty secure : But I can't think what makes my daughters so late, ere they—[*Knocking at the Gate.*] Who is that, Roger ?

Rog. [without.] Master Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir *Jac.* Let him in. What the deuce can he want ?

*Enter* Lint.

Sir *Jac.* Well, master Lint, your will ?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health ; and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir *Jac.* What business ?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous ; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures, simple and compound, may likely ensue ; now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist or vender of drugs ; but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir *Jac.* True, master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob : Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd ?

Sir *Jac.* By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill ?

Sir *Jac.* Doubtless, the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish-poor by the great : But this must be a separate charge.

Sir *Jac.* No, no ; all under one ; come, master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients

patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

*Sir Jac.* Bad this year, the better the next——We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

*Lint.* Indeed, I have a very hard bargain.

*Sir Jac.* No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive; but now, physic is cheaper than food.

*Lint.* Marry, heaven forbid.

*Sir Jac.* No, no, your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestles, and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve pennyworth of powder.

*Lint.* Or kill, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* And then as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

*Lint.* Nostrums.

*Sir Jac.* Specifics, specifics, master Lint.

*Lint.* I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's—Sir Jacob a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names, (*Roger, bring me the news,*) not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D. .

*Lint.* Plaguy liars! Murderous dogs!

*Roger brings the news.*

*Sir Jac.* Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

*Lint.* Perjuries.

*Sir Jac.* And see here, the church-wardens have signed it.

*Lint.* Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Sworn before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of——

*Lint.* Forgery.

*Sir Jac.* Why, hark'ye, firrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowsy would set his hand to a forgery?

*Lint.* I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

*Sir Jac.* You impudent—

*Lint.* Of a dropsy, by West—

*Sir Jac.* Audacious—

*Lint.* A cancer, by Cleland.

*Sir Jac.* Arrogant—

*Lint.* A palfy, by Walker—

*Sir Jac.* Impertinent—

*Lint.* Gout and sciatic, by Rock—

*Sir Jac.* Insolent—

*Lint.* Consumption by Stevens's drops—

*Sir Jac.* Paltry—

*Lint.* And squinting, by the Chevalier Taylor—

*Sir Jac.* Pill-gilding puppy.

*Lint.* And as to the Justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

*Sir Jac.* Why, hark'ye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission?—you blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistering—

*Lint.* Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

*Sir Jac.* What, firrah, do you insult me in my office. Here, Roger, out with him—Turn him out.

*Lint.* Sir, as I hope to be—

*Sir Jac.* Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood and Nelson and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions, petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licensing ale houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respects to authority are lost, and *Umus Quorum* now-a-days, is no more regarded than a petty constable. [Knocking.] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

*Rog.* Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger from Brentford.

*Sir*

*Sir Jac.* God's my life ! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

*Enter Major Sturgeon.*

*Sir Jac.* I cou'd have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

*Major.* Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob ?

*Sir Jac.* There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

*Major.* Insolent companion ! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

*Sir Jac.* No, no, he wanted the Major more than the magistrate ; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—Well, Major, our wars are done ; the rattling drum, and squeaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

*Major.* True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

*Sir Jac.* But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms ?

*Major.* A little aukward in the beginning, Sir Jacob : The great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes ; But use, use reconciles all them kind of things : Why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

*Sir Jac.* No !

*Major.* No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good indeed, I am glad of the peace ; but as to my single self—And yet, we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* No doubt.

*Major.* Oh ! such marchings and counter-marchings from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge : The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molos-sus. Bunhil-fields never saw a braver commander. He was an irreparable loss to the service.

*Sir Jac.* How came that about ?

*Major.* Why it was partly the Major's own fault ;

advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action ; but he was resolute, and wwould not be rul'd.

*Sir Jac.* Spirit ; zeal for the service.

*Major.* Doubtless—But to proceed : In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quarter'd at Thistle-worth the evening before ; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition : On we inmarched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging ; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's-stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events, secure a retreat ; who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smith-field. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop ; on they came thundering upon us ; broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

*Sir Jac.* Terrible !

*Major.* The Major's horse took to his heels, away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane ; but in crossing a ditch, the horfe threw up his head, gave the Major a dowsie in the chaps, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

*Sir Jac.* Dreadful !

*Major.* Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

*Sir Jac.* As how ?

*Major.* Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Pattypan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

*Sir Jac.* An unfortunate day indeed.

*Major.* But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

*Sir Jac.* You did ?

*Major.* O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could

could ride ; otherwise, we always succeeded of course : No jumping over heads ; no underhand work among us ; all men of honour ; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

*Sir Jac.* Quiet and peaceable.

*Major.* As lambs, Sir Jacob, (excepting one boxing bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours) I don't remember a single dispute.

*Sir Jac.* Why, that was mere mutiny ; the Captain ought to have been broke.

*Major.* He was ; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom ; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

*Sir Jac.* But you soon supplied the loss of Molofus ?

*Major.* In part only ; no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience ; he was train'd up to arms from his youth : At sixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground ; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers ; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

*Sir Jac.* A rapid rise !

*Major.* Yes, he had a genius for war ; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines ; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise ; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Your progress was great.

*Major.* Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left ; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

*Sir Jac.* A perfect Hannibal !

*Major.* Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions ; let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur

kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have paper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

*Sir Jac.* Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

*Major.* We would a taught him what a Briton can do who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

*Sir Jac.* Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

*Major.* Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but lack a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers; why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

*Sir Jac.* Indeed!

*Major.* No! soldiers for sun-shine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny sequi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute: You have never a spontoon in the house?

*Sir Jac.* No; but we could get you a shove pike.

*Major.* No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin, is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

*Sir Jac.* Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them; come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

*Major.* Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

*Sir Jac.* True, true, Major.

*Major.* But that is now all over with me. “ Fare-wel to the plumed steeds and neighing troops,” as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

*Sir Jac.* Under the shade of your laurels.

*Major.* True, I have done with the Major, and now return to the magistrate, *Cedunt Arma Togae*.

*Sir Jac.* Still in the service of your country.

*Major.*

*Major.* True ; man was not made for himself ; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

*Sir Jac.* Done like a neighbour.

*Major.* I have brought, as I suppose most of our busines will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimuses ready filled up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to save time,

*Sir Jac.* A provident magistrate.

*Major.* Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing ; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

*Sir Jac.* Why with regard to that branch of our busines, to-day, I believe, the law must be suffered to sleep.

*Major.* I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

*Sir Jac.* No, poor rascals, they would not be able to pay ; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

*Major.* Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrow-bone the butcher of your town, living or dead.

*Sir Jac.* Living.

*Major.* And swears as much as he used ?

*Sir Jac.* An alter'd man, Major ; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

*Major.* You surprize me ; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite chang'd ?

*Sir Jac.* Entirely ; they say his wife has made him a Methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington-Common.

*Major.* What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country—Why then we have intirely lost him ?

*Sir Jac.* In that way ; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

*Major.* Well done, master Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob—

*Sir Jac.* What's the matter now, Roger ?

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* The electors desire to know, if your worship has any body to recommend.

*Sir Jac.* By no means ; let them be free in their choice : I shan't interfere.

*Rog.* And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel Tap, the Cobler's being returning officer ?

*Sir Jac.* None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober : Is he there ?

*Rog.* Yes, Sir Jacob : Make way there ; stand farther off from the gate : Here is Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her husband.

*Major.* Gad's so, you will permit me to convey her in ? [Exit Major.]

*Sir Jac.* Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker, as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element ; the soldier has quite demolished the citizen.

*Enter Mrs. Sneak, banded by the Major.*

*Mrs. Sneak.* Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble ; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Daughter, you are welcome to Garret.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Why, Jerry Sneak, I say.

*Enter Sneak with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c. &c.*

*Sneak.* Here, lovy.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Here looby ; there, lay these things in the hall ; and then go and look after the horse : Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise ?

*Sneak.* Yes, chuck.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Then give me my fan.

*Jerry drops the things in searching his pockets for the fan.]*

*Mrs. Sneak.*

*Mrs. Sneak.* Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite ashamed to be seen with him abroad: Go, get you gone out of my sight.

*Sneak.* I go, lovy: Good day to my father-in-law.

*Sir Jac.* I am glad to see you, son Sneak: But where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

*Sneak.* He will be here anon, father, Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold. [Exit Sneak.

*Sir Jac.* Very well, son Sneak.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

*Sir Jac.* I hope all for the best: Why, what terrible work there would have been, had you marr'd such a one as your sister; one house could never have contained you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

*Mrs. Sneak.* Meek! a mushroom! a milk-sop!

*Sir Jac.* Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man: Take care you don't make him a monster.

[Exit Sir Jac.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse; Had my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself, in a befitting manner.

*Major.* Unquestionably, madam.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

*Major.* I should have been too happy.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave; so polite; so every thing a woman can wish.

*Major.* Oh! Madam—

*Mrs. Sneak.* So elegant; so genteel; so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

*Major.* No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

*Mrs. Sneak.* I know it, good sir: Oh! am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Major

*Major.* Oh, madam!—Let me die, but she has infinite merit. [Aside.]

*Mrs. Sneak.* Then to be join'd to a sneaking, slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker.

*Major.* Melancholy.

*Mrs. Sneak.* To be jostled and cram'd with the croud: No respect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the smoak of the city: No country jaunts, but to Islington; No balls, but at Pewterer's hall.

*Major.* Intolerable.

*Mrs. Sneak.* I see, sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

*Major.* And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Gallant gentleman!

*Major.* The brave must favour the fair.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Intrepid Major!

*Major.* Divine Mrs. Sneak!

*Mrs. Sneak.* Obliging commander!

*Major.* Might I be permitted the honour——

*Mrs. Sneak.* Sir——

*Major.* Just to ravish a kiss from your hand.

*Mrs. Sneak.* You have a right to all we can grant.

*Major.* Courteous, condescension, complying—  
Hum-ha!

*Enter Sneak.*

*Sneak.* Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

*Mrs. Sneak.* I wish they had all been sou'd in the Thames—A prying, impertinent puppy!

*Major.* Next time, I will clap a sentinel to secure the door.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

*Major.* Your Ladyship's most entirely devoted..

*Mrs. Sneak.* Ladyship! he is the very Broglie and Belleisle of the army!

*Sneak.* Shall I wait upon you, dove?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Sneak.* No, dolt; what; would you leave the Major alone; is that your manners, you mongrel?

*Major.* Oh, madam, I can be never alone; your sweet idea will be my constant companion.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Mark that: I am sorry, Sir, I am obliged to leave you.

*Major.* Madam—

*Mrs. Sneak.* Especially with such a wretched companion.

*Major.* Oh madam—

*Mrs. Sneak.* But as soon as my dress is restor'd, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

*Major.* For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Courteous commander!

*Major.* Barragon of Women!

*Mrs. Sneak.* Adieu!

*Major.* Adieu! [Exit *Mrs. Sneak.*]

*Sneak.* Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

*Major.* I doubt it not, master *Sneak.*

*Sneak.* If you would but come on Thursday night to our club, at the Nagg's-Head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jeminy Perkins, the Packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honest Master Muzzle, the mid-wife—

*Major.* A goodly company.

*Sneak.* Ay, and then sometimes we have the choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny: I have learnt myself to sing “An old woman cloathed in grey” But I durst not out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says, as how, I bawl worse than the broom man.

*Major.* And you must not think of disobliging your lady.

*Sneak.* I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

*Major.* That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

*Sneak.*

*Sneak.* O, a power : And don't you think she is very pretty withal ?

*Major.* A Venus !

*Sneak.* Yes, werry like Wenus——Mayhap, you have known her some time ?

*Major.* Long.

*Sneak.* Belike, before she was married ?

*Major.* I did, Master *Sneak*.

*Sneak.* Ay, when she was a wирgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand ; for we ben't quite so familiar as that——But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

*Major.* The mere honey-moon.

*Sneak.* Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

*Bruin* [within] Come along, Jane ; why, you are as purfy and lazy, you jade——

*Enter Bruin, and Wife* ; *Bruin with a cotton-cap on* ; *his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fishing-rod*.

*Bruin.* Come, Jane, give me my wig ; you slut, how you have tousled the curls ! Master *Sneak*, a good morning to you : Sir, I am your humble servant, unknown.

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* Mrs. *Sneak* begs to speak with the *Major*.

*Major.* I will wait on the lady immediately.

*Sneak.* Don't tarry an instant ; you can't think how impatient she is. [Exit *Major*.]

*Sneak.* A good Morrow to you, brother *Bruin* ; you have had a warm walk cross the fields.

*Mrs. Bruin.* Good lord, I am all in a muck——

*Bruin.* And who may you thank for it, hussy ? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage ; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

*Mrs. Bruin.* There's Mr. *Sneak* keeps my sister a chay.

*Bruin.* And so he may ; but I know better what to do with my money : Indeed, if the war had but continued a while, I don't know what mought ha' been done.

*Bruin.* done ; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

*Mrs. Bruin.* For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

*Bruin.* And how do you know that ? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen : I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife : No, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

*Mrs. Bruin.* And pray who is more fitterer to be trusted ?

*Bruin.* Hey-day ! Why the wench is bewitched ; come, come, let's have none of your palaver here —Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman—But first see, if he has broke none of the pipes—And d'ye hear, Jane, beſure you lay the fishing-rod safe.

[*Exit Mrs. Bruin.*

*Sneak.* Ods me, how finely she's manag'd ; what would I give to have my wife as much under !

*Bruin.* It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

*Sneak.* D'ye think so ; she is a sweet pretty creature.

*Bruin.* A vixen.

*Sneak* Why to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little ; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil : O Lord, I lead the life of a dog : Why, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

*Bruin.* No !

*Sneak.* No, man ; 'tis she that receives and pays all : And then I am forced to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

*Bruin.* Zounds ! I would souse them all in the kennel.

*Sneak.* I durſt not — And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

*Bruin.* The devil !

*Sneak.* No ; she always helps me herſelf to the tough drumſticks of turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps of ſhoulders of mutton ; I don't think I have eat a bit of under crust ſince we have been married : You ſee, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

*Bruin.*

*Bruin.* An absolute skeleton !

*Sneak.* Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin : God, I would so curry and claw her.

*Bruin.* By the Lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

*Sneak.* Will you, Brother, lend me a lift ?

*Bruin.* Command me at all times.

*Sneak.* Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit ; and the first time she offers to —

*Mrs. Sneak.* [within] Jerry, Jerry Sneak !

*Sneak.* God's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice : Lookye, brother, I don't chuse to breed a disturbance in another body's house ; but as soon as ever I gets home —

*Bruin.* Now is your time.

*Sneak.* No, no ; it would not be decent.

*Mrs. Sneak.* [within] Jerry ! Jerry ! —

*Sneak.* I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me ?

*Bruin.* Trot, nincompoop.

*Sneak.* Well, if I don't—I wish —

*Mrs. Sneak.* [within.] Where is this lazy puppy, a loitering ?

*Sneak.* I come, chuck, as fast as I can — Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead. [Exit Sneak.]

*Bruin.* *Ex quovis ligno :* Who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear ?

Enter Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man ; we have but just time for a snack : The candidates are near upon coming.

*Bruin.* A poor, paltry, mean spirited — Damn it, before I would submit to such a —

*Sir Jac.* Come, come, man ; don't be so crusty.

*Bruin.* I follow, Sir Jacob : Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up — But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine — Jerry, Jerry, — Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [Exit.]

## A C T II.

## S C E N E Continues.

*Sir Jacob ; Major Sturgeon ; Mr. and Mrs. Bruin ; Mr. and Mrs. Sneak discovered.*

*Mrs. Sneak.*

**I**ndeed, Major, not a grain of curiosity ; can it be thought, that we, who have a Lord-mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this ?

*Major.* In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amis every year ; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits : but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

*Sir Jac.* It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it : The common people are as fond of their customs, as the barons were of their Magna Charta : Besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

*Sir Jac.* God-fo, then they will soon be upon us : Come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

*Major.* Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

*Sir Jac.* I can tell you, this Heel tap is an arch rascal.

*Sneak.* And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garret.

*Mrs. Sneak.* That puppy will always be a-chattering.

*Sneak.* Nay, I did but —

*Mrs. Sneak.* Hold your tongue, or I'll send you home in an instant —

*Sir Jac.* Pr'ythee, daughter : You may, to-day, Major, meet with something that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

*Major.* Perhaps so.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike ; their principles exactly the same : for tho' art and education may disguise or polish the manner, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

Major. Indeed !

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar : Let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best wrestler on the green.

Major. Ay, ay, I could have told these things formerly ; but since I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classes. [Mob without buzzra.

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father, Sir Jacob : Might not we have a tankard of stingo above ?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'y'e hear, Roger ? [Exit into the balcony.

### S C E N E, A S T R E E T.

Enter Mob, with Heel-tap at their head ; some crying a Goose ; others a Mug ; others a Frixmer.

Heel-tap. Silence, there ; silence.

1st Mob. Hear, neighbour Heel-Tap.

2d. Mob. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d. Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin : He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, silence, I say.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st. Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence, then, and keep the peace ; what is there no respect paid to authority ? Am not I the returning officer ?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Chosen by yourselves, and approv'd of by Sir Jacob.

All. True, true.

Heel-

*Heel-Tap.* Well, then, be silent and civil : Stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters : Where's Simon Snuffle the sexton ?

*Snuffle.* Here.

*Heel-Tap.* Let him come forward ; we appoint him our secretary : For Simon is a scoldard, and can read written hand ; and so let him be respected accordingly.

*3d. Mob.* Room, for master Snuffle.

*Heel-Tap.* Here, stand by me : and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing : ut first, your reverence to the lord of the manor ; a long life and a merry one to our landlord, Sir Jacob ; huzza !

*Mob.* Huzza !

*Sneak.* How fares it, honest Crispin ?

*Heel-Tap.* Servant, master Sneak : Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which, I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible ; that is, in a medium way ; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves ; and then we shall know what to say of them ; master Snuffle, begin.

*Snuffle.* "To the worthy inhabitants of the antient corporation of Garret : Gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being"—

*Heel-Tap.* This Goose is but a kind of Gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel, who is he ?

*Snuffle.* A journeyman taylor, from Putney.

*Heel-Tap.* A journeyman taylor ! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor ? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office ? Why, it a burthen for the back of a porter ; and can you think that this cross-leg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth art of a man, has strength to support it ?

*1st. Mob.* No Goose ! no Goose !

*2d. Mob.* A Goose !

*Heel-Tap.* Hold your hissing, and proceed to the Snuffle. text.

*Snuffle.* Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug.

*1st. Mob.* A Mug ! A Mug !

*Heel-Tap.* Oh, oh, what, you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard : But fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this master Mug, before we swallow him ; and unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

*1st. Mob.* A Mug ! A Mug !

*2d. Mob.* Hear him ; hear master Heel-Tap !

*1st. Mob.* A Mug ! A Mug !

*Heel-Tap.* Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question : Bring him forward ; pray, is not this Matthew Mug a victualler ?

*3d. Mob.* I believe he may.

*Heel-Tap.* And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve ?

*3d. Mob.* I believe he may.

*Heel-Tap.* Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve ?

*3d. Mob.* I don't know.

*Heel-Tap.* You lie, firrah : An't it a groat ?

*3d. Mob.* I believe it may.

*Heel-Tap.* Oh, may it so ! Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal ; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale ; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

*Mob.* No Mug, no Mug.

*Heel-Tap.* So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

*Snuffle.* The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the school-master.

*Heel-Tap.* Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man let me tell you, master Primmer is the man for my money ; a man of learning ; that can lay down the law ; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson : And then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday-night, about Russia and Prussia : Ecod, George Gage the exciseman, is nothing at all to un.

*1st. Mob.* A Primmer.

*Heel-Tap.* Ay, if the folks above did but know him ; why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

*2d. Mob.* Indeed !

*Heel-Tap* Why, he swears, as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

*3d. Mob.* Indeed !

*Heel-Tap.* For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

*1st. Mob.* Ay, I wish they would.

*Sneak.* Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate ?

*Heel-Tap.* He is, master Sneak.

*Sneak.* Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother : Why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterer's-hall 'long with deputy Ferkin.

*Heel-Tap.* Like enough.

*Sneak.* Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my wife ?

*Bruin.* She is gone off with the Major.

*Sneak.* Mayhap, to take a walk in the garden ; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing.

[*Exit Sneak.*]

*Mob without buzzaz !*

*Heel-Tap.* Gadso ! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourselves to the right and left, that you may be canvass'd in order : Let us see who comes first ?

*1st Mob.* Master Mug.

*Heel-Tap.* Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you ; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

*Enter Mathew Mug.*

*Mug.* Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves : Mr. Heel-Tap, I have the honour of kissing your hand.

*Heel-Tap.* There, did not I tell you ?

*Mug.* Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well ?

*1st. Mob.* He is dead.

*Mug.*

*Mug.* So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

*2d. Mob.* Wife ! I never was married.

*Mug.* No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah ! what honest Dick Bennet ?

*3d. Mob.* My name is Gregory Gubbins.

*Mug.* You are right, it is so ; and how fares it with good Master Gubbins ?

*3d. Mob.* Pretty tight, Master Mug.

*Mug.* I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

*4th. Mob.* Hark'ye, Master Mug.

*Mug.* Your pleasure, my very dear friend ?

*4th. Mob.* Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

*Mug.* Right, she is a prodigious promising girl.

*4th Mob.* Girl ! Zooks, why, 'tis a boy.

*Mug.* True, a fine boy ; I love and honour the child.

*4th Mob.* Nay, 'tis none such a child ; but you promis'd to get un a place.

*Mug.* A place ! what place ?

*4th Mob.* Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

*Mug.* It is done ; it is fix'd ; it is settled.

*4th. Mob.* And when is the lad to take on ?

*Mug.* He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

*4th. Mob.* And is it a pretty goodish birth, master Mug ?

*Mug.* The best in the world ; head-butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

*4th. Mob.* A lady !

*Mug.* The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

*4th. Mob.* Barbara Bunch.

*Mug.* Yes ; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables ; only he finds candles, cards, coffee and tea.

*4th. Mob.* Is lady Barbara's work pretty tight ?

*Mug.* As good as a fine-cure ; he only write cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's hair.

*4th Mob.* Hair ! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

*Mug.*

*Mug.* True, but he is suffered to do that by deputy.  
*4th. Mob.* May be so.

*Mug.* It is so. Hark'ye, dear Heel-Tap, who is this fellow ? I should remember his face.

*Heel-Tap.* And don't you ?

*Mug.* Not I, I profess.

*Heel-Tap.* No !

*Mug.* No.

*Heel-Tap.* Well said, Master Mug ; but come, time wears : Have you any thing more to say to the corporation ?

*Mug.* Gentlemen of the corporation of Garret.

*Heel-Tap.* Now, twig him ; now, mind him : mark how he hawls his muscles about.

*Mug.* The honour I this day sollicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr'd ; and, shou'd I succeed, you gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough ; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garret, it must be own'd, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantages of a port ; but what nature has denied, industry may supply : Cabbage, carrots and colly-flowers, may be at present deedin'd your staple commodities, but why should not your commerce be extended ? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I would recommend the opening a new branch of trade ; sparagras, gentlemen, the manufacture of sparagras : Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears at present the belle: But where lies the fault ? in ourselves, gentlemen. Let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grasis from the corporation of Garret, will in a short time, at the London market, be held, at least, as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

*Mob.* A Mug ! a Mug !

*Heel-Tap.* Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has ! Go, I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Master Mug ?

*Mug.* Your pleasure, my very good friend ?

VOL. I.

Q

Heel-

*Heel-Tap.* No flummerring me: I tell thee, Matthew, twont do: Why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about, that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

*Mug.* A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three-pence.

*Heel-Tap.* What, sirrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel!

*Mug.* Gentlemen—

*Heel-Tap.* Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

*Mob.* No Mug! no Mug!

*Mug.* Neighbours, friends—

*Mob.* No Mug!

*Mug.* I believe this is the very first borough that ever was lost, by the returning-officer's refusing a bribe.

[*Exit Mug.*

*2d Mob.* Let us go and pull down his sign.

*Heel-Tap.* Hold, hold, no riot: But that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

*Mob.* Agreed! agreed! [*Exit Heel-Tap and Mob.*

*Sir Jacob, Bruin, and Wife, come from the balcony.*

*Sir Jac.* Well, son Bruin, and how d'ye relish the Corporation of Garret?

*Bruin.* Why, look ye, Sir Jacob; my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

*Mrs. Bruin.* No!

*Sir Jac.* And what's your objection?

*Bruin.* Why, I was never over-fond of your may-games; besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

*Sir Jac.* That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge.

*Mrs. Bruin.* Well, now, I protest, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

*Bruin.* And who the devil doubts it? You women folks are easily pleas'd.

*Mrs. Bruin.* Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

*Bruin.*

*Bruin.* Do you : Why then you will be damnable bit ; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the last you shall see.

*Sir Jac.* Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear ? is that a manner of treating your wife ?

*Bruin.* What, I suppose you would have me such a sniveling sot as your son-in-law *Sneak*, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

*Enter Sneak, in a violent hurry.*

*Sneak.* Where's brother *Bruin* ? O Lord, brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

*Bruin.* What's the matter ?

*Sneak.* Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and then I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minickens ; but deuce a Major or Madam could I see : At last a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

*Bruin.* And there you found them ?

*Sneak.* I'll tell you, the door was lock'd ; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole : And, there, Lord a mercy upon us : [Whispers] as sure as a gun.

*Bruin.* Indeed ! Zounds, why did not you break open the door ?

*Sneak.* I durst not : What, would you have me set my wit to a soldier ? I warrant, the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots ; for I could see they were both of them off.

*Bruin.* Very well ! Pretty doings ! you see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence ; you may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast. [Mob buzzes.]

*Sir Jac.* Hey-day ? What, is the election over already ?

*Enter Crispin, &c.*

*Heel-Tap.* Where is Master *Sneak* ?

*Sneak.* Here, Crispin.

*Heel-Tap.* The ancient Corporation of Garret, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

*Sneak.* Me ! huzza ! good Lord, who would have thought it ? But how came master Primmer to lose it ?

*Heel-Tap.* Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman ; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

*Sneak.* So then I have it for certain : Huzza ! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my Madam : Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority ; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

*Bruin.* Now for it, *Sneak* ; the enemy's at hand.

*Sneak.* You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin.

*Bruin.* Tooth and nail.

*Sneak.* Then now for it ; I am ready, let her come when she will.

*Enter Mrs. Sneak.*

*Mrs. Sneak.* Where is the puppy ?

*Sneak.* Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

*Mrs. Sneak.* So, so ; what, is this true that I hear ?

*Sneak.* May be 'tis, may be 'tant : I don't chuse to trust my affairs with a woman : Is that right, brother Bruin ?

*Bruin.* Fine ! don't bate her an inch.

*Sneak.* Stand by me.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Hey-day ! I am amaz'd ! Why, what is the meaning of this ?

*Sneak.* The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and will do what I please, without being accountable to no body.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Why the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

*Sneak.* No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost ; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind : What, I am the husband, I hope ?

*Bruin.* That's right ; at her again.

*Sneak.* Yes ; and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done ; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and visit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

*Bruin.*

*Bruin.* Bravo, brother *Sneak*; the day's your own.

*Sneak.* An't it; vhy, I did not think it vas in me; shall I tell her all I know?

*Bruin.* Every thing; you see she is struckt dumb.

*Sneak.* As an oyster: Besides, madam, I have something furder to tell you: Ecod, if some folks go into gardens with Majors; mayhap other people may go into garrets, with maids: There I gave it her home, brother *Bruin*.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Why, doodle; jackanapes; harkee, who am I?

*Sneak.* Come, don't go to call names; am I! vhy my vise, and I am your master.

*Mrs. Sneak.* My master! you paltry, pudling puppy; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp.

*Sneak.* Brother *Bruin*, don't let her come near me.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Have I, sirrah, dehmean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee? Have not I made myself a bye-word to all my acquaintance? don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it? Miss Molly Jollup to be married to *Sneak*, to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

*Sneak.* Ay, and glad enough you could catch me. You know you was pretty near your last legs.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! why all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I wou'd: Did not I refuse Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

*Sneak.* Nay, brother *Bruin*, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

*Mrs. Sneak.* My last legs! but I can rein my passion no longer; Let me get at the villain.

*Bruin.* O fy, Sister *Sneak*.

*Sneak.* Hold her fast.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Mr. *Bruin*, unhand me: What, is it you that have stirr'd up these coals then? he is fet on by you to abuse me.

*Bruin.* Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

*Mrs. Sneak.* What and you are to teach him, I warrant——But here comes the Major.

*Enter Major Sturgeon.*

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them! But all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone when he has not his bullies to back him.

*Sneak.* Adod, that's true, brother Brain; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

*Bruin.* If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

*Major.* Look'ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen, but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-marshal——

*Bruen.* What then?

*Major.* Then! why then you would be broke.

*Bruin.* Broke! and for what?

*Major.* What! read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear: points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

*Sneak.* Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

*Major.* Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: All suspected for the faults of a few.

*Sneak.* Ay, and not without reason; I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did: father, Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

*Major.* Stop whilst you are safe, master Sneak; for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past——But for you——

*Bruin.* Well.

*Major.* Dread the whole force of my fury.

*Bruin.* Why, look'ye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they

they are out of my way ; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts.

*Major.* Box ! box ! blades ! bullets ! Bagshot !

*Mrs. Sneak.* Not for the world, my dear Major ; oh, risk not so precious a life : Ungrateful wretches ! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done ? After all his marchings, his soughings, his sweatings, his swimmings ; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker ?

*Major.* Be satisfied, sweet Mrs. Sneak ; these little fracases, we soldiers are subject to ; trifles, batailles, Mrs. Sneak : But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Major, Sir Jacob ; what are you all leagu'd against his dear — — — A man ; yes, a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife ; if you were a man, you would not stand by, and see a poor woman beat and abus'd, by a brute, you would not.

*Sneak.* Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer ; why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping ; my life, my loyy, don't weep : Did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep !

*Mrs. Sneak.* Last legs ; you lubberly — — —

[*Strikes him.*]

*Sir Jac.* Oh fye ! Molly.

*Mrs. Sneak.* What are you leagu'd against me, Sir Jacob ?

*Sir Jac.* Prithee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish : But what has been the occasion of this.

*Mrs. Sneak.* Why has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair ? Mayor of Garret, indeed ! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

*Sneak.* Nay, why should you grudge me my purfement ?

*Mrs. Sneak.* Did you ever hear such an oaf ! why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest : Lookye,

[*Jerry.*]

Jerry, mind what I say ; go, get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

*Sneak.* What shall I do father, Sir Jacob ?

*Sir Jac.* Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light : my honest neighbours thought to compliment me : But come, we'll settle the business at once. Neighbours, my son *Sneak* being seldom among us, the duty will never be done, so we will get our honest friend *Heel-Tap* to execute the office ; he is, I think, every way qualified.

*Mob.* A *Heel-Tap* !

*Heel-Tap.* What d'ye mean as master *Jeremy's* deputy ?

*Sir Jac.* Ay, ay, his *Locum Tenens*.

*Sneak.* Do, *Crispin* ; do be my *Locum Tenens*.

*Heel-Tap.* Give me your hand, master *Sneak*, and to oblige you I will be the *Locum Tenens*.

*Sir Jac.* So that is settled ; but now to heal the other breach : Come *Major*, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice, let me interpose between you and my son.

*Major.* Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation ; but, on recollection, a cit would but fully my arms. I forgive him.

*Sir Jac.* That's right ; as a token of amity and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddlers : Now if the *Major* had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

*Major.* Sir Jacob, no shoes, a *Major* must be never out of his boots : always ready for action. *Mrs. Sneak* will find me lightsome enough.

*Sneak.* What are all the women engaged ? why then my *Locum Tenens* and I will jigg together. Forget and forgive, *Major*.

*Major.* Freely.

Nor be it said that after all my toil,  
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,

*Sir Jac.* As harmless in the chamber, as the field.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.







